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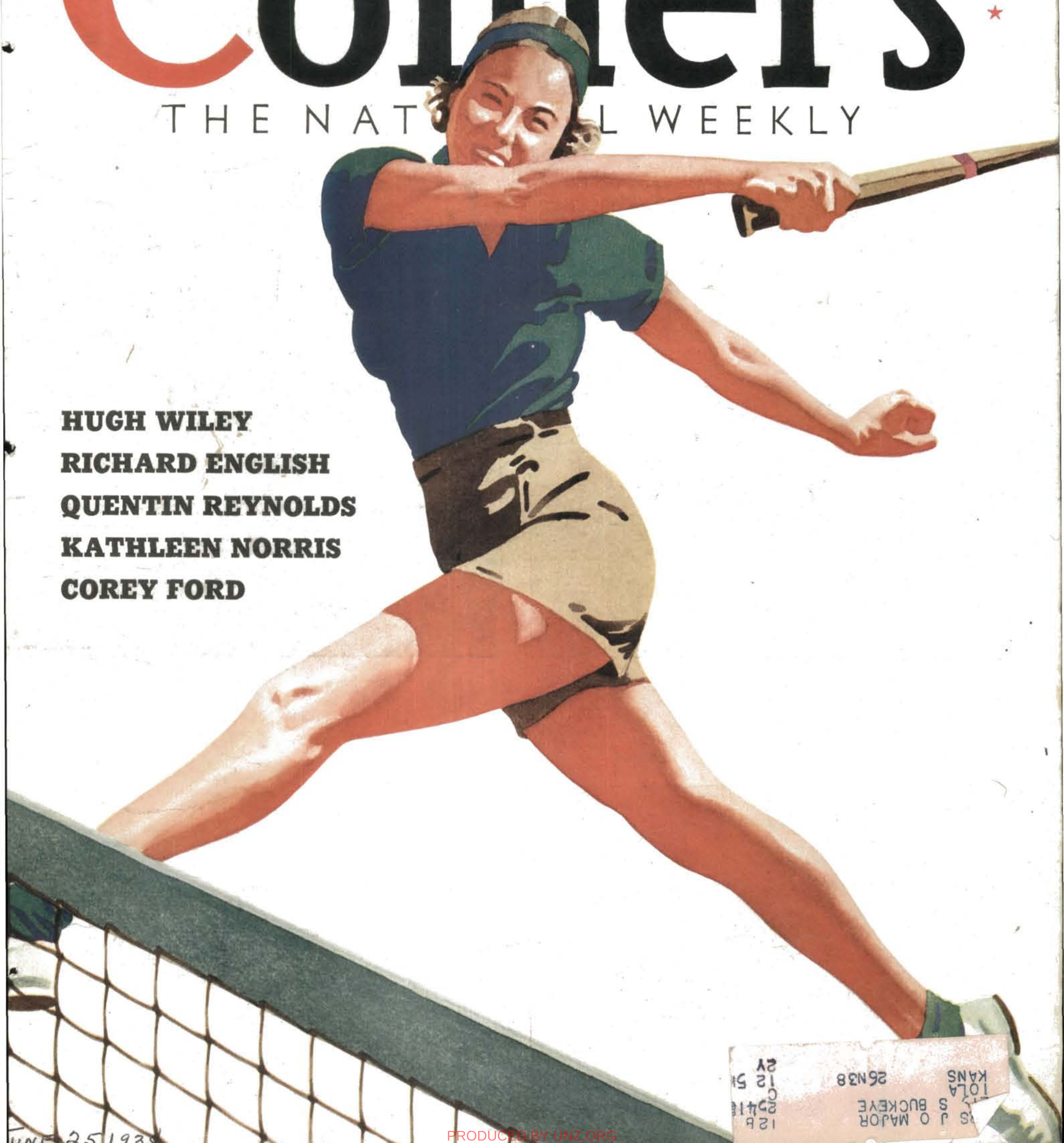
June 25, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NAT L WEEKLY



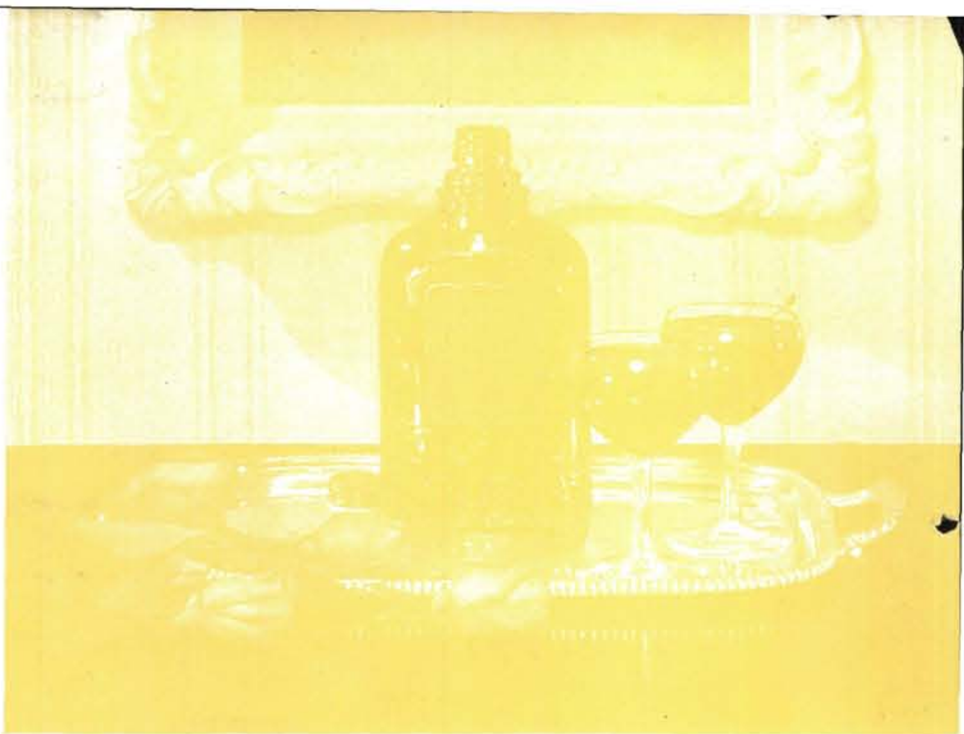
HUGH WILEY
RICHARD ENGLISH
QUENTIN REYNOLDS
KATHLEEN NORRIS
COREY FORD

JUNE 25, 1938

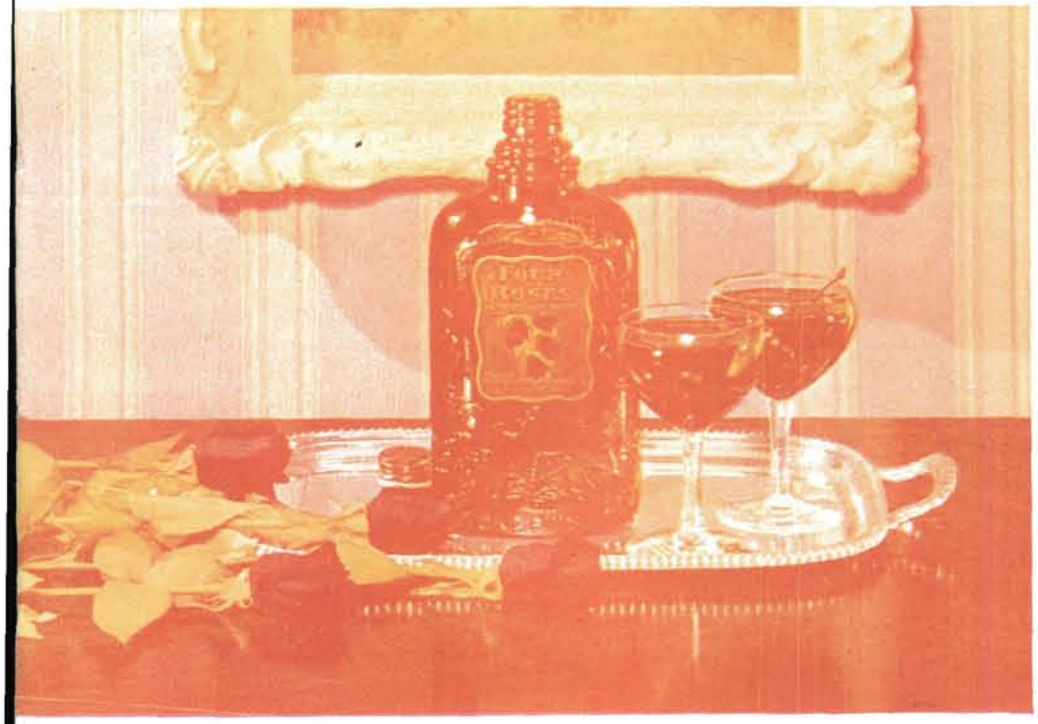
Yes, Collier's . . .

WE REALLY WANT OUR AD PRINTED THIS WAY!

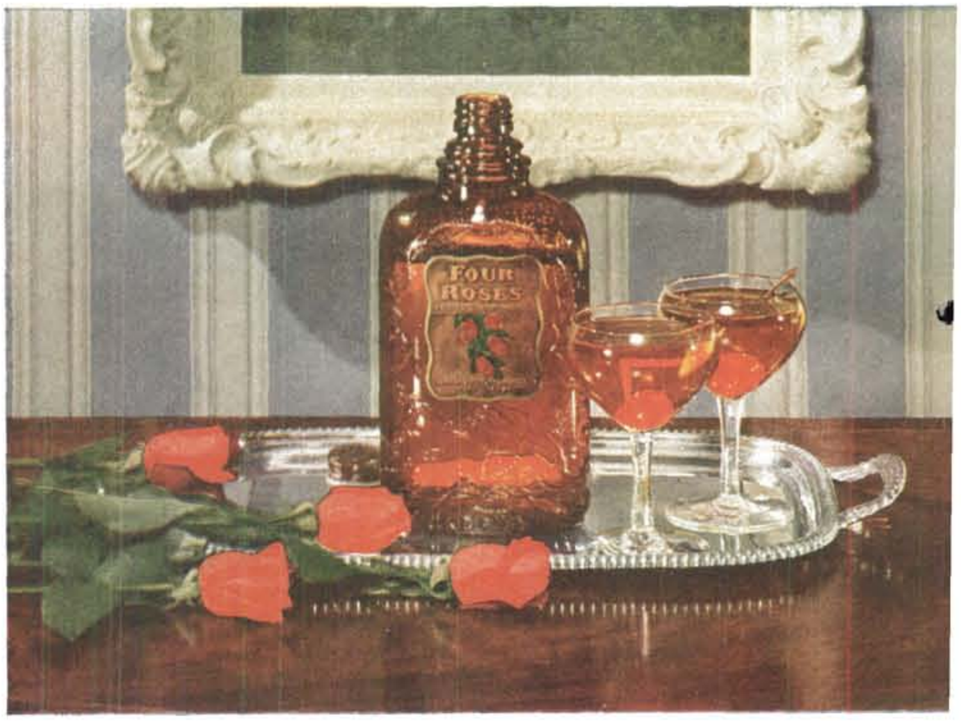
This is probably one of the strangest ads you have ever seen. But when you have read it, you will understand *two* things you may not have known before: How a full-color picture is printed . . . and why Four Roses is such a downright magnificent whiskey.



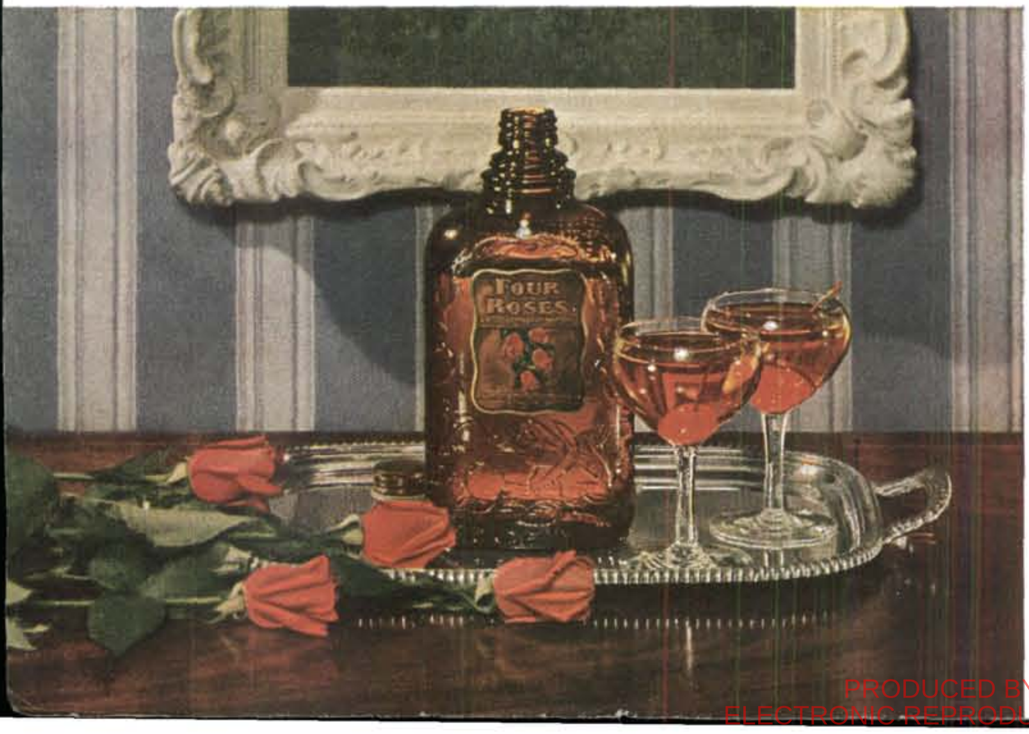
1. Here you see the first of the four "color engravings," or "printing plates," that are printed, one on top of another, to make the *one* finished picture in the lower left corner.



2. The red and yellow plates, together, look like this. You will notice that each plate differs in detail, and that each contributes some *special* quality to the finished picture.



3. This is a combination of the yellow, red, and blue plates. Although only four separate color-plates are used in the entire color-printing process, they are combined in such a way that the final picture has *every* color and *every* quality that makes for perfection.



4. Now look at the completed picture. Here—now that the black plate has been added—is the result of skilfully combining *all* the virtues of *four* separate color-plates. And, in very much the same way, *all* the virtues of *several* selected straight whiskies have been combined in Four Roses to produce *one* whiskey finer by far than any of the separate whiskies could be alone. When you taste Four Roses, we think you'll agree that the finest picture ever printed can merely hint at its delicate aroma, rich smoothness, and glorious flavor!

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies
100% straight whiskies—90 proof

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated
Louisville & Baltimore

The kind of Train they lay Carpets for!

WHEN a Budd streamliner . . . long and shining . . . comes gliding into the station it creates a prompt stir of interest. Heads turn. There's drama in the air—that pleased expectancy which is reserved for something special, something new.

This ceremony takes place many times daily in many stations. It illustrates, on a small scale, the sensation that marked the first appearance of these modern trains on the American scene. Overnight these inspiring pioneers caught the public fancy. For they are new in design, new in construction, new in performance.

The secret? Budd engineering, plus a structure of stainless steel, fabricated by the exclusive SHOTWELD★ process.

This combination produces cars that are strong, durable—*and truly light-weight.* Their low center of gravity makes them hug the rails and travel smoothly at high speed. They fulfil all safety requirements without incurring the burden of dead-weight imposed by older methods and materials. They have more spacious interiors, to which Budd, again departing from precedent, gives the luxurious comfort and appearance of a fine living-room.

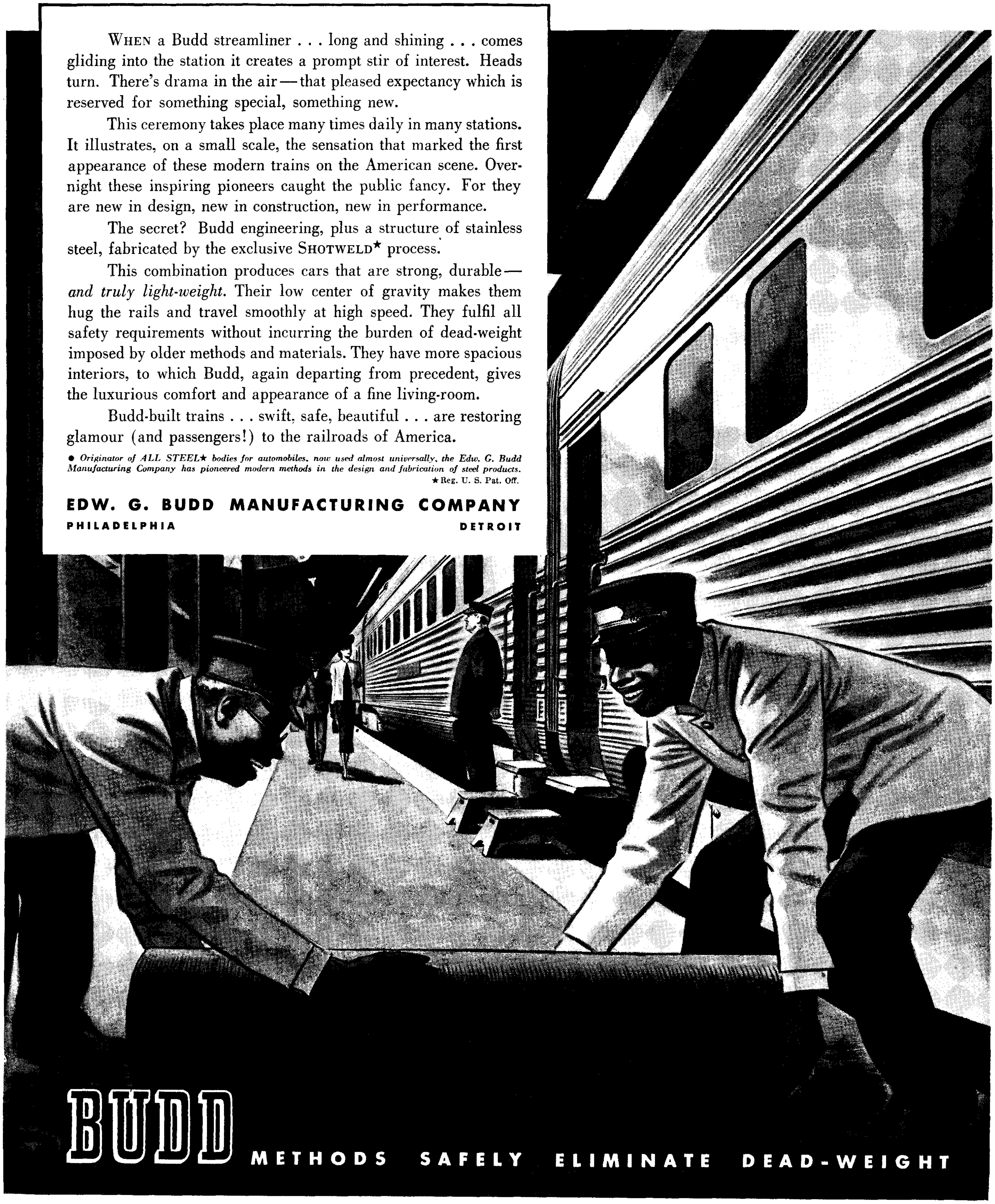
Budd-built trains . . . swift, safe, beautiful . . . are restoring glamour (and passengers!) to the railroads of America.

● *Originator of ALL STEEL★ bodies for automobiles, now used almost universally, the Edw. G. Budd Manufacturing Company has pioneered modern methods in the design and fabrication of steel products.*

★Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

EDW. G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA DETROIT



WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

June 25, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

FOR seven years Steve Marryat had been catching boats and trains and airplanes. It was all an old story to Steve, and there was nothing to show him, when he boarded the California train, that this trip would bring him anything more than had the others. Certainly, Steve didn't expect it. He was a foreign correspondent, and foreign correspondents carry disillusionment with them as one of the tools of their trade.

That leaves Tam out of the picture. But Steve had never seen her before. And she was on her way to marry another man. And the trip would last just a few days. "This Woman and This Man," by Ernest Haycox, is the story of their trip.

"IF YOU keep your cow hands out of other people's pastures and out of trouble-making saloons, you keep them out of shooting scrapes." We quote from Maury Maverick, representative from Texas, and Mr. Maverick is all for applying this neighborly principle to the United States Navy. The billion and a half dollars that we are about to spend will be, in his opinion, misspent. We don't need a bigger Navy, says he. But we do need, and need badly, an efficient coast defense. His vigorous article explains why.

OF COURSE there is no danger of your confusing a gourmand, one of those gouty and ravenous gluttons who will eat anything that cannot bite back, with a gourmet, whose interest in the delights of the table is of a refined and theoretical sort. Even so, it will do you no harm to read "So They Had Dinner," by Frank Condon.

THE most exciting part of an animal act is the part no audience ever sees. It's the nerve-racking period when the trainer is gaining ascendancy over his savage pets and showing them what he wants them to do. In "Bars and Stripes," Clyde Beatty tells you about these tense moments with the big cats.

TWENTY-SEVEN veracious citizens of Bushwhacker admitted having threatened to kill Ross Murphy Murdock. Which made it tough for the sheriff when someone actually had killed Mr. Murdock. It was, of course, Doc Fraser who solved the mystery, and Frederick Hazlitt Brennan reports it.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS, Kyle Crichton, Walter Henry, Bob Considine, Kathleen Norris, Quentin Reynolds, Mignon G. Eberhart, Freling Foster and others do the rest. With dash and enthusiasm.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

RICHARD ENGLISH
Strictly Ding-Dong. Swing King meets his secretary. Page 9

GEORGE FRAZIER
Winning Stroke. The girl who followed the crew. Page 14

WALTER STEWART
Final Fight. Not according to plan. Page 19

HUGH WILEY
The Feast of Kali. James Lee, uninvited guest. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Calling Major Adams' Car, by Budd Wilson Schulberg. Page 22

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
The Runaway, Part IV. Becky's dilemma. Page 16

MIGNON G. EBERHART
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ARTICLES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
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COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
Hell and High Timber. Money to burn. Page 12

JOHN R. TUNIS
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HANNAH LEES
Feet First. When the dogs growl. Page 60

●

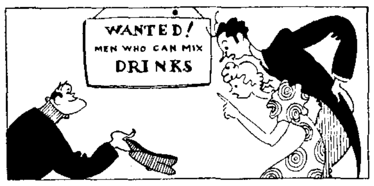
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. News from everywhere. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Fair Play. Page 70

COVER RALPH ENTWISTLE

Any Week

WE NEVER can quite understand why it is necessary that decent people who want to work and eat and be decent should be allowed to want for the simplest things. Just as we can't *seem* somehow to understand the science of money. We're not always so lucky as to have Mr. A. T. Trifton of Milaca, Minnesota, come to our rescue. Says he: "I write you to explain what desterilization of gold means in plain English. We have only one Democrat here, the rest having gone to work for the government, and he says the government took one billion and a half dollars in gold out of nowhere, then put it somewhere, shifted it back to nowhere and then sent it by telegraph to the Federal Reserve Bank, where they issued paper money against it. But he said the rest of us can't understand it because we are Republicans."

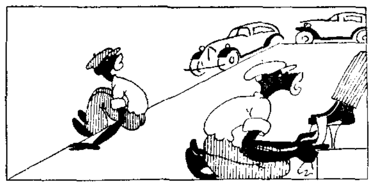


HOWEVER, we're always running into things that don't seem to add up. For example, we dropped in at the State Employment Service in Indianapolis, Indiana, only to find the ladies and gentlemen who run those offices in a mighty nasty predicament. They had run out of bartenders. Here's the summer season upon us. Country clubs, summer hotels and resorts are awaiting customers, and customers are going to need lots of bartenders. If anyone had asked us, we'd have said that there were enough bartenders around to supply each man, woman and child with a day and night shift. But no. Here's the employment service loaded down with jobs for "men capable of mixing all the better-known drinks." And the starting wages are $135 a month with quick advancement. We never thought we'd see the day.

WE strive earnestly each week to drag an educational note into this department. We're pretty lucky today. We've just learned from Mr. F. Miller of Scotch Plains, New Jersey, that his twelve-year-old daughter was requested by her teacher to draw a map of the British Isles. With promptitude admirable in one so young she obeyed and took the map to her father for inspection. "A darned good job it was, too," says he. "She had even printed on each country its name—England, Wales, Scotland and—and the Irish Sweep Stake."

AMONG the various evidences that life is not as simple as it used to be is the plight of a Mr. Lem Saucerly of Covington, Kentucky. Mr. Saucerly has been working for the WPA for a year and more. By trade he's a machinist and he's also a militant member of the American Federation of Labor. While working for the WPA, Mr. Saucerly joined the Workers Alliance, which is Mr. Dave Lasser's union for the unemployed. And now Mr. John L. Lewis has taken the Workers Alliance into his C.I.O. Mr. Saucerly tells us that things have come to a pretty pass. If he quits the Workers Alliance, he says, he'll have nobody to go to the front for him if he has a grievance against WPA or is laid off. And if he doesn't quit the C.I.O. the A.F.L. will expel him, and if he doesn't quit the A.F.L. the Workers Alliance of the C.I.O. will fire him. Offhand we'd say that Mr. Saucerly's in trouble.

AND he's not alone in that. Thinking to make a better impression, we had our shoes shined. The colored boy entrusted with the job—the only polisher in the establishment—worked hard, almost feverishly. We were so impressed with his industry that we asked him what he thought of conditions. "You see that man out there sittin' on the curb lookin' in?" Yes, we saw him—a lean, sour fellow, very black outside and apparently blacker within. "Well, Cap'n," said our boy, "he's out there every day hopin' I'll drop dead."



SO WE fell to talking to a gentleman from Chicago—a Mr. Terbott, who had recently been in Sweden. He told us that he'd seen a huge patriotic celebration in Stockholm. But near Mr. Terbott five fellows who looked thoroughly displeased with the world set up a great booing. The flag that should be flaunted, cried they, was the red flag. Mr. Terbott thinks that they were Communists. Anyway, before they subsided, the unhappy quintet sang the Internationale. Said the shocked Mr. Terbott to his host: "But is that allowed? Where were the police?" And his host smiled: "Certainly it is allowed. You see, we have freedom of speech just like the United States."

JERSEY CITY papers please copy.

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SOL . . . . THE SCORCHER

EXTREME heat is a real danger, if you expose yourself too long to the direct rays of the sun or if you are overactive in warm weather. Those with high blood pressure, heart or kidney trouble are in greater danger than those in sound health. Persons who work in foundries, engine rooms or other places where the temperature is excessive should be especially on guard against heat prostration.

Collapse usually comes suddenly and takes one of two forms—either heatstroke or heat exhaustion. They are radically different from each other in the effect upon the sufferer and in the immediate treatment needed.

In heatstroke the face is red or purple, skin dry and hot, temperature high; the patient is usually unconscious. In heat exhaustion, much the opposite effect is noticed. The face is pale, the skin moist and cold, temperature low; the stricken person is usually conscious. In either case call a doctor immediately. Pending his arrival, do what you can to help the patient. Always remember that the *hot* body should be *cooled* and the *cold* body *warmed*.

Heatstroke treatment—Lay patient on back in a shady place. Remove as much clothing as possible. Reduce temperature by sponging body with cold water. Apply ice bag or cold cloths (iced if possible) to head. Give no stimulants; but after the patient becomes conscious let him have all the cool water he will drink.

Heat Exhaustion treatment—Lay patient in reclining position. Loosen clothing. Keep warm with hot-water bottles, blankets, or other means. Give stimulants; tea, coffee, or aromatic spirits of ammonia (1 teaspoonful in ½ glass water).

Should a hot spell come, wear light, porous clothing. Avoid unnecessary exposure to sun or excessive heat, indoors or outdoors. Keep your head covered when in the scorching sun. Drink adequate amounts of cool water. Use a liberal amount of salt with food to replace the salt lost through perspiration. Observe healthful living habits—sufficient sleep, frequent baths, well-selected and usually light foods. Send for the Metropolitan leaflet "Heat Exhaustion and Sunstroke." Address Booklet Department 738-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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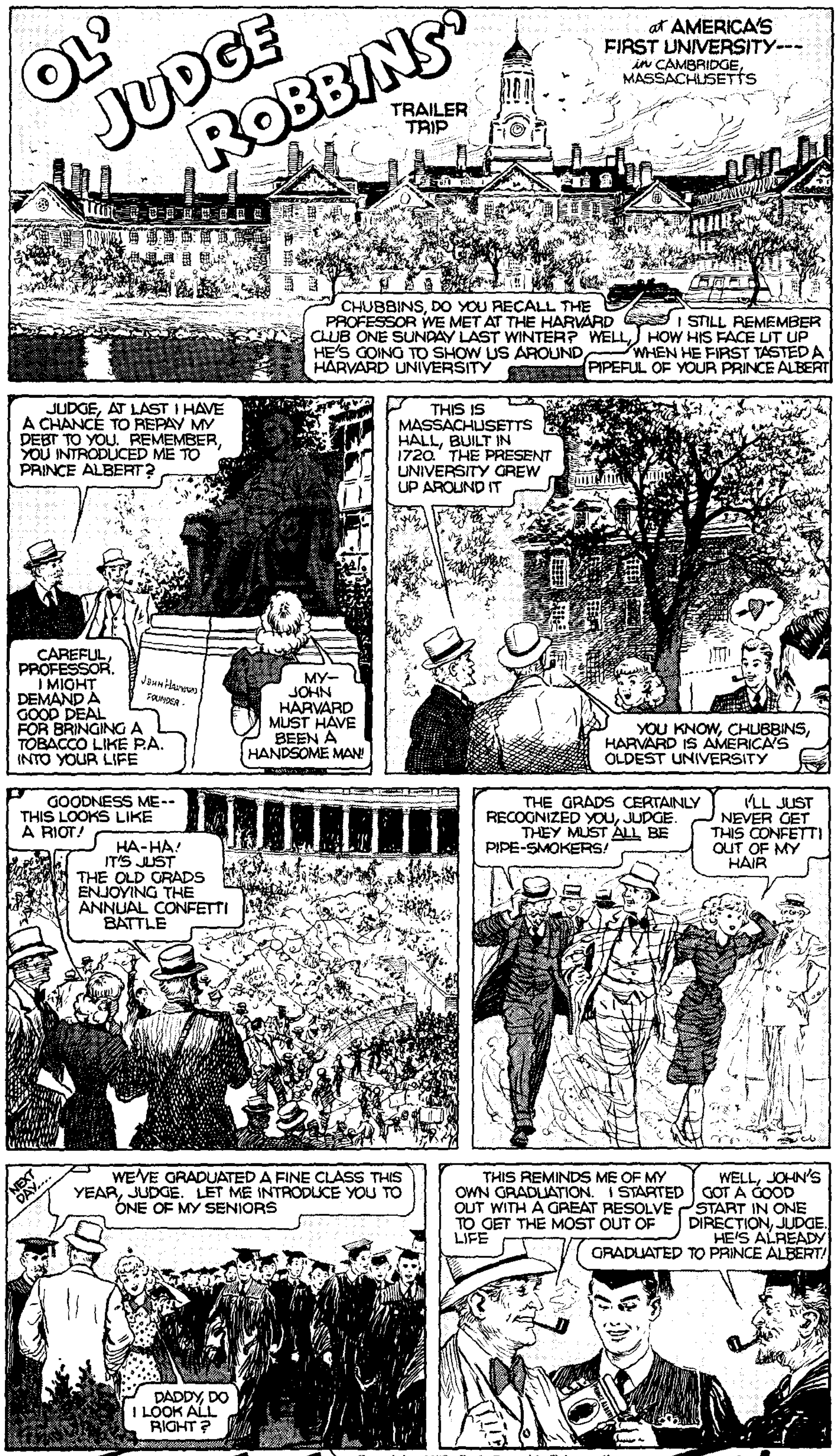

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS' TRAILER TRIP
at AMERICA'S FIRST UNIVERSITY--- in CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
CHUBBINS, DO YOU RECALL THE PROFESSOR WE MET AT THE HARVARD CLUB ONE SUNDAY LAST WINTER? WELL, HE'S GOING TO SHOW US AROUND HARVARD UNIVERSITY
I STILL REMEMBER HOW HIS FACE LIT UP WHEN HE FIRST TASTED A PIPEFUL OF YOUR PRINCE ALBERT
JUDGE, AT LAST I HAVE A CHANCE TO REPAY MY DEBT TO YOU. REMEMBER, YOU INTRODUCED ME TO PRINCE ALBERT?
CAREFUL, PROFESSOR. I MIGHT DEMAND A GOOD DEAL FOR BRINGING A TOBACCO LIKE P.A. INTO YOUR LIFE
JOHN HARVARD FOUNDER
MY— JOHN HARVARD MUST HAVE BEEN A HANDSOME MAN!
THIS IS MASSACHUSETTS HALL, BUILT IN 1720. THE PRESENT UNIVERSITY GREW UP AROUND IT
YOU KNOW, CHUBBINS, HARVARD IS AMERICA'S OLDEST UNIVERSITY
GOODNESS ME-- THIS LOOKS LIKE A RIOT!
HA-HA! IT'S JUST THE OLD GRADS ENJOYING THE ANNUAL CONFETTI BATTLE
THE GRADS CERTAINLY RECOGNIZED YOU, JUDGE. THEY MUST ALL BE PIPE-SMOKERS!
I'LL JUST NEVER GET THIS CONFETTI OUT OF MY HAIR
NEXT DAY
WE'VE GRADUATED A FINE CLASS THIS YEAR, JUDGE. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO ONE OF MY SENIORS
DADDY, DO I LOOK ALL RIGHT?
THIS REMINDS ME OF MY OWN GRADUATION. I STARTED OUT WITH A GREAT RESOLVE TO GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE
WELL, JOHN'S GOT A GOOD START IN ONE DIRECTION, JUDGE. HE'S ALREADY GRADUATED TO PRINCE ALBERT!

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

COOL-MILD-TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BOWL!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

THE LAST PUFF IN A PIPELOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT IS JUST AS COOL AS THE FIRST—THERE'S NO BITE!

PRINCE ALBERT 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES DRAW EASIER, BURN SLOWER—AND TASTE RICHER TOO!

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

SO MILD

LOOK! money back if not DELIGHTED!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

From earliest times the rose has been the symbol of silence and secrecy, and anything heard "sub rosa," or under the rose, was supposed to be held in confidence. The Athenians wore the flower in their hair when telling secrets and, during the Middle Ages, countless banquet halls and dining rooms had roses painted on the ceilings as a reminder to guests. In the 16th century, roses were even hung over many confessionals.

Dancing has had a part in divine worship in every religion in history, and sacred dances still have an important place in the religious ceremonies of the Hindus, Moslems and many pagan tribes.

Civilized races use simple and easily learned languages, while primitive peoples employ tongues of incredible complexity, some of which are beyond the comprehension of many eminent philologists. —*By John F. Fitzgerald, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Several centuries ago, the ecclesiastical courts of England prohibited marriage not only between distantly related relatives by blood but also between relatives by affinity. Thus, sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law were as incapable of contracting marriage as natural brothers and sisters, as were the children of husbands and wives by former marriages.—*By C. W. Kelley, Alexander, North Dakota.*

When livestock is transported over American railroads, hogs are given frequent shower baths on hot days and all other animals are removed from the trains every 28 hours for watering, feeding and a five-hour rest.—*By Paul C. Swaim, Berkeley Springs, West Virginia.*

The name Elizabeth has more legitimate variations than any other in the English language, among them being Bess, Bessy, Beth, Betsy, Betty, Eliza, Elsie, Libby, Lisa and Lizzy.—*By Hilda Poole, New Rochelle, New York.*

As late as the 16th century in Western Europe, the ability to add or subtract on the fingers or on an abacus was considered to be one of the accomplishments of an educated man. At that time too, the desire to learn how to do simple numerical problems by either primitive method became so widespread that all manuals of arithmetic included instructions.—*By Carole-Dawn Christiansen, San Francisco, California.*

During the World War, the prison in Baku, Russia, thoughtfully set aside two sections for good inmates—with money. The first was the "Grand Hotel," which, for a certain fee, admitted friends, food and furniture. The other was the "Hotel Metropole," which, for a larger sum, permitted its prisoners to live at home, merely asking that they or a representative drop in each morning and evening to answer the roll call.

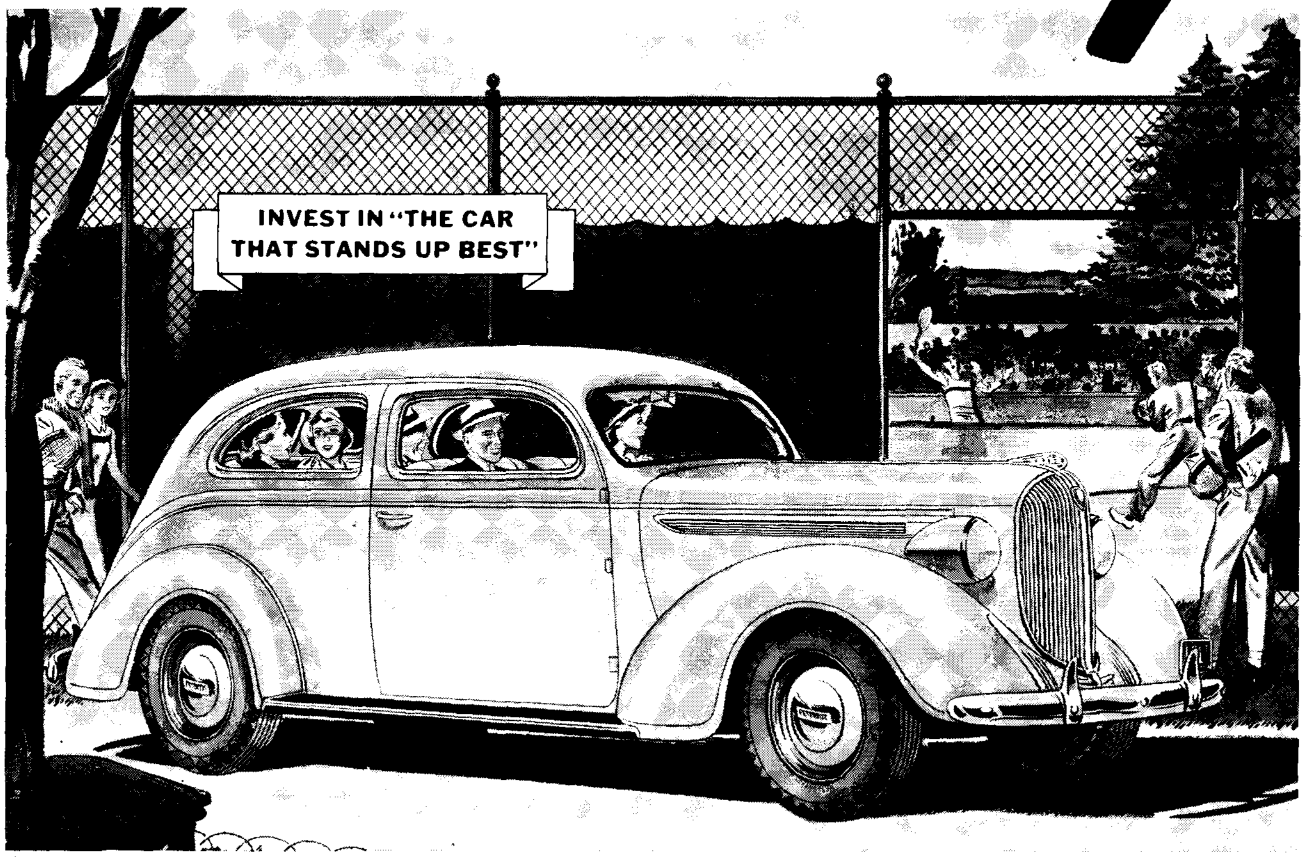
There is no authentic case in which the sinking of a ship has caused its boilers to explode. The large quantities of steam that suddenly arise and give this impression are created chiefly by the flooding of the furnaces. Frequently, additional steam comes from ruptures in the pipes or the boiler itself, caused when the sinking vessel is in an unbalanced position.—*By J. D. Wilson, Long Island City, New York.*

Hungarian law decrees that a person's age begins with baptism. Consequently, when a forty-year-old woman was tried recently in Presburg for receiving stolen goods, the court had to acquit her, although she was admittedly guilty, upon her plea and proof that, as her baptism had taken place only six months before the trial, she was a "legal infant."—*By Marjorie Jones, Los Angeles, California.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

NO DOUBT ABOUT ITS SUCCESS

America is Buying this Big Plymouth "Roadking"


INVEST IN "THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST"

THRILLING NEW RIDE All over the country people are talking about the "Roadking's" amazing ride...its new faster steering, new easier handling.

And they've found no other low-priced car gives them such luxurious smoothness and comfort...big, airplane-type shock absorbers, Floating Power engine mountings, "live" rubber body mountings, ingenious new sound-proofing.

BIGGEST OF THE 3 Extra roominess is another reason for the "Roadking's" great popularity. Of the three leading lowest-priced cars, the Plymouth "Roadking" is nearly 7 inches longer than one; more than 10 inches longer than the other.

ECONOMY WITH POWER The Plymouth "Roadking" has a brilliant, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine which gives full-powered performance...with amazing economy *as well!* Owners report 18 to 24 miles on gas...big savings on upkeep.

EASY TO OWN Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.

See for yourself why the big Plymouth "Roadking" is selling so fast! Telephone your nearby Plymouth dealer for a demonstration today. There's no obligation. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

THOUSANDS ARE AMAZED "AT GETTING SO MUCH FOR SUCH A LOW PRICE." READ WHAT THEY SAY:

"I THOUGHT THE OTHERS WERE LOWER PRICED"

"Somehow I had the idea that other cars cost less until I made comparisons," says Dorothy M. Weigl, Queens Village, New York. "Then I took a Plymouth 'Roadking' out for a demonstration, and was absolutely astounded at the smoothness and comfort of the ride. And when I saw the 'Roadking's' low price, I just had to buy one!"

"I HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT IT I BOUGHT ONE!"

"So many of my friends raved to me about the Plymouth 'Roadking,' I went to see it and bought one," says Joseph Stillman of Brooklyn, New York. "I certainly was astonished by the car's wonderful ride, and surprised to find that I could really get a Plymouth at such a low price."

"THE RIDE GOT ME—THAT AND THE PRICE"

"I heard all kinds of good things about the Plymouth 'Roadking' and decided to give one a workout," says Mr. C. J. Votaw of Ft. Wayne, Indiana. "The first surprise I got was to find that such a big, rich car could be so low priced. And when I took the wheel and drove—well, I just had to buy it! The 'Roadking' ride is really amazing!"

PLYMOUTH *"ROADKING"*
5-PASSENGER SEDAN

$685

—"Detroit delivered price," including front and rear bumpers and bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Plymouth prices INCLUDE ALL FEDERAL TAXES. State, local taxes not included.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

ONE Chrysler SELLS ANOTHER!

– OWNERS KEEP COMING BACK FOR MORE!

"IT'S MY FIRST! I'm a safety engineer for the Aetna Insurance Co., driving 4,000 miles a month. My Royal averages 19 miles per gallon of gas. Its beauty, roominess, power and safety mean a lot to me."

WARREN L. ROBERTS
Buffalo, New York

"MY 2ND! I take many long trips and never get tired in my Royal. The Chrysler hydraulic brakes saved us from a bad accident in Florida. A smooth, quiet, easier-riding car and one a woman loves to drive."

MRS. F. A. McDANIEL
Brentwood, Tenn.

"MY 3RD! When I'm in a Chrysler I know I'm in a car that will 'get me there'. Royal's the most beautiful car of 1938, peppy, roomy and economical. It rides like the most expensive cars."

MRS. J. D. MORROW
Louisville, Ky.

"MY 4TH! Our firm (F. H. Ross and Co.) is almost 100% Chrysler-equipped. My Royal averages 19 miles to the gallon, has power, speed and holds the road. I wouldn't be without its safety features."

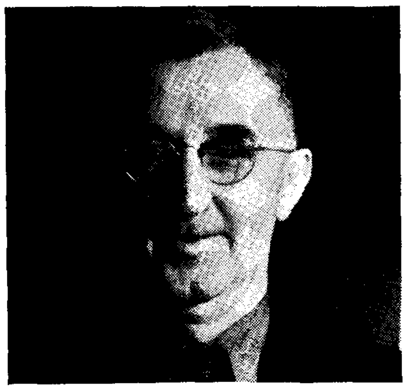
RALPH S. RIMMER
Charlotte, N. C.

"MY 5TH! Rides like a boat on a lake . . . has the greatest get-up-and-go on mountains I've ever seen. I look forward to trips in the Royal. No other car can match its style and beauty."

WILLIAM M. CARR
Nashville, Tenn.

"MY 6TH! We looked at other cars, but came right back to Chrysler. Always economical, always in style, wonderful performance, high resale value. Its zip makes other cars seem sluggish to me."

MRS. WALTER W. FULLER
Detroit, Michigan



"MY 7TH! Nicest handling car I've ever owned...and the most comfortable. Lots of room and style. Averages 18 miles per gallon. I cover the trotting circuit constantly in season and find the Royal ideal."

MAYOR L. W. OLIVER
Franklin, Ind.

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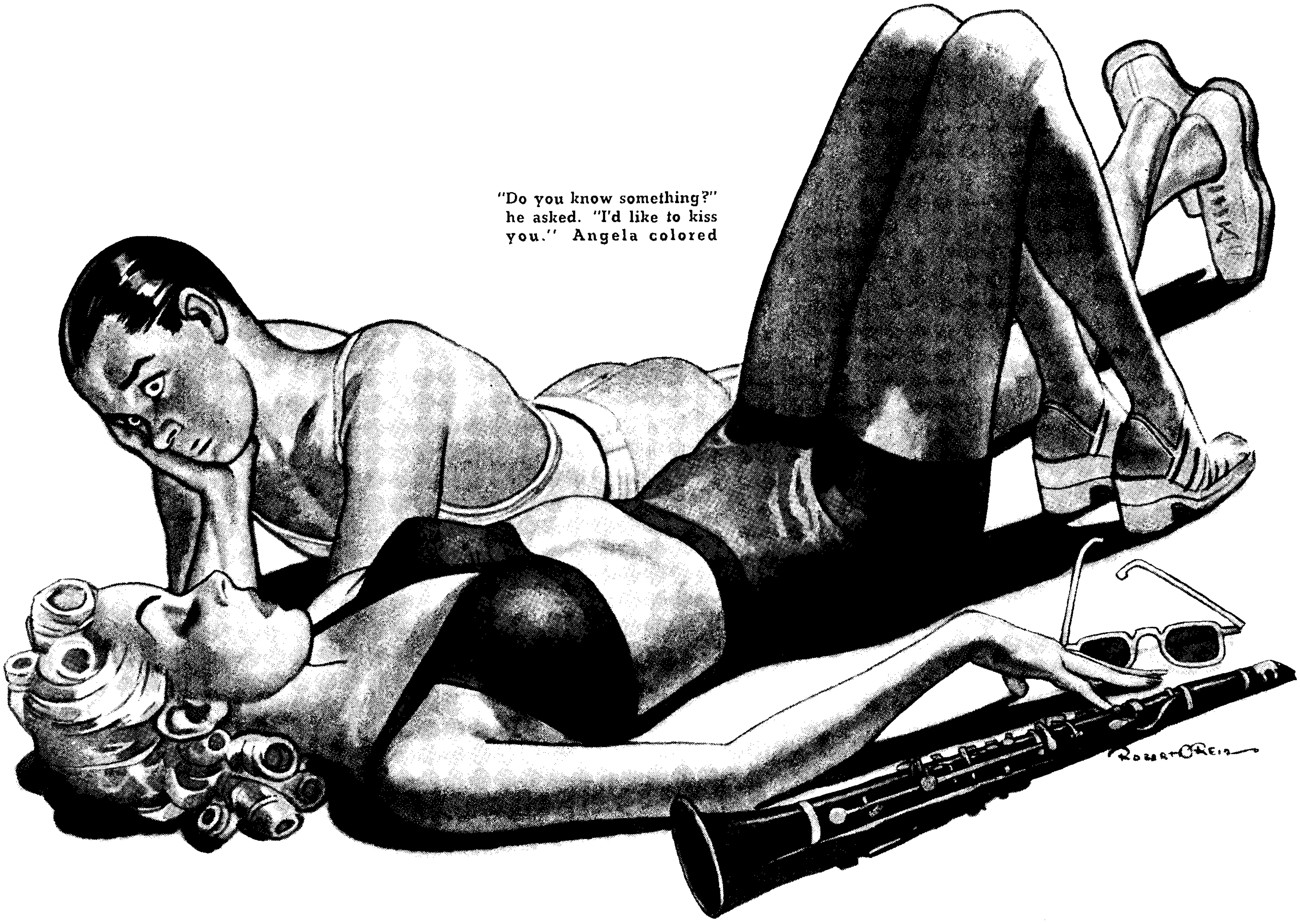
Collier's The National Weekly for June 25, 1938



"Do you know something?" he asked. "I'd like to kiss you." Angela colored

Strictly Ding-Dong

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

A ding-dong swingaroo, born with a lotta jive, meets a gal who makes him give

IT WAS four minutes of nine when Marty Felton, Mammoth's best space-grabber, came rushing into the Union Airport with a pack of photographers at his heels. Marty was fat and he was wheezing when he reached the gateman.

"Is number seven on time?" he panted.

The man nodded. "It passed San Berdoo twenty minutes ago." He stared at the photographers. There were more than usual this morning. "Who gives?"

"Did you hear that?" Marty demanded indignantly. "He asks who gives! When the most terrific—" The rest of his words were suddenly drowned out by the flat, booming voice of the amplifier: "Flight seven arriving from the East."

The crowd, already attracted by the photographers, readied its autograph books and surged through the gate as the big transport came to a halt before the terminal.

The steps had barely been rolled into place and the door opened before pasty-faced passengers were streaming from the plane, glancing anxiously behind them. A stout woman, one of the last to exit, looked fearfully over her shoulder and missed the steps entirely. While the agitated hostess was helping her to her feet, Marty Felton milled wildly among the passengers.

"Where's Mr. Williams?" he shouted.

"He's still inside," the co-pilot said bitterly, "and somebody's got to make him come out."

A meek young man suddenly appeared in the doorway. He was soberly dressed and quite small, and there was a clarinet carefully tucked under his arm. He had black hair, neatly split in the middle, and his large brown eyes were staring at the crowd with a mild, slightly bewildered gaze.

"Was someone asking for Ding-Dong Williams?" he inquired.

The photographers were already getting their flashes as Marty bounded up the steps. "Welcome to Hollywood!" he said reverently. He turned to the reporters who were just arriving. "Boys, I want you to meet Ding-Dong Williams, the King of Swing! Brought to Hollywood to write the smashing swing finale to Goodby Love, an Ancil Steinberg production. Mr. Williams said on his arrival, quote: I have never—"

"Dry up," said one of the reporters. "How about a statement of your own, Ding-Dong?"

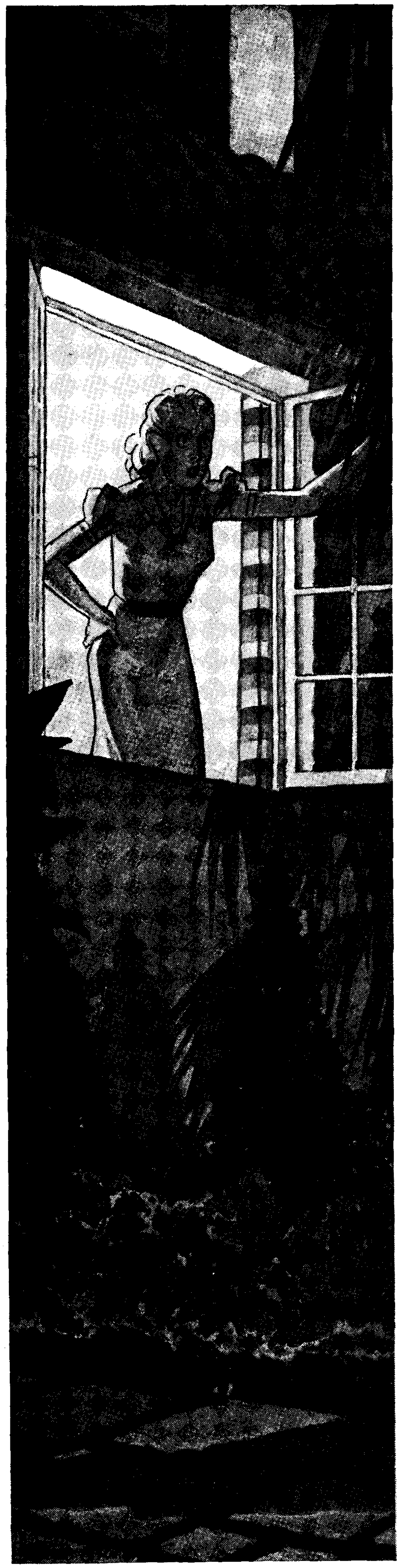
Mr. Williams looked vaguely at the speaker. "Where's the studio?" he asked. "I'm supposed to be working for a studio."

"Studio?" snorted a stout woman. "I might have known!" She glared at the young man with the clarinet. "Hollywood's full of idiots!"

Ding-Dong glanced apologetically at the press. "She don't like me," he said simply. "She don't like jam, either."

The reporters stared at him. "We hadda little smoky-joe last night," Ding-Dong explained. "I hadda give."

"*Had* to?" the woman said bitterly. "All the way from Wichita to Yuma? No one got a moment's sleep!"



"I'm sorry," Ding-Dong said gravely, "but when I gotta give, I gotta give."

"You hear that, boys?" demanded Marty Felton. "Spoken like a true artist! The greatest clarinet of his day, the wildest of living hot men, the man who—"

Mr. Williams was plucking at his sleeve. "I lost my luggage," he said gently. "I always lose my luggage. Who do I tell?"

Marty could feel the goose flesh creeping out all over him. It never failed. Scratch a hot man and you found a sleepwalker every time! As a matter of sound policy, such sad cases always had to be sheltered from the public gaze.

"Maybe we'd better get right over to the studio," Marty suggested suddenly.

MR. FELTON led his clarinet down a long line of little stucco cottages at the studio. From all sides music assailed them. "Song writers," Marty explained. "That's your office on the end. You arrangers rate the de luxe accommodations."

Ding-Dong glanced at him. "Don't call me an arranger," he said. "I'm a rug cutter."

"That's all right," said Marty. "One of our best producers used to be a tailor."

"I mean I send," Ding-Dong said, very patiently. "I cut capers."

Marty was opening the door to the last bungalow. "Here you are," he said. Ding-Dong stepped inside and then as abruptly retreated onto the sidewalk.

"There's a girl in there," he protested.

"Look," Marty said slowly, "she's your secretary, see? They go with every office. When you want to take a nap, she tells people you're in conference and can't be disturbed."

Ding-Dong considered that for a moment. Then, gravely, he peered into the office. The blond young lady seated at the desk returned his gaze with equal interest. Miss Angela Jones, late of the estimate department, had never before been exposed to a musician, let alone one as famous as Ding-Dong Williams. She was young and there was a pert nose and a smile that matched nicely with her blue eyes.

"Hello, Mr. Williams," she said, with just the right shade of demureness. "My name's Angela Jones."

"Mine's Ding-Dong," he said, stepping inside. He studied her a moment. "Do you like jam?"

Her eyebrows went up like frightened window shades and Marty, standing behind Ding-Dong, nodded his head in a vigorous affirmative. "I certainly do," she said then. "I'm just crazy about it, Mr. Williams."

Ding-Dong seemed satisfied. After carefully laying his clarinet on the divan he began an inspection of his bungalow. Marty beckoned Angela outside.

"Listen, honey," he said desperately, "we really got ourselves something! This guy acts like he was in training to become a supervisor. You got to keep your eye on him. The Old Man would have kittens if anything happened after all this build-up on signing the King of Swing!"

"But what could happen?" Angela asked, feeling both thrilled and excited. "And, anyhow, he doesn't look so violent to me. He looks like he might be quite nice."

"He is," said Marty, "he's nice, but he's not real bright. It's what we get for signing a hot guy. They know from nothing except about music."

"All geniuses are that way," said Angela. "They're not dumb; they're just absent-minded."

"Have it your way," said Mr. Felton, "but don't say I didn't warn you."

SHE went back inside then and found Ding-Dong carefully examining the white grand piano. He looked up as she came in and, lowering his voice, jerked his head toward the cigarette-scarred instrument. "What's that for? I'm no keyboard!"

"They go with every office," she told him.

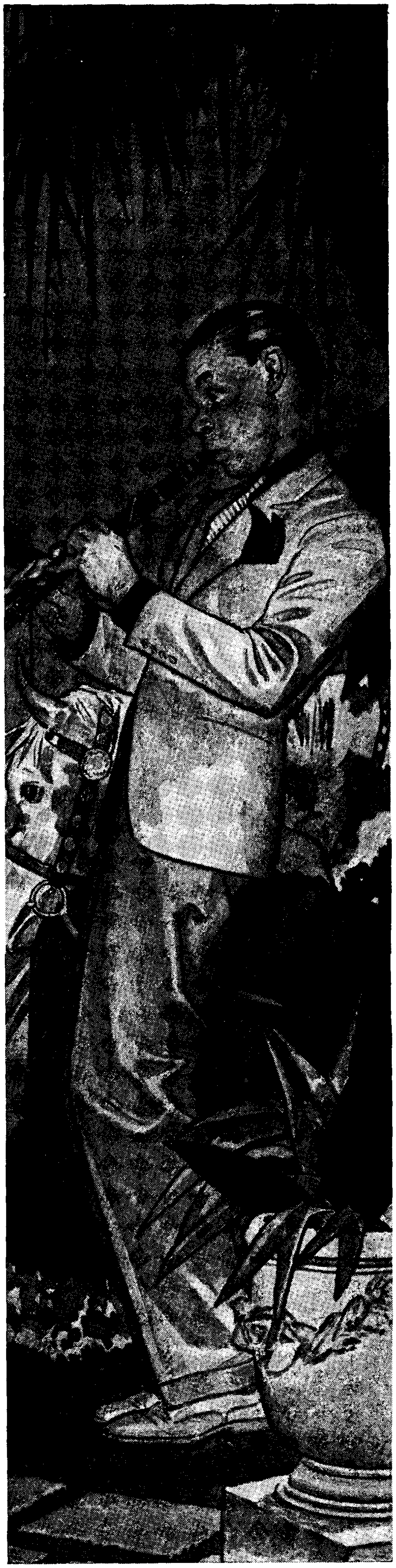
"Like a secretary?"

She colored furiously. "I wouldn't know about that," she said, "but if the piano upsets you, I'll have it moved right out. Mr. Felton thought you might want to work out your music on it."

"Not me," said Ding-Dong, "I can't play anything that don't have a reed on one end."

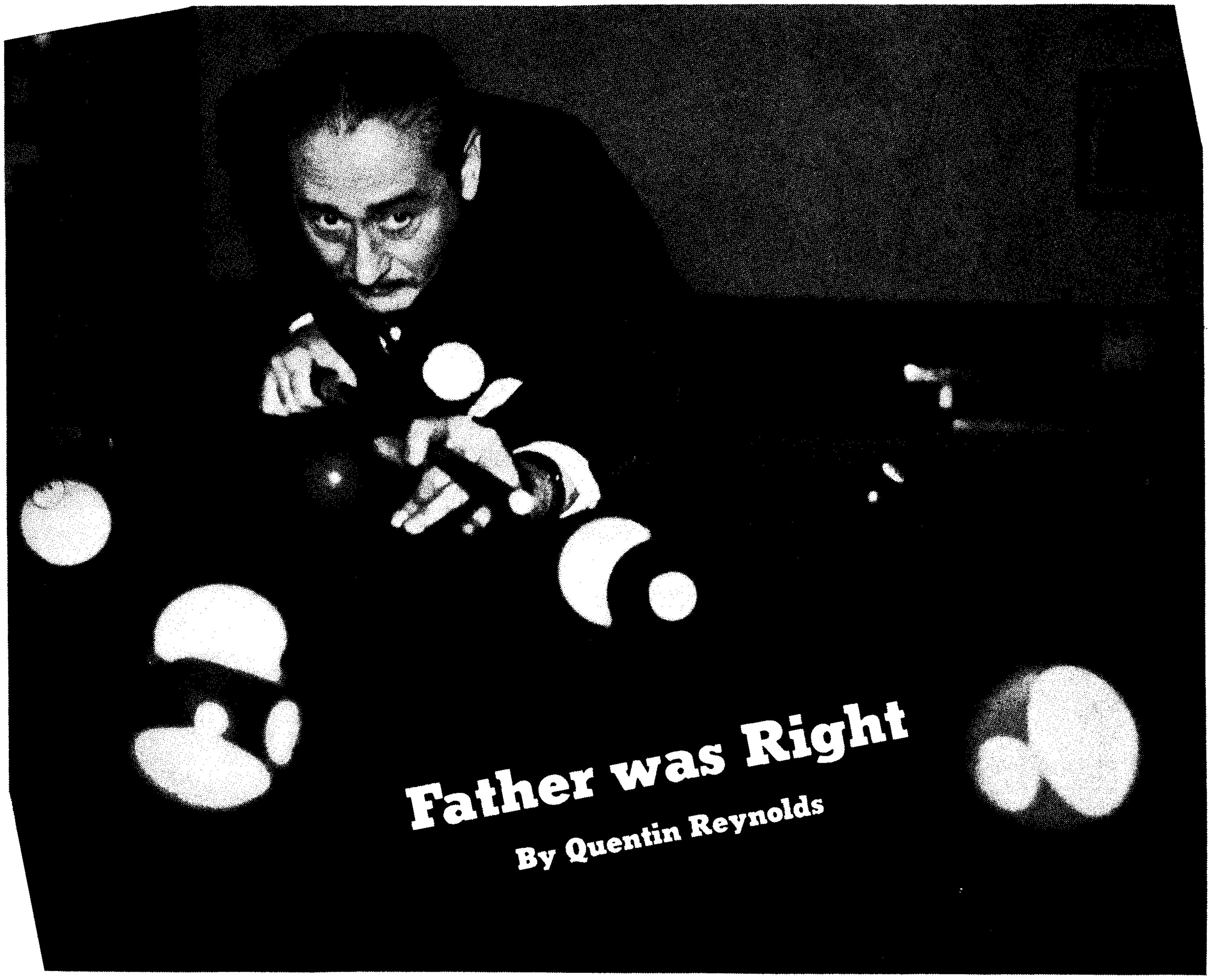
Angela stared at him. "You mean you make up your arrangements on the clarinet?" she asked.

"No," said Ding-Dong, "I'm no dot man. I just send it way out wide. I don't like black and white stuff; I've always been on the jive." *(Continued on page 63)*



Ding-Dong was feeling the reed and he began to riff it out a little. The volume swelled and Angela's window flew open

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Father was Right

By Quentin Reynolds

The remarkable case of Adolphe Menjou, a young man who wisely took his father's advice

CHAPLIN, slim, dynamic, stood there, his thin hands twitching a little in anger but he couldn't keep his eyes away from that suit, that tie, those spats, that cane Menjou carried so carelessly on his arm. Menjou was casual—almost patronizing.

"Sounds like an interesting part, Mr. Chaplin," he said indifferently. "Yes, sounds interesting. A Woman of Paris is the title, is it not?"

Chaplin nodded. "There's a good part in it for you," he said.

"Really?" Menjou almost yawned. "Sounds interesting. Of course I'm committed, have three or four things lined up. Still, Mr. Chaplin, I am a great admirer of yours. It would be interesting to play under your direction. Yes, I'd gladly make a financial sacrifice to play in A Woman of Paris. In fact, Mr. Chaplin, I will give you my services for five hundred dollars a week."

Chaplin reached out a hand to steady himself against the desk in front of him. Chaplin has always been known to be a very careful student of a dollar. Five hundred dollars a week? No actor was worth that. Chaplin has never been noted for lavish generosity in salary matters. Then he took another look at the sartorial elegance of Menjou.

"All right," he said sharply. "We start on December 15th."

"My pay starts then, I assume?" Menjou was as casual as though he were asking a waiter for a napkin.

Chaplin nodded and Menjou waved a gay adieu. He hurried out of Chaplin's office, but not until he had walked a block away did he wipe the perspiration from his brow. He had put it across.

"Success is ninety per cent front, ten per cent ability," his father had often said. "Make them take you at your own valuation and don't put too cheap a valuation on yourself."

That's what he had done. He walked along the street happily. Now he could borrow a few dollars to tide him over until December 15th. He put a hand into his pocket and ruefully pulled out a twenty-five-cent piece. Let's see now, there was another thing his father always said:

"When you're down to your last cent go to a tailor and have some clothes made."

Menjou walked to the best tailor in Hollywood and had a suit made. Chaplin had given him a brief outline of the story. He was to be a French nobleman. He'd have to wear tails and a white tie during much of the picture. And, yes, Chaplin had told of a race-track scene. Well, he knew France, Menjou did. Fashionable Frenchmen wore gray cutaways and gray top hats when they went to the race track. He told the tailor to make him such a suit.

"It will cost $175," the tailor said, a bit dubiously.

Menjou lifted an eyebrow. "My good man, I am amazed that you can make such a suit so inexpensively."

The tailor beamed. He liked customers like this. He made the suit.

A Springboard to Stardom

"But I didn't get a chance to wear the damn' thing for five years," Menjou now says bitterly. "Charlie cut that race-track scene out and there I was with this strange garment. Five years later I played in a picture called The King. I was able to wear it in one scene. I still have it. But I really never did get a full return on my $175 investment."

Still it wasn't a total loss. A Woman of Paris was a tremendous hit; Adolphe Menjou leaped into immediate stardom and, using that picture as a springboard, he has since made close to two million dollars. Today Menjou is one of the most sought-after actors in Hollywood. He never makes a flop picture any more. Part of this is luck; part of it is his insistence that he be allowed to pick his own picture and his own director.

"I don't ask for much," he says calmly to frantic producers who want his services. "Give me a good part and a good director and we can come to terms in a minute."

He has an amazing knack of recognizing parts that are good for him and pictures that are going to be hits. His last eight pictures were: The Milky Way, Café Metropole, One in a Million, Sing, Baby, Sing, A Star is Born, One Hundred Men and a Girl, Stage Door, and The Goldwyn Follies. All of these were hits; in all of them Menjou played important parts.

Of course, Menjou had a good start in life. His mother, whose name was Joyce, came from Letterfrach, which is in Galway, Ireland, a place they call the Home of the Joyces. Practically everyone in that part of Ireland is named Joyce. His father was born in Arbus near the city of Pau in that part of France that overlooks the Spanish border. Thus Menjou is half Irish and half French. He looks

(Continued on page 51)

Hell and High Timber

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

OUR forests," states Mr. George Spelvin to his wife, exhaling a cloud of cigarette smoke and waving his arm expansively at the surrounding scenery, "are a priceless heritage. We must cherish and protect them. And now, my dear, if you'll put your camera away and get the children back in the car, we can maybe get in another couple of hundred miles before supper."

And flipping his cigarette butt casually out of the window of the car with a practiced snap of his middle finger, Mr. Spelvin settles himself behind the wheel, reaches for the gearshift, and the sedan rolls on its way once more; and that is the last we see of Mr. Spelvin. . . .

It is not the last we see of Mr. Spelvin's cigarette. Hidden from the road, it has landed on a heap of brown pine spills, crisp and dry as powder after two weeks without rain. It continues to burn on down to the end, and gradually the needles surrounding the live coal twist a little and begin to grow black.

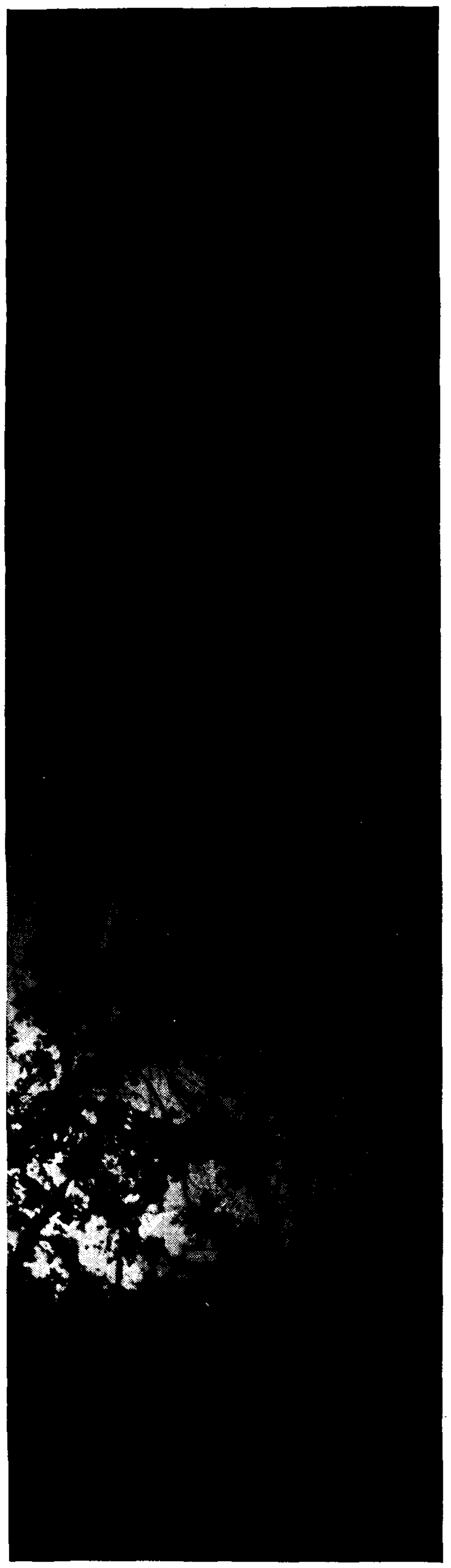
A sudden puff of wind flattens the coil of cigarette smoke, and the circle of needles glows brightly for a moment. When the wind stops, the spiral of smoke rises again, a little heavier, and the rim of the circle stays red.

A second puff of wind, stronger than the first, picks up several glowing needle tips and scatters them across the littered forest floor. Here and there new coils of smoke arise, as the wind drops again, and a piece of dried bark begins to smolder like punk.

Five minutes later there is another sharp gust of wind, and the birch bark gasps and leaps into astonished flame. It rolls over, writhing with fire, and lands against a clump of dry brush that crackles and suddenly goes up in a brisk bonfire, spitting sparks. Other red tongues begin to lick silently at the surrounding pine litter. The circumference of the circle is widening fast. A clump of grass flares up all at once in a torch, and just beyond it a fallen spruce, shaggy with dead branches, sucks in the flame eagerly like a match drawn into the bowl of a pipe.

Now the freshening breeze lifts the fire across a little gully, and it grabs at the lower branches of a pile of slash and swings itself up hand over hand, clambering from twig to twig, reaching for the bigger branches overhead. The whole slash roars aloft, and a rabbit scurries out panic-stricken and bolts headlong before the rush of heat and strange, stinging smoke. Green shoots of second-growth in the advancing path of the fire pale and fling their arms aloft and wither into flame. The fire is running uphill now toward the big stand of pine on the ridge, riding each new gust of wind, urging it ahead with impatient red whips that flick in and out through the smoke. The breeze has stiffened into a steady gale. . . .

About this time, a lookout in a tower fifteen miles away spots the bank of smoke piling up in the southwest. He



Day after day, in the terrific heat of an Angeles Forest fire, CCC boys (foreground) struggle to control the on-sweeping flames

locates the column approximately by the alidade suspended over his map, and phones the nearest ranger station. "Between Swift River and Bald Summit . . . tough country back there . . . wind rising." The dispatcher checks with a simultaneous report from another lookout ten miles to the west, places the fire exactly where the two air lines between the towers cross, and shakes his head. Black Mountain area. Little water available, many isolated ranches to the south. His danger meter puts the forest in the fifth hazard period—exceptionally low humidity—and hygrometer readings show that the litter under the trees is bone-dry. Furthermore, the weather report predicts increasing winds, no rain in sight. Better not stop to check further. He gives the emergency alarm.

Almost at once the fire truck shoots out through the swinging firehouse doors. From Eagle, fifty miles away, a patrol plane starts for the scene. In the wake of the fire truck are the truckloads of men, camp equipment, first-aid tent, extra tools, food—five pounds a man per day. More and more men follow, all well shod so that their feet will not blister on the hot ground, all strong enough to work twelve hours a day cutting down trees, digging fire lines down to mineral soil, hacking out underbrush, working day and night amid terrific heat, choking smoke, constant danger, possible death. Men hurrying to war. . . .

Late that afternoon a siren sounds; the CCC camp at Summit springs to life. Boys just back from the day's work rush down the company street, tucking flapping shirttails into their pants, shouldering backward into blue jumpers as they clamber into the waiting trucks loaded with their stand-by equipment of shovels and axes and water packs. The trucks roar; they rock away over the forest road. The thing has blown up during the afternoon. It's a crown fire now, racing through the treetops, irresistible, swifter than the wind.

At midnight a warden's car shrieks to a halt in the dirt yard in front of a sleeping ranch house, the horn tied down. The rancher and his older son rush out and jump into the warden's car, the rancher's wife and his younger boy begin to pile a few pieces of furniture and bedding into the ranch wagon and hitch up the nervous horses, heading to town for safety. There is a red glow in the sky, and the wind coming toward them has a sickening sweetish smell. It's heading this way, coming on like an avalanche, coming hell-bent for leather. . . .

Nature's Holocaust

Now the wind is getting stronger, and hotter, and smoke stings the eyes, and in the distance there is a steady ripping sound, like canvas being torn sharply, and now and then short explosions like rifle shots. The gray smoke is flecked with red patches that brighten, and fade, and suddenly burst through the clouds like forks of lightning. The rancher's wife swings her whip at the backs of the horses, the wagon careens ahead of the solid sheet of flame that races with a wind made by its own suction of air. Behind them, in the fierce heat, a whole pine tree blanches, whitens into a single skeleton, and is wrapped at once in a shroud of flame. Wild animals are pounding past them in the smoke, a fawn falters in the road and stumbles and rolls over, the doe halting and bleating beside her. A rabbit rushes directly toward the fire, leaps convulsively into a tight ball of flame, topples backward. The rancher's wife glances over her shoulder, stands up in the wagon and yells at the stumbling horses. She cannot hear herself in the increasing roar. A spark lights on the blanket wrapped around the baby beside her. . . .

Men coming off the fire lines day after day, half-naked men with blackened faces, and eyebrows burned off and shirts hanging in shreds from their blistered shoulders. Men falling exhausted on the thin mattresses, too tired to move, while other men slip the water tanks from their backs and struggle into them and head for the fire lines on the run. Ambulances clanging up through the thick smoke, empty stretchers rushed into the heat and borne out again more slowly. Homeless refugees huddled in blankets, around their few belongings, staring emptily at the ground. Cigarettes, coffee, more coffee. A badly burned fire fighter, his flesh bloated yellow under the bandages, lifts a steaming cup to his lips, and spits it out again with an oath.

"Damn it," he sobs, "now I burned my tongue!"

Day after day, all that week, on into the next. Emergency calls for more men, shovels, food, bandages, help of any kind. Soup kitchens established. Airplanes, radio, telephones, the National Guard called out, martial law enforced. Two towns, Black Snake and Windfall, leveled by flames. Several townships burned over so far. A million dollars in virgin timber already destroyed. Four lives lost. Still no sign of rain. . . .

". . . Burned over all that nice country where we were," Mr. George Spelvin shrugs, looking up from his evening newspaper. "Lucky thing we visited it in time. You know," he muses, flicking his cigarette stub toward the fireplace with a practiced snap of his middle finger, "I wonder how these fires ever get started."

"George, be careful where you throw that cigarette," says his wife sternly. "You want to burn a hole in the rug?"

A Forest Powder Factory

If George Spelvin were to stroll through a wartime munitions plant, the floor strewn with spilled powder, the kegs of dynamite standing open, the cans of TNT uncovered, hydrogen gas seeping through the air, bomb fuses exposed on all sides, and if he were to flip his cigarette heedlessly over his shoulder without even a glance to see where it landed, Mr. Spelvin would be clapped into a strait jacket at once, provided there were enough of him left to scrape together.

But the average tourist or camper, wandering aimlessly through one of our national forests, or enjoying a pleasant communion with nature in some wooded glen during a particularly dry spell in July or August, is traveling in a powder factory just as easy to blow up but infinitely harder ever to replace. Those pine needles and dry leaves are as inflammable as gunpowder; the heaps of slash are time bombs; the cool glades and majestic pine-clad hills can become in an incredibly short time a death-dealing inferno, taking a staggering annual toll in lives lost and property destroyed.

This year, for example, Mr. George Spelvin's cigarette—or his cigar butt, or an unextinguished match, or a smoldering coal from his pipe, or a campfire he didn't quite put out, or a patch of ground he tried to burn over during a high wind—will cause over 150,000 forest fires in the United States. These fires will devastate more than forty million acres of privately owned timberlands, as well as another half-million acres in our more closely guarded national forests.

This year, thanks to Mr. Spelvin's carelessness—for it has been established that over ninety per cent of all forest fires in the United States are man-caused, and therefore preventable—this country will lose fifty million dollars in timber alone. The losses it will suffer in potential young growth killed, in watersheds ruined, in ensuing floods and silted streams and hillsides gullied beyond control, in barren soil, in wild-life resources wiped out, in industry stopped, in tourist and recreational possibilities gone forever, can never be estimated.

This year—if Mr. Spelvin's average holds—something like fifteen billion board feet of timber will be destroyed, enough to build 5-room frame houses that would accommodate half the population of the city of New York. This lumber that will go up needlessly in smoke would fill a string of freight cars coupled end to end and extending in an unbroken line from New York to San Francisco and back across the continent to New York again.

This year the game and fish that will be killed by fire—with the uncontrolled destruction of future cover and forage, of nests of ground birds and waterfowl, of spawning grounds for trout—will more than equal the toll of all the hunters' guns and anglers' hooks combined.

To be sure, careless smokers and careless campers are not alone responsible. There are incendiary fires—blazes set deliberately to burn over an unsuspecting neighbor's woodlot in New England so that blueberries will flourish next summer in the acid soil, blazes in the South set to "burn the woods" of litter and brush so that the grass will come up earlier and thicker for grazing pasture in the spring, blazes set for mischief, for possible employment as a fire fighter, or for pure spite. Bad fires start each year from sparks scattered by railway locomotives or sawmills or brake shoes of trains, from defective insulation on electric lines, from indiscriminate brush-burning, or from burning trash on village dump grounds. Out West last year a bird flew full tilt into a web of high-tension wires, burst into flames and dropped to the ground, a torch that touched off the dry pine litter and destroyed thousands of acres. One of the most serious losses of life in recent years was attributed to a spot fire started by a fox that streaked out of a burning timber lot with its fur in flames and set a new blaze fifty yards beyond the fire line, inadvertently trapping a score of fire fighters before they realized their peril.

In Tillamook County in Oregon, in 1933, a logging operation had snubbed a steel cable around a dead stump and neglected to watch it during a dry spell. The constant friction started the wood smoldering, a spark fell into the surrounding tinderbox and touched off the blaze. Discovered almost immediately by the logging crew, nevertheless it fanned away over the cutoff, carried by high winds, and roared through the finest stand of virgin timber in the state. An army of 3,000 men fought it night and day, including hundreds of CCC boys, many fresh from Eastern city blocks, whose courage, according to report, won the undying admiration of the old-time loggers and woodsmen of the Pacific Coast. So dense was the smoke fog during the day, stated Inspector John D. Guthrie of the United States Forest Service, that lights in the coast towns had to be turned on, chickens went to roost, automobiles inched along the roads miles from the scene. Enormous clouds of smoke rose to a height of 40,000 feet and billowed west over the Pacific, ashes and cinders fell two inches thick along the coast and were wafted out over the ocean, to be washed up later in windrows on the beach. . . .

In seventeen days, before it was finally brought under control, that single fire destroyed more timber than the total output of the United States for an entire year.

When Lightning Strikes

Contrary to popular opinion, less than ten per cent of our annual fires are due to natural causes beyond our control; and—likewise contrary to opinion—the spontaneous combustion of forest fuel is not listed as one of them. Lightning, of course, is the outstanding natural cause; and sometimes in dry weather a sudden electrical storm can make quite a job of it. In the Kaniksu National Forest in Idaho, in 1935, a local thunderstorm lasted less than two hours; but in that short space of time it managed to touch off 107 separate fires, and only the efficiency and alertness of the Forest Service fire-control organization, rushing smoke chasers and CCC enrollees to the various "strikes," prevented a catastrophe of major proportions. Headquarters phones were impossible to use; the receivers emitted constant glow and

(Continued on page 66)

Winning Stroke

By George Frazier

The uncensored story of Miss Polly Greenleaf, who performed the difficult feat of sticking her oar into the activities of a university long famous for its strict immunity to women

You didn't watch a boatload of guys when there was a girl like that around

HE COULD see the crew in the distance, moving with rhythmic beat down the river and toward him, and he shaded his eyes with his hand so that the dazzle of the setting sun wouldn't make him squint. It was coming nearer, out from under the bridge and still cutting through the calm water with the preciseness of a torpedo and leaving ripples in its wake. Now, in just a minute, it would be alongside him, and he knew that for a fleeting boat-length he would be able to watch the blades dipping like flakes of silver and to see the men and to learn if they were tiring and if Veeder was doing all right at stroke. It was coming closer.

He turned away and began to walk along the riverbank, knowing that it would be with him before he had gone thirty yards. Out of the distance he could hear the cox's voice barking in metronomic monosyllables, with the bark always growing louder.

And then—suddenly—the beat was broken. He could feel it, and he stopped short and turned to see what had happened. The whole thing had been a matter of instinct and he didn't realize until it was all over that in bringing his hand up to shade his eyes he must have struck her with his elbow. It had taken her completely by surprise and now she stood there holding her nose and looking bewildered.

She had hair that clustered in ringlets below the bandanna around her head, and the ringlets were yellow, only they looked more so because her face was tanned.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "I didn't think anyone was near me when I turned."

For a moment she didn't say anything, but just kept rubbing her nose vigorously as if she were trying to convince herself that it hadn't been broken. "That's all right," she said at last. "I know it was an accident. I was walking along and looking back over my shoulder at the boat. It wasn't your fault at all."

"Oh, I guess it was my fault all right."

"But what made you turn so suddenly? You noticed they lost the beat?" She sounded excited.

"Couldn't help noticing it. There's a new stroke and he still needs work. He's a good man, though."

"You don't mean Veeder!" There was a look of surprise on her face. "Why, you can't mean Veeder. He can't row at all."

"Maybe you're right, but the guy deserves a fair trial. He hasn't had enough chance to get the feel of the boat."

THE crew was moving again, but he wasn't watching it now. You didn't watch a boatload of guys with convicts' haircuts when you could watch a girl with yellow hair. A willowy girl with an easy grace that made everything she did seem completely effortless. You didn't watch a boatload of guys with convicts' haircuts when there was a girl like that around.

"Maybe. But one thing's certain: Veeder won't fill Bill Foss' place. No one can quite do that. What's the use, though?" She was beginning to sound desperate. "Foss is a slick oarsman and an ideal captain. That is, he *was* an ideal captain until he got himself drunk and they dropped him from the squad."

He felt funny. He felt funny because he was Bill Foss and because the girl was saying that he was a swell oarsman.

"Know him?" he asked. "I mean this Foss."

"No," she said. "I've seen him at a distance and I know he's just about the best thing that ever sat in a Harvard boat."

"He's all right, I guess, only I happen to prefer this guy Veeder. After all, Veeder's a sophomore and Foss is a senior." That hair of hers was too nice. He didn't want to talk. He wanted to stand there, looking at her and hearing her voice. Hearing her voice praising him.

They walked along the riverbank and when they were almost across from Dunster House, she stopped and started to say goodby.

"Really, I'm sorry about hitting you with my elbow." She was going now and he had to talk fast. "You know, it's fine to meet a girl who really follows rowing. But, you know something?"

"No, what?"

"I happen to know Foss. I happen to know that he wasn't drunk at all."

"You mean the story in the papers was wrong?"

"Not only the story in the papers. The whole thing was wrong. Somebody must have said he was drunk and old Greenleaf had the coach drop him from the squad."

"But, how silly. A thing like that doesn't happen except in the movies."

"Well, it happened this time. Foss had one glass of beer on the night he's supposed to have been drunk."

THERE was genuine excitement in her voice. "If that's the truth, then he got a rotten deal. Not only he, but Harvard." The sun was down and it was the cool of the evening, with the water sopping the reeds along the bank and the sky pink in the west.

He said, "I'd like to see you again. Perhaps you'd tell me your name."

"I'm here every day watching the boat." And then she was gone, walking across Memorial Drive and by Dunster House, and he turned and walked away. But when he looked around he could catch a glimpse of the yellow hair, and he felt fine.

When he was back in his room, sitting there in his shorts, it didn't seem so awful being off the crew. It didn't seem nearly so awful as it had when all the Boston papers had carried the news on the front page; when all the bright Harvard correspondents had gone to town on him; when they had called him one of the Crimson's greatest oarsmen, but a traitor. It was pretty bad at first. It was pretty bad trying to explain to your family. It wasn't nice at all when you knew that it was all one damn' lie. Only, now he was happy, and yesterday's newspaper was as old as yesterday's newspaper. All the dull training was over at last. He'd see a lot of things he had missed. He'd see his first Harvard graduation, although he had been there four years. Why, he'd graduate himself in Sever Quadrangle. Last year and the years before, down in training, all of them had read about it. Read about what was going on up in Cambridge; about how Al Smith became a Harvard man. You missed the ball game and the sight of Ed Ingles burning his fast one across the plate. You missed Hanfy and people like Hanfy.

It was nice breaking your back on the Thames and pulling away from Yale and hearing the dull roar of the crowds along the bank and in the yachts. But it was

ILLUSTRATED BY
JARO FABRY

bad, too. It meant missing your own graduation. It meant missing Class Day and the Confetti Battle in the Stadium—and the Ivy Oration—and the classes back for their reunions—and the lovely girls in light, summery dresses. It meant missing the Senior Spread, when a fellow took his very, very best girl and danced with her under Japanese lanterns.

Only now he wouldn't miss it. He'd have it—every damn' bit from start to finish. And maybe the girl he'd dance with under Japanese lanterns would have yellow hair, and maybe he'd kiss her and forget there ever was such a thing as a boat race at New London.

He went over to the phonograph and began looking through the heap of records piled beside it, Whiteman's Dardanella with that Bix chorus. The Chicago Rhythm Kings' Nobody's Sweetheart with all the swell guys. These were his favorite records, but he wanted something more. He wanted mood music. He wanted a record that would voice his happiness and love—mostly his love, though. Armstrong's Blue Again. Of all things, no. It was a quite wonderful thing, but it was sad and despairing, and too blue. The lights across the river were sparkling, and below him, on Memorial Drive, the cars were humming by. Armstrong's When Your Lover Has Gone. Uh-uh. Mildred Bailey's When Day is Done. That's it. He put it on the turntable and set it going. *When day is done and shadows fall, I dream of you . . .* Mildred really singin' it, with the band rockin' behind her. Only now it was a hymn to the girl on the riverbank, and the Bailey voice and the Teddy Wilson piano were making it a perfect tribute.

THE next day—which was Tuesday—he saw her on the bank. He knew that he must learn her name. You can't get anywhere with anonymity. You can't lift up the receiver and say, "There's a girl with yellow hair who goes along the riverbank every afternoon. Would you kindly connect me with her?" You couldn't say that to a telephone operator in Cambridge. Not and get anywhere. Cambridge telephone operators were used to having awfully tight Harvard guys bother them at three in the morning and ask to be connected with President Roosevelt or Babe Ruth or Anne Corio or Shirley Temple or maybe some minister. Cambridge telephone operators knew all the answers. So he had to know her name. Going around with wisps of the imagination was perfectly swell in books, but you couldn't do it in Cambridge. Just let somebody know he was in love with some girl whose name he didn't know and everybody'd be saying he was off on another bender.

"I was afraid you weren't coming," he said.

"Were you? But why?"

"Well, it doesn't look any too good. Looks a little like rain."

"But that's fun. It's fun to walk along here in the rain."

"You really like the stuff? You're really wrapped up in crew?"

"There's nothing I like better."

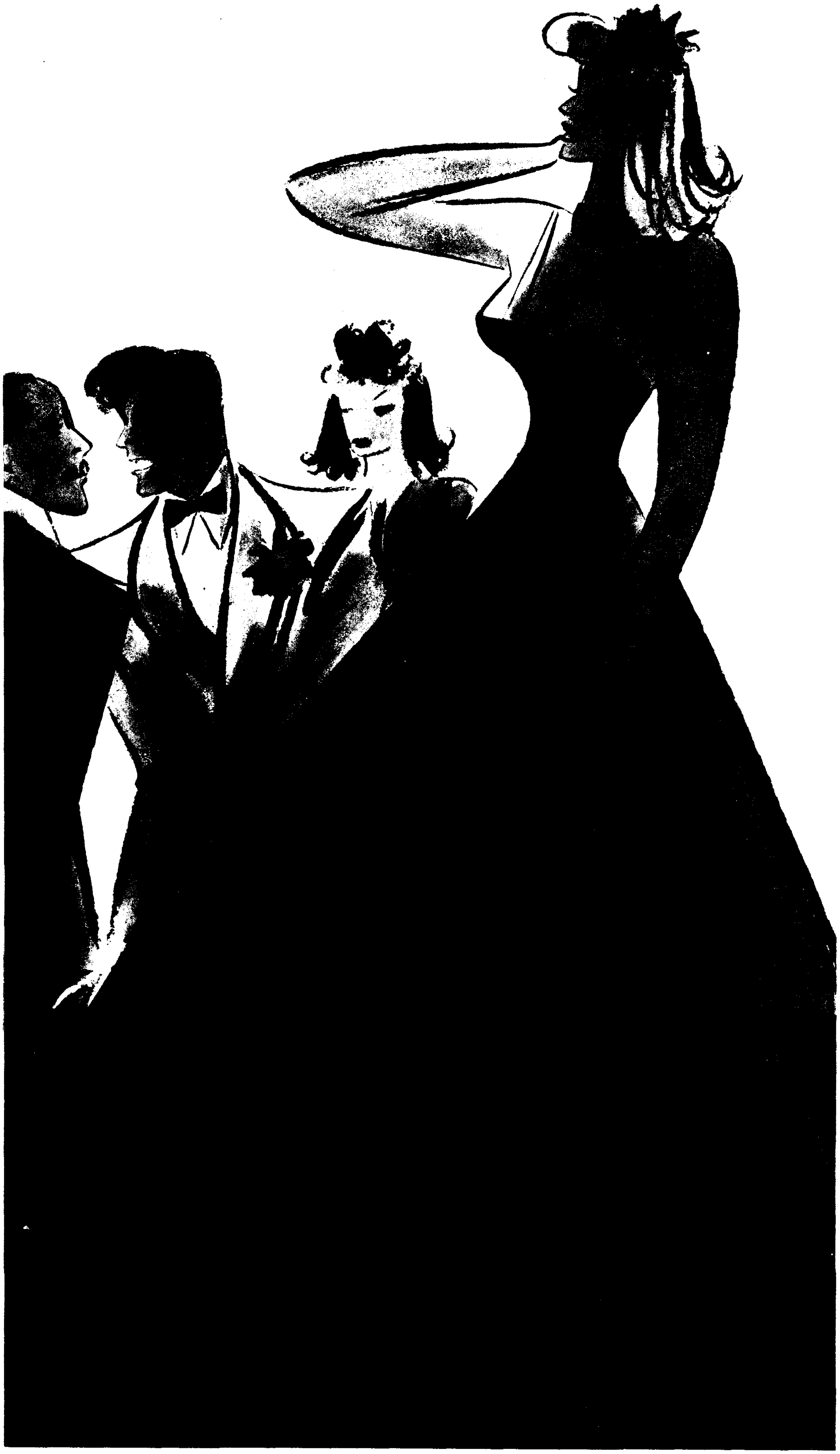
He coughed awkwardly to hide his nervousness and to get his voice under control. "What's your name?"

"It's Polly. Polly Hutchins."

"Mine's Bill. Bill Blake."

"Not a bad name at all," she said, and there was the faintest trace of a smile playing around her lips. "Bill Blake; I

(Continued on page 42)



"I guess you don't know me. But I know you, suh. Ah knows yo' well. Yo' am de man who kicked me off the crew"

The Runaway

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

IN THE little California town of Salletts, in the San Joachim Valley, Becky Gibson—who lives with her father and mother and her four brothers on a near-by ranch—meets and falls in love with a thirty-year-old man: Gavin Flood.

Flood has come up from Hollywood, for a brief stay. Before he leaves, he has asked Becky to marry him when he finds a job that will enable him to support her—heretofore he has never been willing to "settle down." And Becky has promised him to wait.

Among Salletts' most industrious young lawyers is Joe Feratta. He looks forward eagerly to the day when he can marry Becky; in a half-hearted way, before Flood arrived on the scene, Becky had become his fiancée. Now Becky must jilt him. But, while she is procrastinating, her mother tells her that the time has come to reveal an important secret. And Becky listens to a startling story:

The Gibsons are not her parents: Years before, in Chicago (where they had been unable to marry, because they had no money) a woman, giving her name as "Mrs. William Davis," had offered them twenty thousand dollars to take her child (not yet born), care for it as though it were their own, and, after changing their name, move to California. They had accepted the offer. The child, Becky, had been born. The mother had died. And, after they had married and become Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Gibson, instead of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith (as they would otherwise have been known), they had taken Becky with them to the coast. There they had adopted her.

Becky is, quite naturally, shocked by the story. She loves the Gibsons. But when she learns that Gavin Flood is ill, possibly dying, of pneumonia in San Francisco, she rushes to him. She finds him in a cheap rooming house. Nursing him carefully, she presently brings him to the point where he can be moved. Then, after marrying him, she takes him to a hospital.

The manager of the hospital is a woman: Laura Tevers. Mrs. Tevers seems to be a kindly, warm-hearted woman. She insists that the Floods take a room in her own home, where they will be much more comfortable than in any hospital.

Ensconced, with her husband, in Mrs. Tevers' house, Becky gathers—from some remarks dropped by Gavin's nurse, Mrs. Battock—that her hostess is a drunkard and a spendthrift. Shocked, she asks Mrs. Battock what Mrs. Tevers' weekly rates will be for Gavin and herself. Mrs. Battock hazards a guess: forty dollars.

Becky is dumfounded. She has very little money left. . . . *Forty dollars a week!*

IV

DAYS went by, and Becky came to know everyone in the sanatorium well. The sick ones who did not leave their rooms, the gentle old stableman, the handsome Ethel McCann. Ethel was physically well enough. She was by no possible standard insane, but she had to be in every night regularly. "The first night she skips she goes back to Stockton," said Emma Battock significantly to Rebecca, "and if you want to see that girl turn white you mention Stockton! That's where the asylum is, you know."

Ethel lived at the movies. She took a sudden fancy to Rebecca, abandoned it as suddenly and accused Rebecca of talking against her with Mrs. Battock. She liked to slip into Gavin's room and talk to him, and confided to Mrs. Buck, the little old lady, that he was a hard person to understand, and most people, including his wife, did not understand him.

Most of all Rebecca studied Laura Tevers, who knew everyone in the city's social set, called Burlingame's men and women "Tom" and "Harriet" and "Linda" familiarly, had apparently been present when crises in a thousand lives had taken place, when the Stokeses had discussed their divorce, when Belle Merriman's mother had forbidden her to marry Kane Callander, when Boyce Larue had killed himself. Laura Tevers, holding even in her drunkenest moment something of generosity and fineness, had evidently once been a loved and prominent member of the "Jeunesse dorée."

"Old lady Pierce used to send for me to sleep with her when the old man was on the rampage. Kate Kendrick? My dear, I was in the house the day that girl was born. D'you know, when they decided to contest Lloyd Rowley's will—this was twenty-five years ago—that woman came to me—"

EVERY morning, if a little late in putting in an appearance, Laura descended to office and kitchen to prove herself a marvel of efficiency. Her income ran to a gross of some twenty-five hundred a month, and she earned it. She selected broilers and towels and glasses and flowers for the house herself; no one asked for oyster stew or iced bouillon without getting it in its perfection from Laura's own hands. All morning until her late lunch, she went about in a white uniform, making arrangements and adjustments, answering the telephone, joking with some fashionable doctor, amusing her sickest and saddest guest with a fun that had tenderness behind it.

At half past two she laid down for a rest, and began on the gin. Often she was not able to appear at all at dinner; often when she did come she was tearful and self-pitying, telling the table group long tales of the injustices and handicaps under which she had struggled through life. Always she was interesting. Her own part in all these lives she reported as forceful and influential. She had made Jerry Markham forgive his daughter; she had taken the Pitt child and defied the grandfather to kidnap her.

Many of her tales were of inebriates. She pitied and despised them in speech; Becky suspected she would be generous enough in act to them or to any other unfortunates.

" 'Jim Moore,' I said, 'you ought to be ashamed, getting yourself into this condition!' The old lady used to drink a lot in the afternoons. He was pickled to the eyes, of course," went the burden of her stories. She was scornful of the debutantes, to Rebecca those almost mythical figures being entertained at dances and teas and presentation parties innumerable. "One of her grandfathers was a minister who used to make us all kneel down with our faces on our chairs while he said grace for fifteen minutes," she would say, "and the other grandfather was shot by a Chinaman up in Oroville for cheating at cards. And now she has a 'coming out' party in a Vionnet model! Okay. Okay. Okay."

BEWILDERED, eternally more bewildered, Rebecca moved through this group of strange persons, moved through the orderly uninviting halls of this big house, heard herself addressed as "Mrs. Flood." Even to Gavin, lazy and languid in convalescence, the name sounded unfamiliar.

"So we were married, eh?"

"You remember it, Gavin?"

"Sure. I remember something. Old feller with a beard—"

"The minister, yes. They thought you were dying; in fact, Doctor Greer said you were. And you thought so. You whispered to me that you'd die happier if we were married."

"Don't remember that. That was the day I was going down into a well, and coming up again, and resting a while, and then going down, down, down into blackness again. Each time—I've told you this!—I'd feel that the next time I'd stop at the bottom. But each time I'd make that little jerk that started me up.

"But I remember you crying and saying, 'We're married now, Gavin. We're together now forever!' "

It hurt her to hear him piece together in his careless way the memories which were so sacred to her. It made her feel that she had been hysterical and hasty in deciding upon this dramatic marriage that was no marriage. He was looking on at the scene like an outsider; her money was slipping away during these days when he was so blandly unconscious of money's existence at all. She felt ashamed and awkward in this queer world, pretending to fuss over a tray that was complete with no help from her, offering to read to him who could now perfectly well read for himself, taking aimless walks through the park, lingering beside the swings and sandboxes where the children toddled and screamed and where the wooden horses plunged about in their endless circle.

AT THE end of the week she paid Laura forty-seven dollars, Laura writing a businesslike receipt. Despite her first careless: "Oh, for heaven's sake, let the money question rest!" she had presented the bill with practical promptitude. Laura suggested that Rebecca make a little present to Rollie, the colored cook, and "Get a little something" for Emma. Rebecca seized this opportunity to introduce the subject of money obliquely to Gavin.

"Give her two dollars," said Gavin, and apparently thought no more of it.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Rebecca gave Rollie two dollars, and bought an embroidered collar for Mrs. Battock to give to Jacky.

Laura saw to it that Gavin had a generous supply of eggnogs, rich chicken soup, milk, omelettes, and such supplementary delicacies as creamed crab, artichokes, Roquefort cheese, persimmons. He grew stronger hourly. Rebecca heard him laugh again, heard Emma Battock go into something like hysterics of laughter as he teased her.

SUDDENLY there came one more change to add itself to the many that had stunned her ever since her arrival in the city. On the morning that found them beginning their third week at Laura's house, Rebecca, who slept on a couch near the bay windows, awakened at eight o'clock to see Gavin smiling at her over his breakfast tray. He had been getting up and getting dressed for a day or two now, sitting for hours in the winter sunshine of the window, watching the life that streamed by in the street outside. But this morning, even though he was still established against heaped pillows in bed, there was a vitality, an energy, a naturalness about him that she had not seen since the long ago days in Salletts.

"Hello, wife!" said Gavin. "What a sleep you've had! Nothing waked you up. I've had a bath and a shave, and the only reason I didn't dress was because you've hid my clothes! Come over here and see me."

She came over, tousled and red-cheeked as a child, in her woolly striped pajamas.

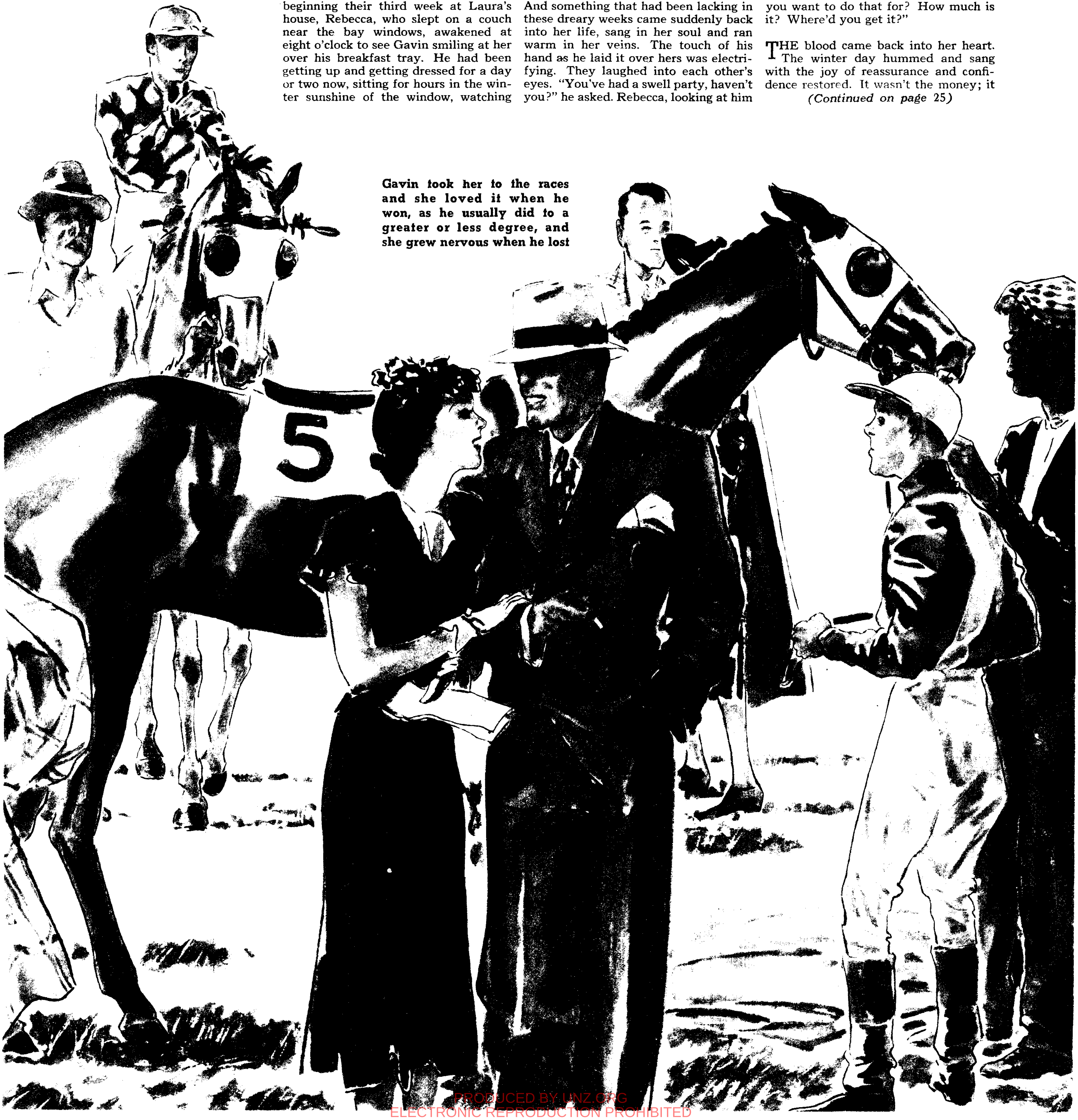
"Gosh, you're pretty, Beck!" he said. And something that had been lacking in these dreary weeks came suddenly back into her life, sang in her soul and ran warm in her veins. The touch of his hand as he laid it over hers was electrifying. They laughed into each other's eyes. "You've had a swell party, haven't you?" he asked. Rebecca, looking at him to laugh, found her eyes brimming instead, and turned away her head.

"Oh, well," she said thickly.

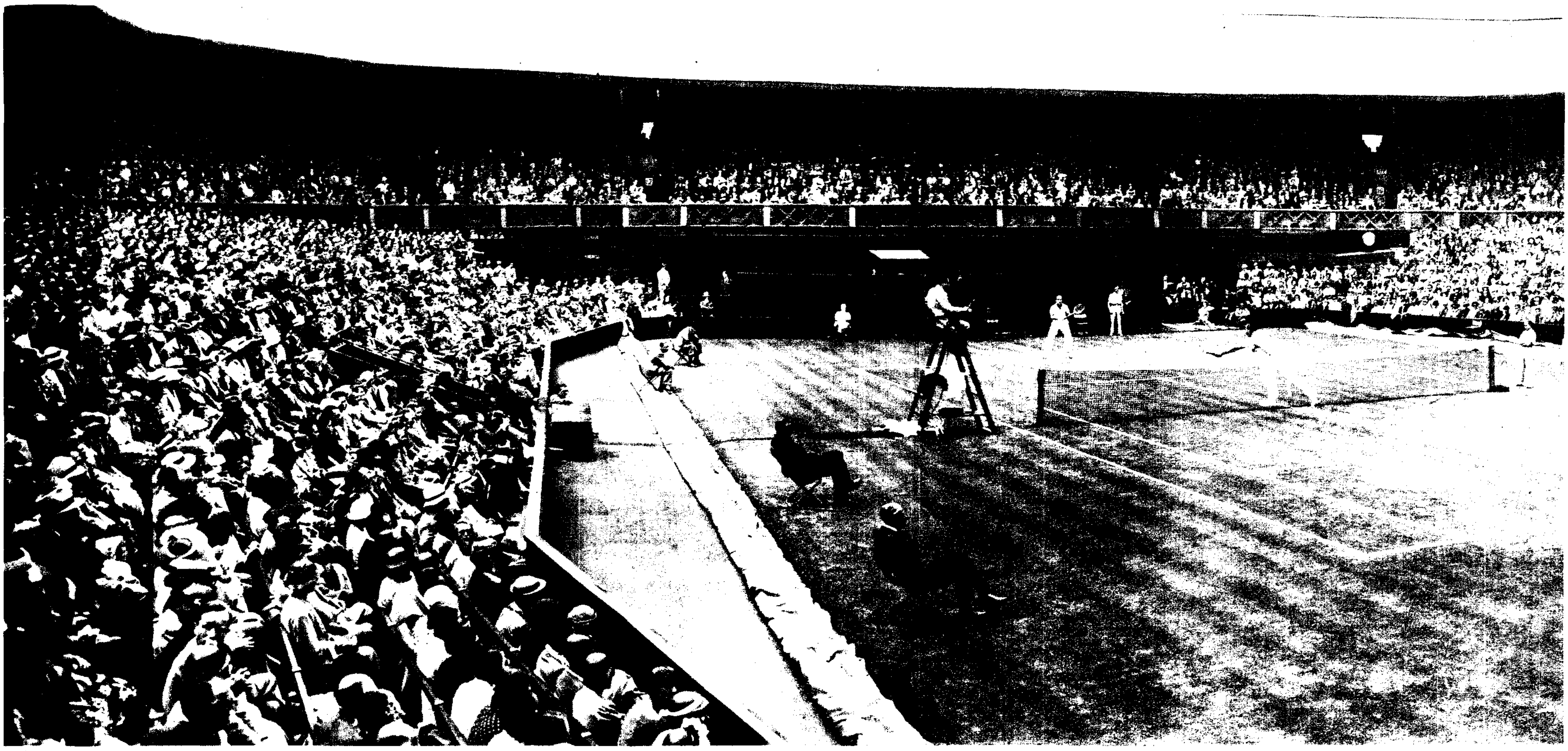
"Well, how about house-hunting today?" he asked briskly. "We've got to live somewhere. There's a new hotel on Geary Street where a friend of mine had a swell little place—kitchen and everything! You pay by the week; I think it's twenty-two fifty or something like that a week. You get dressed and go down and have your coffee and I'll be ready by that time, and we'll get a taxi. And say, listen—say, listen," Gavin diverged, catching at her hand, drawing her back to a sitting position on the bed, "have you been paying for all this? What'd you want to do that for? How much is it? Where'd you get it?"

THE blood came back into her heart. The winter day hummed and sang with the joy of reassurance and confidence restored. It wasn't the money; it

(Continued on page 25)



Gavin took her to the races and she loved it when he won, as he usually did to a greater or less degree, and she grew nervous when he lost



GLOBE

A packed stand at Wimbledon cheered the victory of H. Henkel over C. E. Hare last year

Crowds at Court

By John R. Tunis

Tennis is a world game. Sure. But listen to the stands and you'll know where you are. Here you meet the fans of all nations—all different and all part of the popular international game

THE big electric scoreboard over the Roland Garros Stadium in Paris shows two sets all and four games apiece in the deciding match for the Davis Cup. It's Tilden against Borotra. Back and forth goes the ball; back and forth goes the Basque as Tilden traps him in forecourt with a delicate short one and then tosses a lob over his head. And all the while the half-suppressed excitement of the packed stands rises and falls like a wave, finally bursting into a roar when Borotra, charging the net, stabs at the ball with a characteristic backhand volley and sends it to the corner beyond the American's reach.

The fat man in the cowboy hat in the umpire's chair—he's a movie actor named Redelsperger—waits patiently until that roar, so spontaneous, so French, has died away. By this time Borotra, fingering his beret nervously, has pulled himself back to the base line to serve, and Tilden, twirling his bat in the tenseness of the moment, is waiting to receive.

"Thirty love," calls Redelsperger. Instantly there is a voice from the crowd, always ready to toss in its two cents' worth, no matter how important the match or how critical the situation.

"Eh, parle francais, vieux tomate, parle français." (Speak French, old tomato, speak French.)

Another yell from the stands. The tautness of the moment is broken. Borotra turns away grinning. Tilden shakes his head and relaxes. After all, it's only a game.

"Trente à zéro," said the umpire. There's a short cry of approval and the match is resumed.

You've heard tennis described as a world game. So it is, too. But what supports this game? The crowds. The people who pay to see it played—they make this international sport possible. Now just as there's a difference in champions, so crowds differ all over the world. The British crowd is reverent and respectful. The French crowd is bourgeois and amusing, the Italians are often rowdy and uncontrollable, the Americans eager and articulate, while the Germans are correct and disciplined. Come along and I'll take you to London, to Paris and Rome and Vienna and Berlin and you'll see for yourself how national attitudes are reflected in these crowds that follow the sport.

The incident described above at the Roland Garros Stadium in Paris couldn't happen in the sanctimonious atmosphere of Wimbledon, where the English championships are played every summer. It couldn't happen in the formalized setting of the Rot Weiss Club in Berlin. But this French crowd isn't the aristocratic assemblage of Wimbledon; it isn't the well-dressed clientele of Forest Hills or Germantown; it's the Popular Front crowd. They set the tone, and it's a *Front Populaire* tone, too — a genial, democratic tone. Obviously not all these fifteen thousand packed round the center court here at Roland Garros are French; no, many are foreigners, but it's the French fans who holler and make the noise. What fanatics they are, too.

EUROPEAN

Experts at Forest Hills

How much do you care for sport? Would you rise at five in the morning and stand in line until noon? Then would you remain jammed in, with the hot sun dead in your face and the thermometer close to one hundred? Half this crowd doesn't even sit. They stand, closely wedged together, up back in the rear. Down front the seats run to within fifteen feet of the playing surface, and this French crowd in shirt sleeves and caps is so close that it seems to communicate something to its heroes on the court: it invests them with its strength and vitality as nowhere else on earth.

Chauvinistic, this Popular Front crowd? No. They want the home-town boys to win—and who doesn't? But they are fair to strangers. In no other country did Bill Tilden receive such ovations as on French soil. They prefer the extrovert, the colorful type like Tilden or Perry, for they are colorful themselves. No stadium, indeed no sports setting anywhere, is comparable to the scene at Roland Garros in midsummer. A large Parisian newspaper distributes small red, white and blue parasols as an advertisement. These patches of color among the dresses of the women are set off by the red soil of the court and make a picture you won't soon forget.

The take in a Davis Cup Challenge Round runs into big money. Several

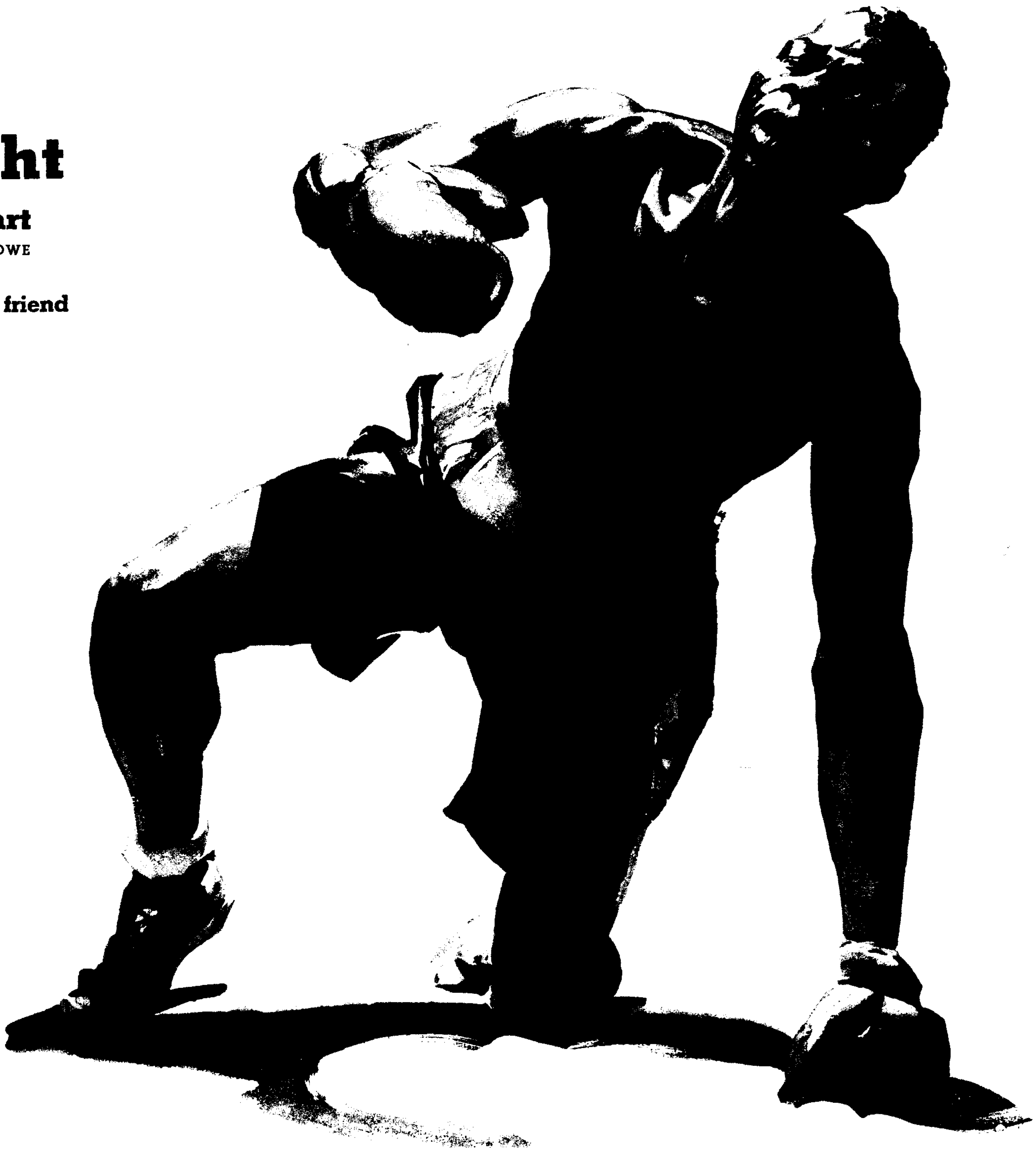
(Continued on page 52)

Final Fight

By Walter Stewart

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Ol' Mose does a favor for a friend



At last the rolling acres of canvas steadied. He was climbing upward, straightening his knees

OL' MOSE was waiting for Mister George. He lay back beneath the peach tree and watched the afternoon slide away into shadows of dusty blue. It was good to feel the mellowness of fading day in your bones; to smell the ripening Georgia countryside and listen to the booming of a rain crow down in the bottoms.

He wasn't really old. Forty wasn't old unless you'd stopped warrior leather for fifteen years, unless you had more than two hundred battles notched into your face. Ol' Mose's hands, the backs humping in broken ridges, touched the dark earth beneath him. Ten acres of it belonged to him and there was a regular deed down at the bank, but today the thought didn't comfort him much.

Mister George would be out pretty soon and Ol' Mose was getting tired of saying "No." He curled his right hand into a knotted ball and drove it into his left palm so that it cracked like a new buggy whip. Mister George said he could do it and Ol' Mose always felt stupid when he differed with Mister George.

Long before the rented car pulled up at the stile, Ol' Mose could hear it baying down the lane but still he couldn't make up his mind. He just got out of his chair, and wouldn't look Mister George square in the eye.

"Well, Mose?" Mister George blew a stiff jet of smoke up into the peach leaves. "We got to do something soon. I've been out here three times now and I ain't got the dough to hang on much longer. Do we fight this Rollo Rollover down in Mexico, or don't we?"

Ol' Mose's flat nostrils flared outward against the stench of Mister George's nickel cigar. It made him feel all wrong inside. Mister George wasn't the sort of man to mix with nickel cigars, and Ol' Mose knew he was to blame. If he'd just stop being a stubborn nigger and fight this Mex, Mister George would have a grand and Ol' Mose would have two grand.

"But Mistah Gawge—ol' doctah man down ter Atlantah, he say I goes blind ef I gits busted much mo'. I got seventy-four dollars down in de bank an' de farm keeps me an' Susie. Dat Mexico guy, he'd rip me apart like I'd bust a rotten ol' watermelon. I ain' seen a ring in three years."

Then Mister George began talking about the years they'd spent together and soon Ol' Mose was feeling mighty mean and low. There were half a dozen field hands standing around them and Mister George talked to them as much as he did to Ol' Mose.

"I'll never forget the time we took on that punk in Scranton." Mister George was waving his arms now. "He keeps getting wise and rough, so Ol' Mose shakes his duke as they come out for the third. 'This ain't the last round,' says the punk. 'It's yo' last round, brother,' says Mose and drops a right hook."

Mister George demonstrated to the liver-lipped circle.

"Just one right hook. Say, that punk was so cold they had to cart him away with ice tongs. The news guys called it the special delivery from Dixie and how Ol' Mose could tuck the heat into it."

"MY, MY, Mistah Gawge—how you carries on. I was goin' good den. But 'member Gunboat Gordon? You tole me ter watch his right, and while I does he goes to work wid a left jab."

"Nuts, Mose. Do you want these boys to think you're yellow? Who's responsible for you having this farm? I am. Nothing was ever too good for you. And now when I want you to do me a favor, you give me the elbow in the liver. What kind of guy are you, anyway?"

Mose drew a long breath and looked up at Susie standing in the kitchen door, her hands gathered under her apron.

"Susie, you bettah be gittin' out my travelin' case. Mistah Gawge an' me—we'se goin' places." He tried to make it sound big and gusty.

When the car bumped over the highway shoulder and began to whine along with a pleased note it was like old times. Mister George spoke slightingly of Tiger Lopez, and ancient drums began to ruffle in Ol' Mose's chest. For the first time in three years, he felt fine and brave and important. He began to speak with the old growl. After all, wasn't he Ol' Mose—didn't they call him the Black Thunderbolt?

But it was different on the train. Mister George rode in the Pullman while Ol' Mose crouched among the frank, aggressive odors of the Jim Crow section and began to grow frightened. It wasn't a fear he could describe even to himself. It was just a gone-away feeling that seemed to force his ribs outward—a sick greenness crawling through his blood.

It was the sort of fear he had known lying on an operating table and watching the hooded surgeon coming at him. He had felt it that last night in Buffalo when fatigue had pulled at his arms like sacks of sand and the big Wop had stabbed his eyes shut. The fear of something you couldn't fight against, the years reaching for you out of the darkness.

Ol' Mose couldn't stand it, and when the train stopped again he climbed down to the platform. But halfway to the ticket window he remembered Mister George and stood looking down at his worn hands for a long time. He was back in his seat when the train pulled away.

HE SAT curved against the stiff cushions and tried to recapture the feeling of immortality that had knocked against his heart during the ride to town, but it kept on slipping away from him. He stared from the window with empty eyes while the great train hurtled across sleeping hills and hooted at the night-cushioned towns.

It was better when they reached Mexico. Here they knew Ol' Mose. There was a cameraman, some reporters, a crowd that cheered fitfully. Ol' Mose couldn't read, but he understood the faces of men as naturally as he felt pain or anger. And he studied these faces, these sallow Mexican faces. They welcomed him as they would welcome a scarred old bull come to make a holiday. They knew Lopez would surgeon his face with that deliberate left—that he had no chance. Yet it would be a show, so Viva Mexicana! Viva Lopez! Even Viva Mose!

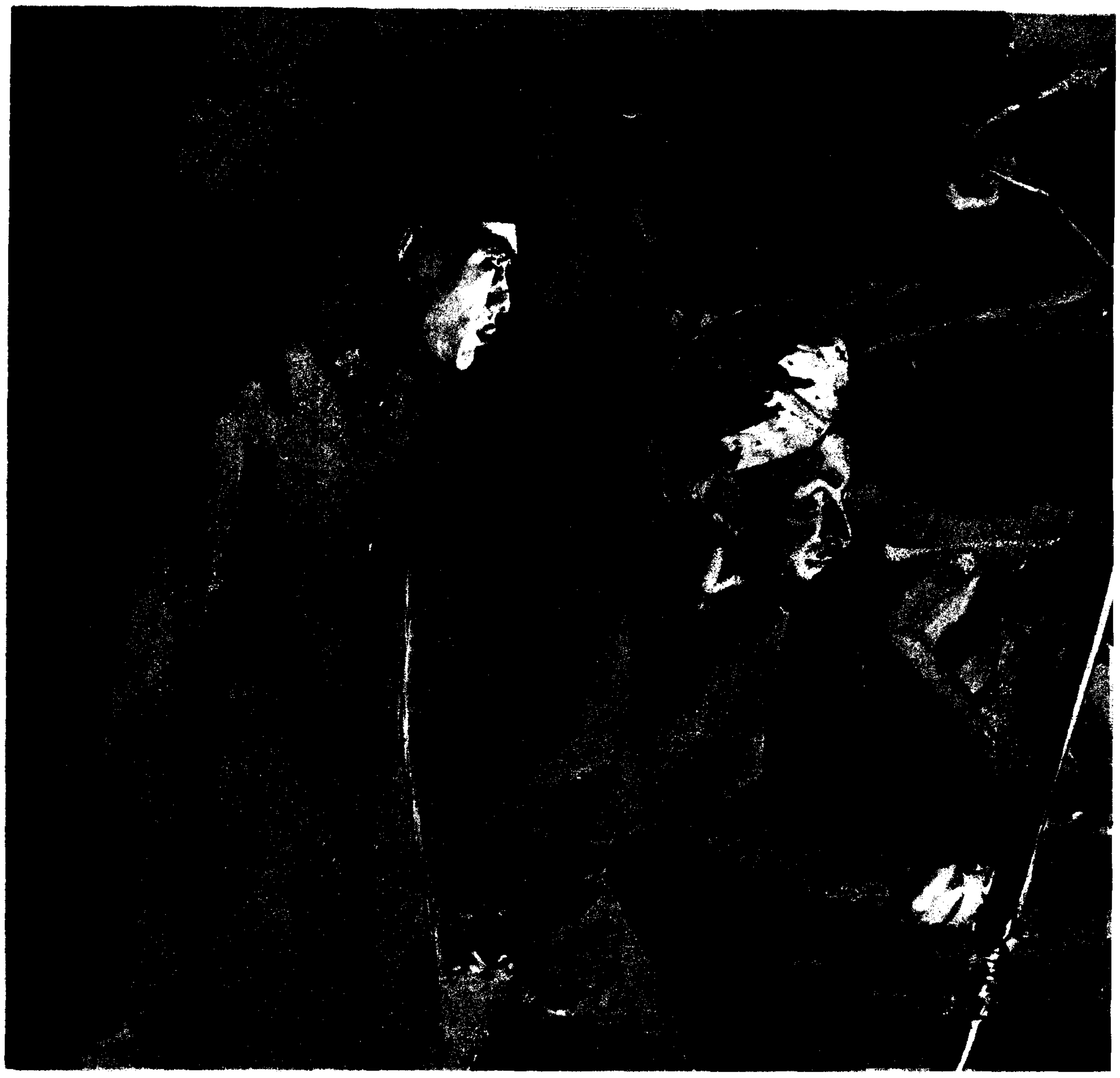
(Continued on page 54)

The Feast of Kali

By Hugh Wiley

"Death rides this land," Chew Lim telephoned. "My master is in deadly peril. You must help me." And James Lee, master detective, took the danger trail once again

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK



"The priest of Siva! The goddess Kali is feasting on a victim the priest provides!" James Lee exclaimed. "The priest is Lakman Singh," Sardar announced

ON MONDAY after Denman Hale had paid him his July wages, old Chew Lim decided to enjoy a night out. Over the week end the big house on Hale Island had been the scene of high-pressure festivities and now that his master's guests had gone Chew Lim was fed up with the whirl of California hospitality.

"Why fo' allee time you ketchum too many people you' house?" he complained, parking the currency that Denman Hale dealt out to him. "Mo' bettah Sabbaday, Sumday you set down sleepum lilly bit. Too large whoopee bad pidgin."

"Lissen, you desiccated old mummy, the whoopee business is my main dish," Hale announced. "Here, pay Tony this hundred bucks . . . and sixty for Bong Yut. I'm going to Stockton."

"You suppeh Stockton?"

"Yep, I suppose Stockton."

"Ai, no good! Stockton you dlink too muchee olo-fashion whiskee, play too many poker all night."

"Wrong again, you cackling conscience! I'm going to Stockton to make a deal with Pete Roncalo to fatten forty thousand lambs here on the island instead of starving them in the mountains."

"Where you makee lamb fat?"

"I'm going to run that mob of raghead Hindus out of that thousand-acre tract of sugar beets and plant it to Ladino clover. I win on that bet two for one—get rid of the ragheads, get rid of the beets, and cash big on the lambs."

Old Chew Lim approved of this. "Good pidgin," he admitted. "Where you eat suppeh?"

Reading the Oriental mind, "I'm not going near the club," Hale said. "I'm having dinner with Pete and some of his Basque pals at Zaragoza's place—and it's too bad you can't cook as well as that Basque."

"Pah, he cookum too muchee pepper, eprything led hot. . . . Tonight I go see my cousin."

"Fair enough, but stay clear of Sang Hop's outfit. You go aboard of that ark boat and Sang Hop's gang would clean you in ten minutes."

"I savvy him." This with a finality that indicated a perfect immunity to the temptations of the wine and women and song purveyed by the notorious Sang Hop on board the Seaborn Heaven.

In the early evening, after Denman Hale had left for his meeting with Pete Roncalo, Chew Lim ate his supper with Tony Parente, the Hale gardener, and Bong Yut, the houseboy. After the meal was eaten he changed from his white uniform to a roomy gray suit that his master had discarded for O. D. in '17. In this, with a flat-rimmed black sombrero riding his ears and with a corrugated pair of size-twelve black shoes on his number seven feet, he set out for China Camp on Beaver Island, five miles to the north, where Fish River marked the boundary of his master's land.

Halfway along his march, at the elbow in China Channel where Jordan Slough branched to the west, he scowled at the lighted windows of the Seaborn Heaven moored beneath the willows that fringed the south levee of Bent Island. Guitar music and the babble of a dozen tongues, laughter and the guttural supplication of the dice owner in a crap game, the strident clanking of a sick piano, and the clear, recurrent bells of three harmonizing cash registers. "Ai, tonight Sang Hop suffers no lack of victims. . . . Heaven is generous with this year's crop of fools!"

CHEW LIM'S opinion of the evil Sang Hop and his Seaborn Heaven was tempered with an easy tolerance not shared by his master. To Denman Hale, Chinese ark boats with their crooked women, their crooked gambling and their crooked hooch, were important contributors to his labor problems. They had functioned constructively, perhaps, through an earlier epoch when the army of laborers in the Delta had been recruited from the Chinese, but after the advent of companies of Japanese, Hindus, Mexicans and Filipinos the Seaborn Heaven and all similar craft at once became breeding spots of trouble—incubators of drunkenness, disease, violence and criminal enterprise ranging from minor racial conflicts to black murder.

"Ark boats be damned" was one of Denman Hale's more gentle generalities. Specifically with reference to Sang Hop and the proximate Seaborn Heaven, he had more than once deplored the rules and regulations that prohibited direct action in protecting his army of laborers. He had contemplated gunfire and arson and dynamite, but he had weakened under the white man's burden to where vituperative phrases and the lagging servants of the law, working with subsidized reluctance, were his only weapons.

Chew Lim, scowling at the Seaborn Heaven, turned his back on temptation and pursued his course to China Camp. Three miles of it, and then at Fish River he hailed his countrymen across the narrow channel. "Hola! The boatman!"

A voice, presently, in Cantonese, "Who calls?"

"Chew Lim. Make haste. I am weary."

IN THE dim interior of the main shack of China Camp, swamping his fatigue under generous splashes of potent black wine, Chew Lim relaxed and indulged himself in a gratifying exchange of garrulous gossip.

In the rosy glow of the warming wine, "We, my countrymen, are about to enjoy once more the smile of Milo Fo," he predicted. "Good years, plenteous blessings, the favor of Kwan Yin, will soon replace the barren deserts that we have known."

A chorus of skeptics answered him. "The vapors of strong drink cloud thy perception."

"I speak with reason," Chew Lim protested. "This day my master, who is prominent and powerful in this province, has ruled in our favor in two important instances. First of all, he has decided that men of China, sons of the Central Glory, will replace the despised laborers of India in the broad fields of his domain. In the second place he has decided to destroy our enemy, Sang Hop, his Seaborn Heaven and the evil robbers who infest the craft. . . . In the annals of our lives these are auspicious events. Hola! Let us drink to this great man whom I serve!"

Within the hour the evil Sang Hop, on board the Seaborn Heaven, had received a report of old

Chew Lim's announcement. Smiling blandly as he paid the informer with a handful of silver coins, "A stone lion does not fear the rain," Sang Hop observed. "I must put an end to these annoying attentions from the great Denman Hale."

Old Chew Lim had talked too much. Before midnight his announcement of Denman Hale's plans had been relayed to various interested proprietors of the underworld throughout the Delta and in Stockton.

WHEN Denman Hale said good night to Pete Roncalo and various other Basques in Zaragoza's restaurant in Stockton, he started for his car, which was parked seventy feet from the entrance of the restaurant. Before he had covered half the distance two turbaned figures stepped to the sidewalk from the driver's seat of a dilapidated black touring car. They were beside Hale in three seconds. In the darkness one of the men raised his hand to launch a looped cord around Hale's throat.

The victim gave one futile gasp for air before consciousness left him. As he fell, one of the turbaned figures caught him and a moment later he was bundled into the tonneau of the touring car.

Old Chew Lim assuredly had talked too much. Ignorant of his error, still pleasantly inspired by the wine he had enjoyed in China Camp, Chew Lim halted at Jordan Slough on his return journey to Hale's house and again observed the lighted windows of the Seaborn Heaven. A pipe of good black opium, the hazard of a dollar or two at one of Sang Hop's fan-tan tables—why not? Momentary diversion, temporary freedom from the heavy burden of unceasing labor. Kwan Yin might smile upon the resourceful man, small fortune be the reward of action. If the dragon of chance devoured a bit of hard money, what of it?

At midnight, with a heavy purse and a light heart, Chew Lim edged into the packed throng at a fan-tan table, mumbled a prayer to Milo Fo, and risked the first dollar on a losing bet.

The rim of the world to the east was gray when Chew Lim stumbled ashore and resumed his return journey along the willow-fringed levee toward Denman Hale's house. His stomach burned with the acid dregs of raw wine, his flaming eyes were being ground to pulp against the serrated perimeter of a rotating earthquake that rumbled and screeched inside his skull, his tongue was a clacking cinder in the seething lava that lined his throat—and his purse was empty.

Southward along China Channel for two miles and then the level rays of the sun struck through his quivering eyelids with a fire that seemed to ignite his brain. For relief he kept his tortured eyes turned toward the quenching shadows under the drooping willows to his right. The little wavelets of the tidal current refreshed him with their insistent theme of desert springs. His eyes widened to the grateful shade and for a moment he was tempted to roll down the bank for a plunge into the cooling water.

Then, twenty feet below him, crumpled against the trunk of a willow tree, he saw the body of a man. The man's sightless eyes stared up at the shading leaves, and his swollen lips stretched wide in a grimace of death about his clenched teeth.

At the shock of discovery old Chew Lim whined softly for a moment under the lash of his nerves. After a while, by the force of his weakened will, he looked down once more at the dead man. Now, sure of the man's identity, he trembled at the realization of the grave portent of the tragedy. "Sang Hop was quick to strike!" Forthwith, in haste to quit the scene, he resumed his flight to sanctuary, ambling along the rutted roadway on the levee, in a palsy of fear, shaking in terror at a premonition of disasters yet to come.

It was nearly six when Chew Lim reached his master's house. He made his way at once to Denman Hale's bedroom. He knocked on the door, and again, more loudly, but there was no answering voice. Before he opened the door he knew with an absolute certainty that Denman Hale was not in the room. He entered the room. A quick inspection revealed no evidence that Denman Hale had returned from his supper engagement in Stockton with Pete Roncalo.

For a moment, "My fears for my master are groundless," he reflected. "I am the victim of my own senseless visionings." He remembered the dead man under the willows, and forthwith his fears were renewed. He knew that all the formal agencies of the law were powerless to halt the murder crew. With an inspiration born of his desperate need he thought of his countryman James Lee. "He is skilled in combat with the evil creatures of the white man's world. He knows the minds and methods of the criminal lords of the Central Glory. He alone can win against the killers that Sang Hop employs. . . . At this late moment he alone may save my master's life!"

He walked to the telephone at the head of Denman Hale's bed. The instrument trembled in his hands, but presently the call went through to James Lee in San Francisco. Abruptly after he had spoken his name, "Death rides this land," Chew Lim said, speaking his native Cantonese dialect. "Sang Hop's men have killed Lal Gulam, who rules the men of India for my master. It means that my master is in deadly peril. You must help me."

In his apartment in San Francisco, James Lee hesitated for five seconds. He made a quick summary of the official duties that filled the program of his day. Then, realizing the gravity of Chew Lim's statement, "I will come to you at once," he said. "Wait for me at your master's house. Until then, silence."

DENMAN HALE regained consciousness in a dilapidated frame house in Stockton to which his captors had conveyed him. His hands were bound behind him with a length of the cord with which his captors had strangled him. He discovered that his ankles were bound so tightly that all sensation had left his feet. A wad of cotton cloth had been stuffed into his mouth. His face lay against the moist earth floor of the room. A faint light filled the room. The air of the place was foul with the moldy odor of wet earth mingled with the sickening fumes of heavy incense.

The prostrate man became vaguely aware, presently, of some activity behind him. He realized that two men were digging a pit in the earthen floor of the place. He attempted to move his head so that he might observe the scene, but he was too weak. He heard one of the men speak a dozen words of a Hindu jargon.

"We must dig the pit deeper," the man said. "Large bodies require deep graves."

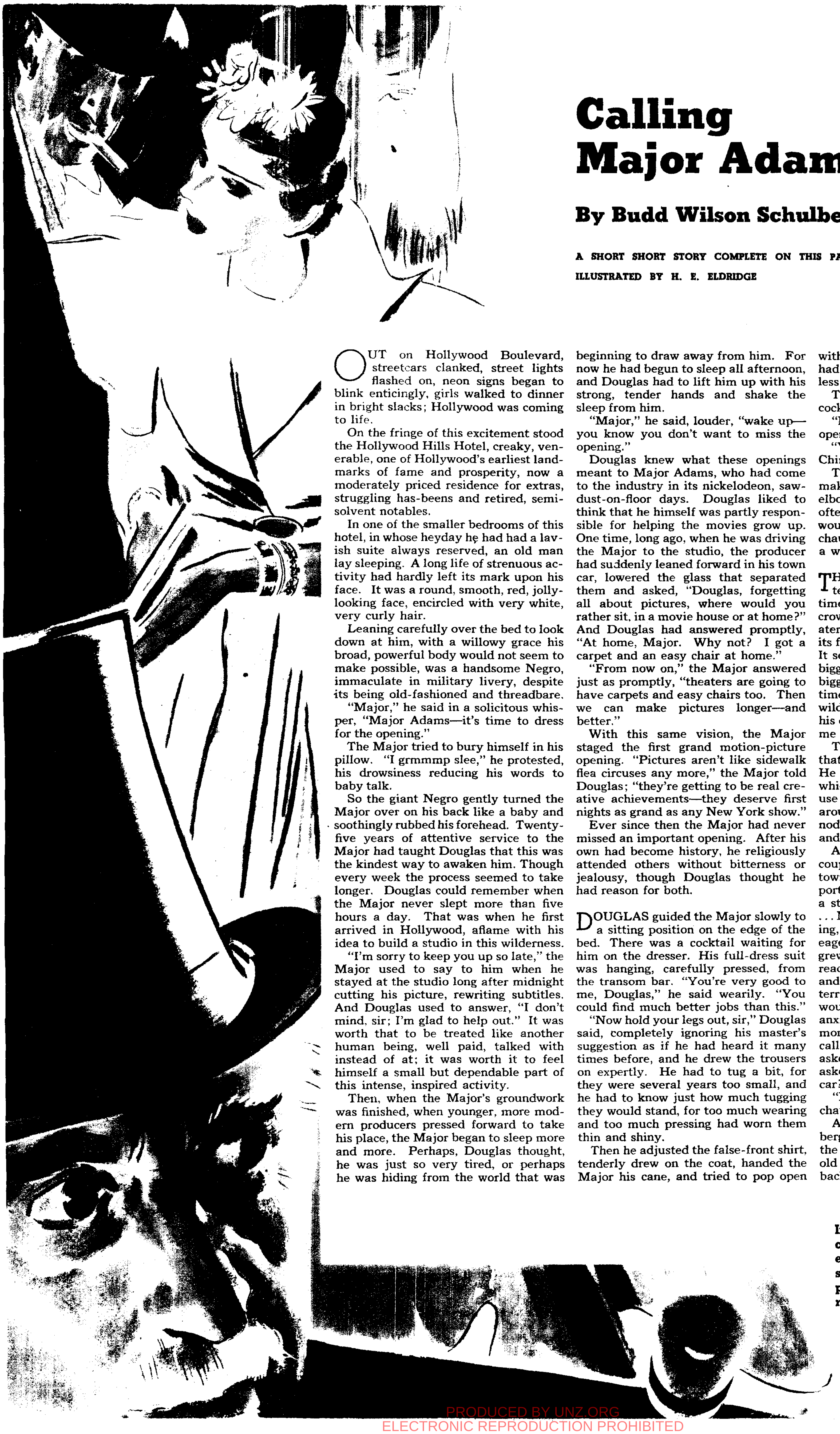
A film of darkness veiled *(Continued on page 39)*

Calling Major Adams' Car

By Budd Wilson Schulberg

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. ELDRIDGE



In this hurrying, pushing crowd, the Major watched eagerly for Douglas. Not seeing him he grew apprehensive. He could never reach home without him

OUT on Hollywood Boulevard, streetcars clanked, street lights flashed on, neon signs began to blink enticingly, girls walked to dinner in bright slacks; Hollywood was coming to life.

On the fringe of this excitement stood the Hollywood Hills Hotel, creaky, venerable, one of Hollywood's earliest landmarks of fame and prosperity, now a moderately priced residence for extras, struggling has-beens and retired, semi-solvent notables.

In one of the smaller bedrooms of this hotel, in whose heyday he had had a lavish suite always reserved, an old man lay sleeping. A long life of strenuous activity had hardly left its mark upon his face. It was a round, smooth, red, jolly-looking face, encircled with very white, very curly hair.

Leaning carefully over the bed to look down at him, with a willowy grace his broad, powerful body would not seem to make possible, was a handsome Negro, immaculate in military livery, despite its being old-fashioned and threadbare.

"Major," he said in a solicitous whisper, "Major Adams—it's time to dress for the opening."

The Major tried to bury himself in his pillow. "I grmmmp slee," he protested, his drowsiness reducing his words to baby talk.

So the giant Negro gently turned the Major over on his back like a baby and soothingly rubbed his forehead. Twenty-five years of attentive service to the Major had taught Douglas that this was the kindest way to awaken him. Though every week the process seemed to take longer. Douglas could remember when the Major never slept more than five hours a day. That was when he first arrived in Hollywood, aflame with his idea to build a studio in this wilderness.

"I'm sorry to keep you up so late," the Major used to say to him when he stayed at the studio long after midnight cutting his picture, rewriting subtitles. And Douglas used to answer, "I don't mind, sir; I'm glad to help out." It was worth that to be treated like another human being, well paid, talked with instead of at; it was worth it to feel himself a small but dependable part of this intense, inspired activity.

Then, when the Major's groundwork was finished, when younger, more modern producers pressed forward to take his place, the Major began to sleep more and more. Perhaps, Douglas thought, he was just so very tired, or perhaps he was hiding from the world that was beginning to draw away from him. For now he had begun to sleep all afternoon, and Douglas had to lift him up with his strong, tender hands and shake the sleep from him.

"Major," he said, louder, "wake up—you know you don't want to miss the opening."

Douglas knew what these openings meant to Major Adams, who had come to the industry in its nickelodeon, saw-dust-on-floor days. Douglas liked to think that he himself was partly responsible for helping the movies grow up. One time, long ago, when he was driving the Major to the studio, the producer had suddenly leaned forward in his town car, lowered the glass that separated them and asked, "Douglas, forgetting all about pictures, where would you rather sit, in a movie house or at home?" And Douglas had answered promptly, "At home, Major. Why not? I got a carpet and an easy chair at home."

"From now on," the Major answered just as promptly, "theaters are going to have carpets and easy chairs too. Then we can make pictures longer—and better."

With this same vision, the Major staged the first grand motion-picture opening. "Pictures aren't like sidewalk flea circuses any more," the Major told Douglas; "they're getting to be real creative achievements—they deserve first nights as grand as any New York show."

Ever since then the Major had never missed an important opening. After his own had become history, he religiously attended others without bitterness or jealousy, though Douglas thought he had reason for both.

DOUGLAS guided the Major slowly to a sitting position on the edge of the bed. There was a cocktail waiting for him on the dresser. His full-dress suit was hanging, carefully pressed, from the transom bar. "You're very good to me, Douglas," he said wearily. "You could find much better jobs than this."

"Now hold your legs out, sir," Douglas said, completely ignoring his master's suggestion as if he had heard it many times before, and he drew the trousers on expertly. He had to tug a bit, for they were several years too small, and he had to know just how much tugging they would stand, for too much wearing and too much pressing had worn them thin and shiny.

Then he adjusted the false-front shirt, tenderly drew on the coat, handed the Major his cane, and tried to pop open with a dash the opera hat that long ago had substituted its snappy flip for a less sensational unfolding.

Thus attired, the Major sipped his cocktail grandly.

"Have you checked on where the opening is, Douglas?"

"Yes, sir," the Negro answered, "the Chinese Theater."

They started downstairs, Douglas making sure he was right at the Major's elbow, for, in spite of the cane's help, he often had difficulty walking now, and he would gradually prop himself against his chauffeur's strong shoulder, though not a word of this was ever spoken.

THEY were at the Chinese in less than ten minutes, but it took them more time than that just to cut through the crowd that had closed in around the theater in a desperate effort to sublimate its frustration to the glamor of the stars. It seemed to the Major that there were bigger cars, bigger lights, bigger jewels, bigger boasts over the microphone every time. The bigness was increasingly bewildering, but the Major summoned all his dignity to instruct Douglas, "Call for me at half past ten."

Then he was swallowed up in the mob that pushed up the lobby to the entrance. He passed right by the microphone, which had come too late for him ever to use in spreading his own fame. All around him people were waving and nodding to each other. He felt alone and apart, though not really lonely.

After the première was over, elegant couples rushed to the curb to hail their town cars and limousines. Cars of important people would be summoned in a stentorious voice: "Mr. Taylor's car. . . . Mr. Goldwyn's car. . . ." In this hurrying, pushing crowd, the Major watched eagerly for Douglas. Not seeing him, he grew apprehensive. He could never reach home without him. He looked up and down the street nervously. For one terrible moment he wondered how it would be without Douglas. In his anxiety he hurried over to the car summoner. "Will you be good enough to call for Major Adams' chauffeur?" he asked. "Major Adams?" the summoner asked doubtfully. "What kind of a car?"

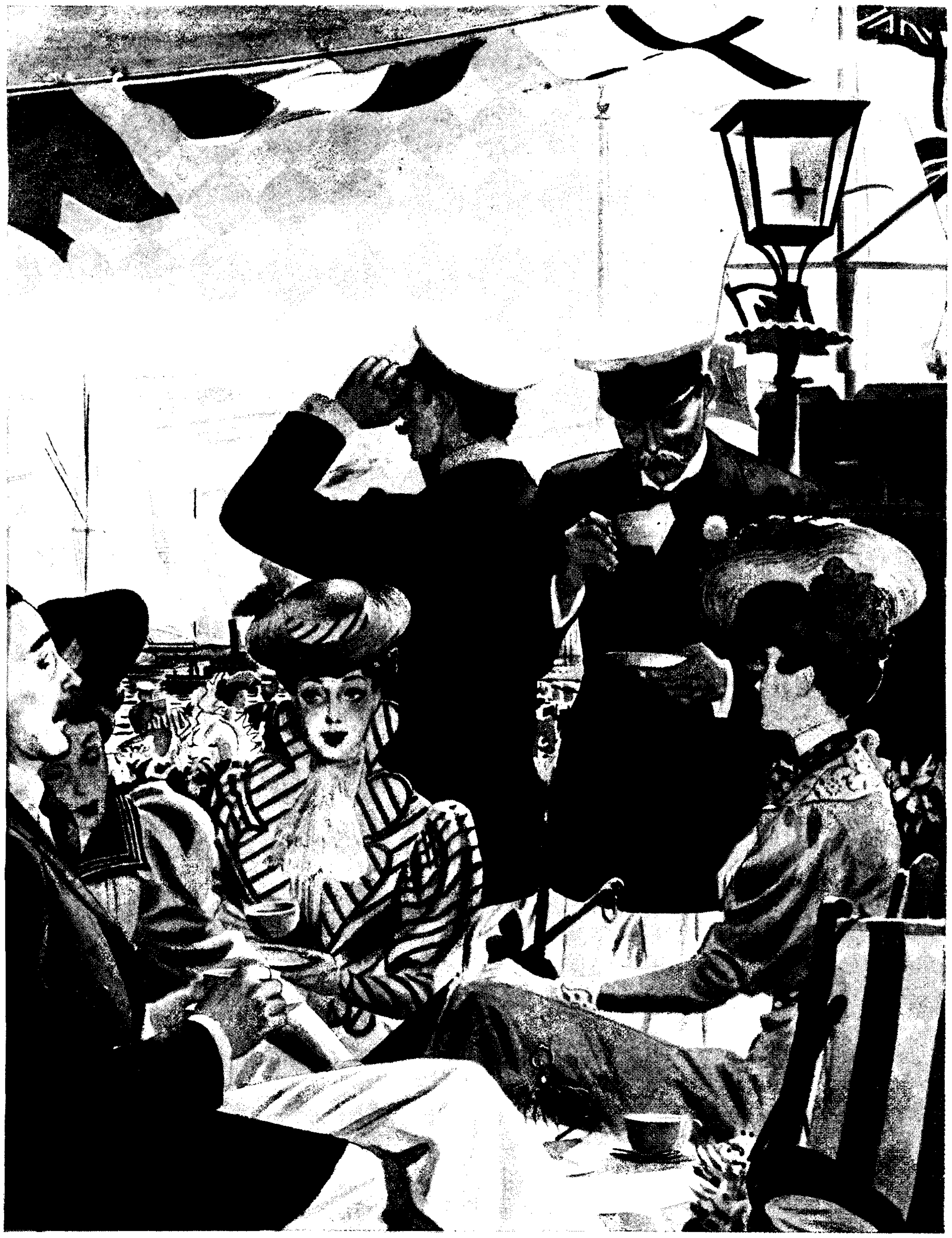
"No car," the Major said, "just my chauffeur."

And while the summoner stared, flabbergasted, Douglas quickly arrived at the Major's side, put his arm around the old man, and they started walking slowly back to the hotel.

Did you ever notice how Sir Thomas signed his name?

REMEMBER *when Sir Thomas Lipton smiled at you regularly from the pages of your newspaper? And remember the captions under his pictures? "Sir Thomas, philanthropist . . ." "Sir Thomas, ambassador of good will . . ." "Sir Thomas, famed yachtsman . . ."*

But—if you'll look on your package of Lipton's Tea, you'll see the title Sir Thomas himself was proudest of—Tea Planter, Ceylon. And with good reason . . .



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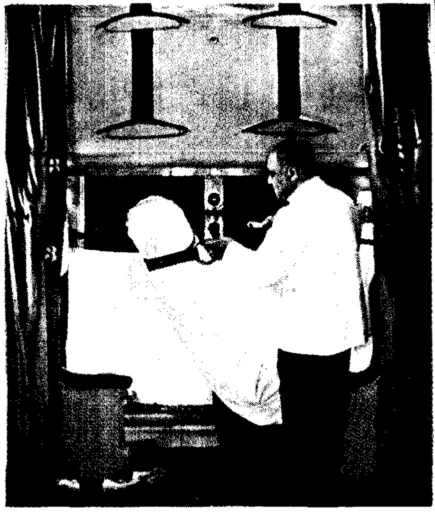

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Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

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The Runaway

Continued from page 17

wasn't just sordid financial anxiety. That had mattered as it must always matter when it was a question of everything going out and nothing coming in. But Becky's delight went deeper. It was because she had her man back again, vital and affectionate and willing to assume responsibility, because he was beginning to understand at last, at *last*, what she had done for him, because life was coming around into its right grooves. She was young and in love, and married in name to the man she loved, and to be his at last as he was hers!

"Look here," Gavin said, "I've been trying to say this for days, but damn it, every time I started I got crying! It was enough for you to make beds and heat milk and sleep on that Iron Maiden that Daisy Kinpaw called a couch. You didn't have to dig down into your bank roll as well. I've got it. I thought—in a hazy kind of way, that Phipps had looked out for all that—that you were drawing on my money. Now Laura tells me you've paid up on the nail—why, my God, nobody ever pays up here, not for weeks and weeks! You crazy little nut, you!"

"Who's Phipps?" she asked on a shaken laugh.

"Phipps is the fellow I was having dinner with when all of a sudden the damn' thing—the flu, hit me," Gavin said. "I'd been feeling cold and hot and achy all afternoon, but all of a sudden my head went 'fizz!' and I flopped over on the table. Well, Phipps—mind you, I'd only met him that day to talk business!—took me to his place, the Kinpaw place. She runs a lot of chorus girls and near actresses, that sort of thing, but she's his pal's aunt, and she took him in. That's why I had the couch; I thought I'd only be there overnight, and go off all right in the morning, but I was in for it. I don't remember anything else much, except fighting them on the hospital thing."

"Gavin, I'm so glad that explains it! I knew you wouldn't go to a place like that in your right senses! But why not a hospital? It would have been infinitely better. You almost died," Rebecca said, childishly impressive, her eyes round.

"I'd have died if it hadn't been for you, my dear. Don't cry, Beck, you'll make me cry."

"I'm not crying," she said gulping, trying to laugh, as she clung, half sitting, half kneeling beside him, his arm about her.

"LOOK here," he said, "do you realize that tonight we'll be in a place of our own? If I take you to lunch at the St. Francis do you think you can cook me a steak for supper? Get pepper and bread and coffee and so on?"

"Gavin!" she said, her eyes stars.

His cheek was hard against hers.

"Realize that you're my wife?"

"Uh-huh," she said almost inaudibly.

"Realize what that means?"

"Uh-huh," Rebecca said again, on a little laugh.

"Scared?"

"Nope."

There was a silence, his lips against her temple, her head resting in infinite content and relaxation on his shoulder. After a while Gavin returned briskly to his abandoned tray.

"Well, you get started, and I'll finish this, and we'll go down to the bank, and find some place to live, and hunt up a market right near," he said.

Rebecca danced rather than walked downstairs half an hour later. Sunshine was streaming into the dining room; coffee scented the air; little old Mrs. Buck was nibbling and sipping like a rabbit; Emma Battock was hidden behind a newspaper.

"Well, don't we look nice!" Emma said approvingly. Rebecca flashed her a radiant look. "Where going?" Emma pursued, with her mouth full.

"House-hunting!"

"Well, I thought from the way he talked yesterday he's getting his feet under him," Emma said. "Mrs. Tevers'll be real sorry to have you go. So you're slated for a honeymoon, are you?"

Her glance brought the color to Rebecca's face. But it was a happy color, part of a cloudlessly happy hour; there was no woman on earth with whom Mrs. Gavin Flood would have changed places at that moment.

REBECCA had wanted for herself a life better than anything that the girls had at home or were likely to have; she had despised Salletts, struggled to get away from it and from everything it could offer her.

Now she had to forget all that idiotic schoolgirl rivalry. She was handling realities now, and the peace and greenness of home, its luxury and fun, its simple problems and underlying deep securities were gone forever. Rebecca was out in the world; she had chosen her path in it; she must abide by her choice. That only a few months ago her mother had been saying laughingly: "Don't you children ever get tired of fried chicken on picnics, Beck?" that she herself had been saying: "I'm going to wash my hair and read and loaf all day tomorrow," was like a dream.

She was desperately, amazingly lonely. Except for Gavin, and she was beginning to discover how very little she knew Gavin, she had no friend in all the city, no confidante, no one with whom to laugh and plan and go about marketing and shopping and wasting time in the way girls love. Gavin himself had few friends in town, but there were clubs, places where men rolled dice and played cards and drank beer, and at these he was welcome. In the beginning he came home almost every night, but he often stopped at a club on his way, and Becky never put a steak on until he was actually in the house.

He liked steaks best of all—steaks and coffee and French bread, and would make a little disappointed face if dinner was not hearty.

"Brains? Spareribs? They look swell. But I hoped it was steak tonight."

"I believe I could give you a thick tenderloin every night of your life!"

"You know damn' well you could!"

The tenderloin cost ninety or ninety-five cents; the cheaper cuts of meats half that. But Gavin would not eat stew or hash or sausages or minces or meat pies; he did not like fish. Lobster was as expensive as meat; and the amount of bacon he ate with eggs made them expensive too. Becky's little fussy dishes—fried tomatoes with cheese on them, asparagus baked in cream sauce, prune shortcake, stuffed peppers—he would merely taste. Meat, potatoes, coffee; that was his menu; he wanted nothing else.

If the dinner she had prepared did not happen to suit him he would say, cheerfully enough: "Put on your hat and leave all this. We'll go down to the Lido."

Becky loved the Lido. But not after she had spent two hours in the kitchen making a veal loaf and a corn pudding. That was waste.

And even waste would not have been so bad if they had always had plenty of

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can ruin the looks of your hair!

EIGHTEEN holes of golf, three sets of smashing tennis, or a long, lazy afternoon on a sunny beach. Man, that's a fine summer schedule and swell for your body, but it can do a lot of harm to your hair!

The sun's hot rays beat down on your hair, baking out the natural, nourishing oils that keep it healthy and lustrous. Your daily shower or swim completes the damage. No wonder the end of summer leaves you beautifully tanned but your hair bleached, dry, brittle, lifeless.

That's why in summer your hair needs the help of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" to combat the deadening effect of sun and water. Apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. You'll feel an exhilarating tingle as circulation is aroused and the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of your oil-depleted scalp. Your scalp will loosen up, that tight, dry feeling will go—hair will have a rich lustre.

When you use Vitalis your hair stays just as you comb it—with no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Go ahead, enjoy your sports this summer. But keep Vitalis handy to help the health and looks of your hair. Use Vitalis regularly.

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He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Sealtubes!

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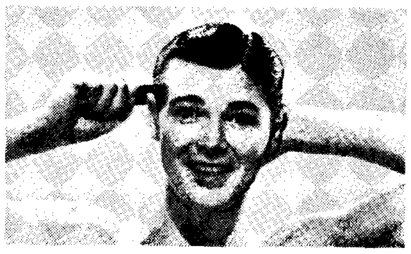

2. **10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH**—Your hair has a lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

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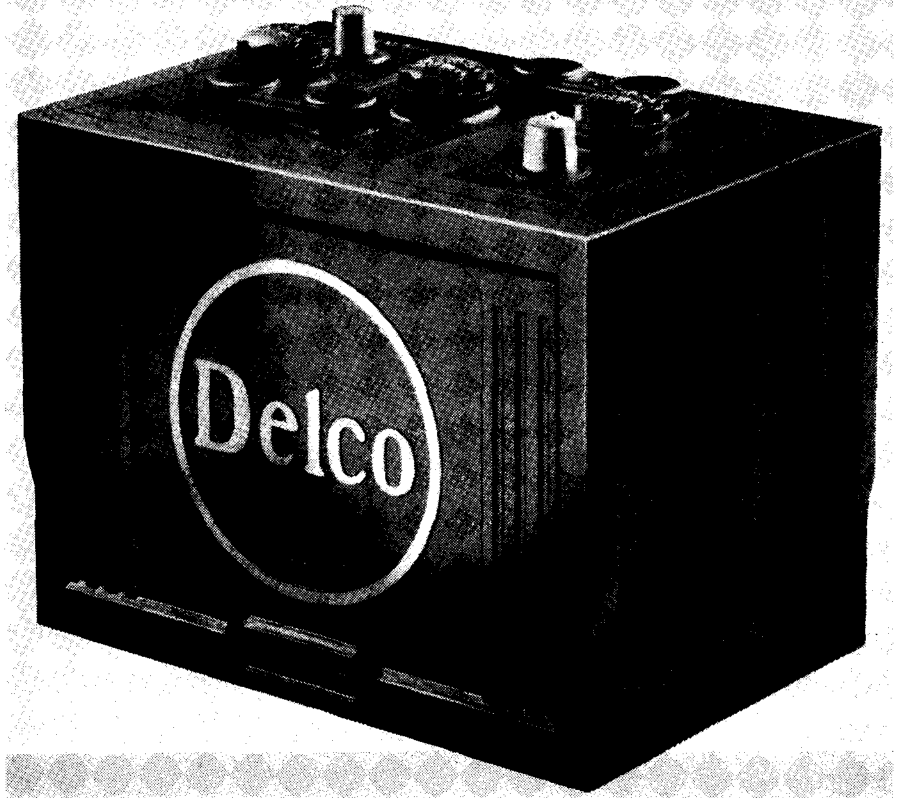

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money. But she had not been married many weeks before she began to feel constant anxiety as to their finances, and it was at about this time that she realized that finances with Gavin never would be anything but uncertain. That particular worry never would be cured.

Disillusionment came so fast and so completely with her that she was never able in after times to analyze its processes, if indeed it did not fall like a blow, like something for which no possible preparation or expectation could have been made. Suddenly, hardly over her first bridal newness of wifehood, housekeeping, marketing, living the new life under a new name, she was hardened into a quiet, puzzled, patient yet unresigned creature who bore what she had to bear simply because she could think of no endurable alternative to it.

For she knew she could not go home, changed, saddened, silent about her experience since her runaway. She could not get a divorce, and have Salletts presently saying: "Becky Gibson's left that man, you know. Looks as if he wasn't much good."

Indeed she did not want to leave Gavin. He protected her, and he was her husband; she was a married woman. That, balanced against all the advantages the other girls had in Salletts, was something anyway. And he was never consciously unkind to her.

That was just it. He was unkind and did not know it, and irresponsible and did not know it, and extravagant and did not know it. And he was selfish to a point that amazed her almost as much as it hurt her.

Gavin was as simply and completely self-absorbed as a cat. If he wanted a meal early he demanded it; if he wanted to be late or not come home at all he considered himself entitled to do so. That she had rights, feelings, sensitiveness, never occurred to him. Ruthlessly across the fiber of her being, mental, moral, physical, he drove his way; tolerant of her presence when he wanted her, forgetting her entirely when he did not.

SOMETIMES he was gone from home all night. Sometimes when she made shy appeals for money he went on reading the paper as if he had not heard her, folded it, jumped up and was gone for the day without a word. Sometimes he brought two or three men home unexpectedly for dinner; told her amiably enough to give them "any old thing," and let her slip out to the delicatessen store or the market without protest. He went on fishing trips, hunting trips, bachelor parties. They had not been married four months before he went on a party that was not a bachelor party. She heard some of the other men teasing him about it afterward, and knew there had been women on the party—women of whom she knew little and suspected much. It cut her to the soul that he would leave her for such a company, and made her angry. But under her anger and heaviness of heart was a more influential element. She knew that it would be of no slightest use to reproach him. He said repeatedly that he hated whining women and crying women and indignant women and curious women and argumentative women. They bored him supremely. No man in his senses would pay the slightest attention to them.

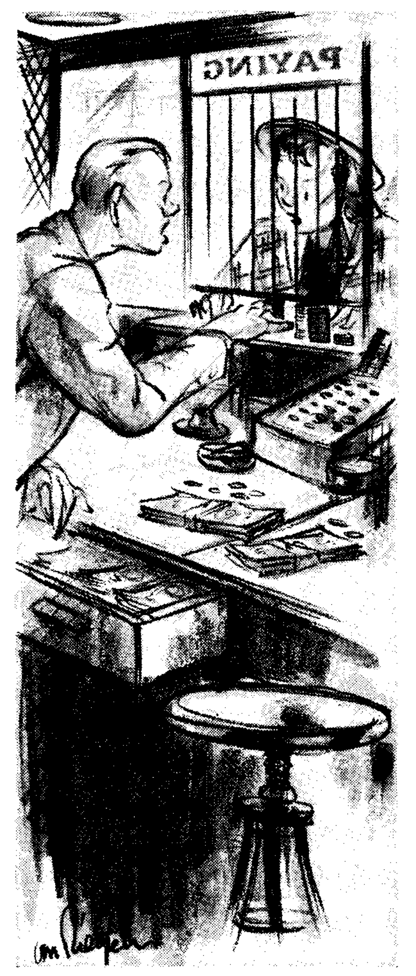
He took her to the races and she loved it when he won, as he usually did to a greater or lesser degree, and she grew nervous when he lost. She knew they had no money to lose, and she was afraid of his dark moods, when he blamed everything and everyone for his bad luck. Coming home from the races after bad luck was a dismal business, and Becky usually spent those evenings alone. Gavin went off to find consolation in dice or cards.

She always lay awake until he came home, although when he got there it was usually wisest to pretend to be asleep. If he had lost again he would be irritable; if he had won he hummed while he was undressing and then she could open her eyes and smile sleepily upon him as if just awake and he might kiss her and call her a sleepy little pussy.

Hunger for these moments of affection and lightness of heart was one of her troubles in these days. She was so much alone that his companionship was indispensable to her, and she got far too little of it.

The months went by, and she was still pondering, still puzzled. She had been a giddy, carefree creature at this time last year, surrounded by persons, little and big and old and young, prosperous and less prosperous but all loving Becky Gibson, all helping to make her life full and happy. Now all that was gone.

Gone. Becky was alone now with a handsome, careless, selfish man who was neither kind nor unkind to her. She was alone in a two-room apartment modern in equipment, an apartment to be regarded by all the housewives of Salletts as incredibly luxurious, but there were hours when to Becky it seemed a prison.



"I'm sorry, Miss, we don't cash poker chips here!"

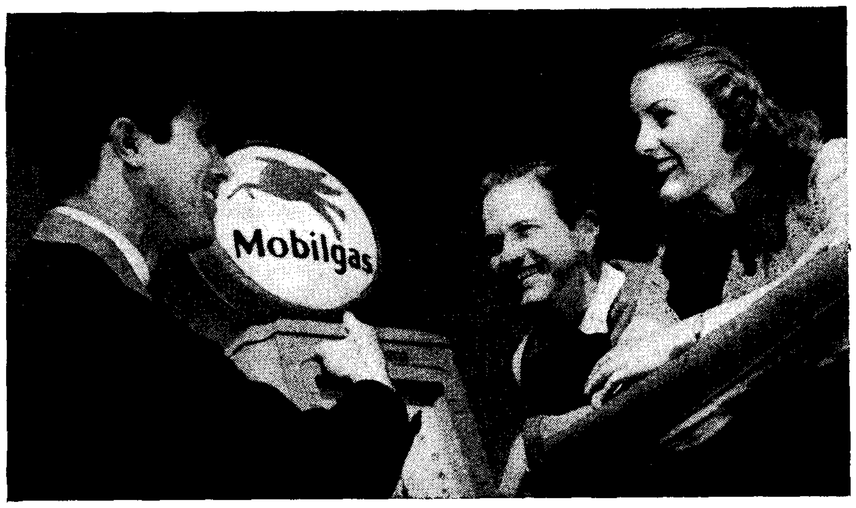
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Why had she exchanged all that she had for this? And if she could not answer, who could? She herself was the only human being in the world who might possibly remember or imagine the answer. And to her it was now as complete a mystery as to the rest.

Well, one must make the best of it! Cheerful, friendly Mrs. Flood went with her husband to races, cooked steaks for "the boys," was seen at restaurant dinner tables sipping her *minestrone*, breaking her chunk of toasted sour bread, lifting her thick glass of red wine. She kept her own counsel. Nobody knew much about her; she was just somebody's wife. The grayness of it, the strange dullness of it enveloped her.

Sometimes she tried to break through

GET SET TO GO



SEE AMERICA—WITH AMERICA'S FAVORITE GASOLINE

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM

Fresh, Summer MOBILGAS

SOME people like the beach...others the mountains. Some like golf...others prefer picnics. But when it comes to *getting there*, ALL AMERICA PREFERS MOBILGAS!

In the next minute—from coast to coast—1,000 cars will stop at the Flying Red Horse Sign for Mobilgas. This happens every minute of the day—every day of the year!

There *must* be a good reason. Here it is! America's favorite gasoline makes cars sing at their work. Keeps them eagerly alive with power, pick-up! Fill up with Mobilgas today...then you'll be set to *really GO!*

MOBILGAS AND MOBILOIL

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

***AFFILIATES:* MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY—GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION**

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM

SIMONIZ KLEENER STOPS
FINISH DECAY!
FINISH
METAL
FINISH
METAL
FINISH
METAL
SIMONIZ
KLEENER
MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ
SIMONIZ

RESTORES NATURAL LUSTRE TO DULL CARS

Don't neglect the finish on your car! Even the slightest dullness is a warning . . . weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays are breaking down the finish. Simoniz Kleener stops this decay. It cleans lacquers and enamels as they should be cleaned. Instead of covering up the scum and dirt with an artificial shine, Simoniz Kleener brings back the true beauty of the finish. After using Simoniz Kleener, apply Simoniz. It protects and preserves the finish, actually making your car more and more beautiful. So, be sure you always get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener . . . insist!

Dullness is really "Finish Decay." The longer you put off cleaning your car with Simoniz Kleener, the faster the lacquer or enamel disintegrates.

By cleaning thoroughly and safely, Simoniz Kleener saves the finish from further damage, and restores the genuine lustre . . . all in one quick, easy operation!

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

Simoniz Kleener is applied like a liquid. Yet it comes to you in undiluted form, as a paste. A little goes a lot farther, and cleans better. There is nothing to spill, nothing to waste.

Never Sold Under Any Other Name

the maddening meshes that seemed to hold her feet, her mind, her very spirit bound in a trap.

"Gavin, where are we getting to?" she might ask animatedly, as she gave him his breakfast coffee.

"Gosh, I've got to remind Al that the fight's tonight," he might answer absently; "he said he could get tickets."

"I know. But listen, Gavin. We go on and on, and we just don't get anywhere."

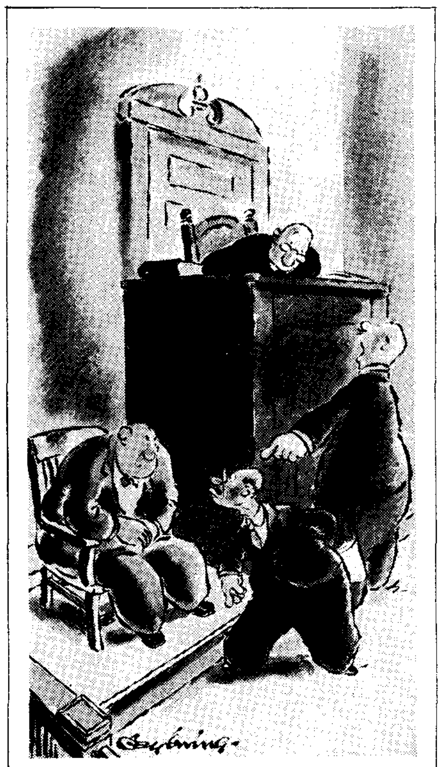
"What's the kick?"

"No kick. But we owe money—there's a regular sheaf of bills in there on the desk. I'll bet they total up to three hundred, maybe more. There's no sense to our going on this way. Your pay is—what?"

He might go on reading, murmur absently by way of answer. Or he might give her a slightly disturbed glance.

"Well, call it forty. But it'll be more this week."

"Why should it be more this week?"



"Your Honor, I object to the district attorney intimidating the witness!"

JAY IRVING

"Oh, extra work I've done for Greenway." Greenway was a commercial photographer whose cluttered study in City Hall Avenue was lined with brilliant studies of iceboxes and neckties, bouquets and weddings, and pictures of pretty girls in smart little tailored hats. Gavin had worked for Greenway before; they had quarreled, Becky gathered. But both seemed glad to be reconciled and associated in business again. Or it might be that he had won at dice or cards. "Don't you worry!" he would say, perhaps tearing a long strip out of the paper that would be left for her to read. "I may be home for dinner; I may not. Potts and Gibbs and some of the fellers were talking of going down to Halfmoon Bay after the fight. I won't know till late. Have something decent in the house; a couple of the boys might come out with me around six."

If she became imperative and followed him to the door, it was never to win a satisfactory answer.

"Gavin, I've *got* to know. I don't want to charge two dollars' worth of steaks and have everything ready, and then wait and wait and wait indefinitely! Dinners take *cooking* and *planning; there's no woman in the world who could* be ready and not ready five nights a week!" Rebecca might say, hating herself for the irritated critical tone, and yet goaded beyond endurance at the prospect of another empty day, with the uncertain prospect of four for dinner or nobody for dinner at the end of it.

Gavin had a fashion at these moments of shrugging his shoulders and elevating his eyebrows as one perpetually puzzled *by the vagaries of women. His amused* smile never deserted him.

"Well, well, now, isn't that interesting!" he would say pleasantly. "You tell me all about what women'll put up with and what they won't put up with and then where are you?"

And he would saunter away, leaving her ruffled and upset, as angry at herself as at him for the remainder of the morning.

She wondered sometimes, in her desperate doubt and unhappiness, if he would be happier if she never had come into his life at all. The affirmative answer was inevitable. She was a parasite wife, clinging to him because he was strong and handsome and a man, enduring everything, slights and humiliations and injustices, rather than making a break. And what would a break mean for her? She couldn't go back to Salletts, not if the alternative were the poorhouse itself. And if she were to divorce him, get a job, support herself, she might just as well do it now when there was still the shell of her marriage remaining, when the fifty-five-dollar rent was being paid.

Becky began to look resolutely, steadily for a job. She had suddenly an interest in life. She read columns of newspaper advertisements; she received countless offers to sell filters, magazines, cleaning powders, brushes, sets of books. A book shop took her on for Holy Week; she sold cards with lavender crosses and white and silver lilies on them at five and ten cents a card, worked for twelve days and was paid twenty-four dollars. The money vanished, her feet grew finally rested, and she began to look for work again.

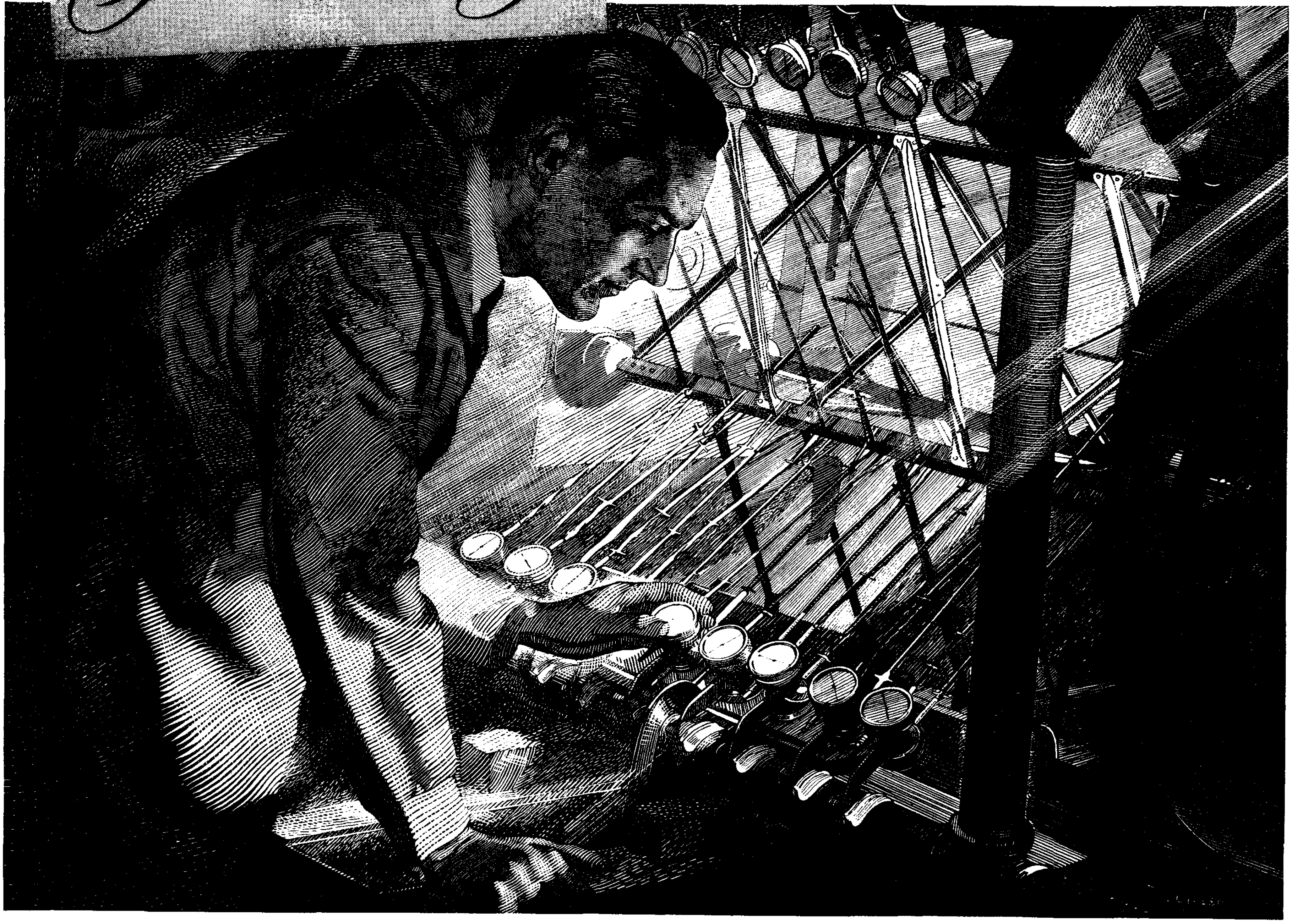
SHE had written her mother twice, loving letters, but letters that gave no address. Despite the heartsick longing she felt day and night to see her, she did not want Sarah, keen-eyed, sympathetic, to find her in the Eddy Street apartment. Sarah would see little to admire in a bed that swung into a dressing closet by day, an icebox that lighted brilliantly *as one opened it, a garbage can about* the size of one of Sarah's lard tins with a pedal to save one the trouble of stooping.

The neighborhood that surrounded the elegantly tiled street entrance also would find Sarah unenthusiastic. It was a grimy neighborhood of theatrical agencies and restaurants and cigar corners and liquor stores. All morning women in wrappers ran about these corners, with fur coats held together at the breast; there were fights here after dark; drunks in doorways. The lights of a burlesque show flamed up and down all night. It was an odd place in which to have put a building of seventy-two apartments, but here the "Golcondita" indisputably was, and from it Gavin resolutely refused to move.

It was in vain that Becky talked of a little place out toward Saint Francis Wood, beyond the tunnel, where there were beautiful big markets, and a fresh foggy sweetness from the Pacific. Gavin liked to be within actual sound and scent of his associates and his interests; he had no feeling for a six-room bungalow with a patio and geraniums.

In August she got a job as stock girl in a woman's dress shop on Market Street. It was a large place that sold hundreds of dresses every day, and put new dresses with new ridiculously low prices displayed upon them in six great angled street windows every night. The

Trustworthy IS THE WORD FOR IT



A GIANT airplane takes off! . . . Tremendous stresses and strains exert themselves everywhere . . . Lives depend on unseen girders within. But there is a way of knowing how dependable these girders are. Pictured above is the Emery High Precision Testing Machine maintained by the National Bureau of Standards in Washington. This amazing device measures precisely how much girders will bend under various loads. It predicts how safe they will be in actual operation.

PENNSYLVANIA SAFETY

Just how safe are motor oils? Scientists can give you these facts too. In the case of Pennsylvania Motor Oils there is ample scientific proof that they are absolutely trustworthy. They fight 3,000 degree engine heat—*plus* fierce summer heat. They refuse to break down or thin out. They stand up under terrific bearing pressure.

Science finds the answer to the superiority of Pennsylvania Motor Oils in the magic of Nature. As in the case of minerals, there are many degrees of perfection — so in petroleum various grades are found, too. And Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil is Nature's acknowledged masterpiece!

82% PREFER PENNSYLVANIA OILS

An independent research organization in a nation-wide survey just completed, reports that, in answer to the question:

"Which type of Motor Oil is Best?"

82% of the motor car owners answered:

"PENNSYLVANIA"

SMALL—BUT VITALLY IMPORTANT

Though not a brand, the little emblem of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association identifies fine oils from this region. The good names of the bonded refiners and marketers stand behind all of the many brands of 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils. Only a tiny fraction of your running expense goes for motor oil, but what a tremendous difference it can make in the safe, smooth operation of your motor. Change to Pennsylvania for complete freedom from motor worry!

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

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FREE! *Write for interesting booklet containing more information about Pennsylvania Motor Oils.*

BETTER OILS FROM THE GROUND UP!

MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
Guaranteed
100% PURE
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PERMIT NUMBER . . . .
Made from
the highest grade crude oil in the world
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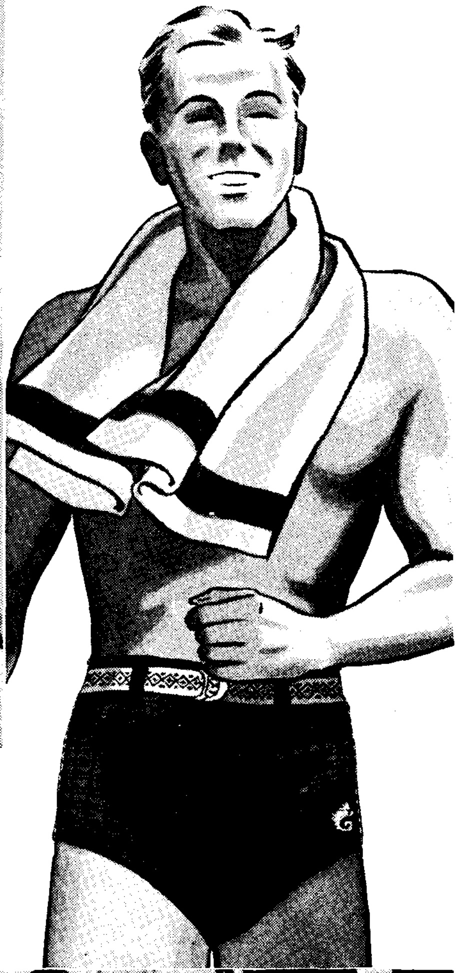
• The symbol at left is not a brand. It is an emblem guaranteeing source and quality—the quality found only in crude oil from Pennsylvania and three adjacent states. Its use is permitted on many brands of Pennsylvania Motor Oils—but only on those certified under bond to be 100% Pure Pennsylvania and up to the quality requirements of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association.

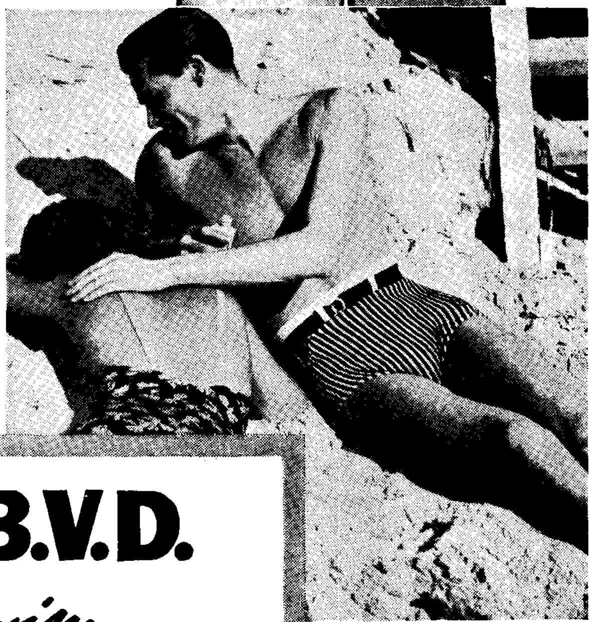
This summer be King of the Beach in your trim, smart, speedy *B.V.D. Samoan Trunks!

● B.V.D. presents sturdy, flexible fabrics—smart masculine colors—in Swim Suits and Samoans you'll be proud to wear! (*Below*) Two-tone trim and belt contrast with the B. V. D. Stitch in these new Samoans. Built-in "Lastex" support that's *water-repellent* and *fast-drying*. **$2.95.**



(Above) Ruggedly knitted for lasting fit—that's the new B. V. D. fabrics. Witness the smart B. V. D. Stitch, the two-tone spiral trim of these Samoans. Every detail has been improved upon—from the new crotch and built-in, water-repellent "Lastex" support to the tailored belt. **$1.95.**

(Right) Each and every B. V. D. model has its own exclusive speed and comfort features. You'll find them in these smart Samoan trunks, with the new two-tone Super-Stitch. There's a hidden pocket for spare change—and the belt and top harmonize in color. **$5.95**



*B.V.D. Swim Suits

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The B. V. D. Corporation, Empire State Bldg., New York

B. V. D.'s Sea Horse on belt buckle or trunks stands for aquatic perfection—for well-groomed comfort and appearance that makes every man *King of the Beach!*

windows drew shopping women like flies; women who lingered among the glass walls all day long, came hesitantly into the shop, looked, debated, consulted with the inevitable friend. For evening dresses they paid as high as eleven dollars and eighty-five cents plus tax; other dresses ran from one dollar eighty-five to seven dollars eighty-five, the latter often advertised with sketches in the papers as being "lavishly trimmed with stitching, fancy buttons, tucking, embroidery and fur." Sometimes one dress displayed all these features.

Rebecca was paid nine dollars a week, liable to insurance, tardiness, emergency deductions. Emergency meant when one of the girls died and flowers had to be sent from the firm, or one of the girls was in the hospital and the firm was paying her half pay to hold her. For these expenses twenty cents per week was deducted from every pay check, and held by the firm. It saved the trouble of collections, and nobody knew, as a girl named Willie explained bitterly to Rebecca, whether the beneficiaries ever received anything or not.

THE girls here were of a very low grade—fierce, overpainted, overscented, over-curled girls who were also overworked and oversexed. They were without exception promiscuous in their relationships with men, savagely taking in money, dinners, dances, drink, everything they could, savagely discussing the disadvantages of carrying on their work by day and following an even older profession by night. Most of them had been married and divorced more than once; some were maintaining irregular establishments with the man of the moment; some boarded in places like the never-to-be-forgotten house of Daisy Kinpaw.

The smell of their cheap perfumes combined with the odor of their unwashed perspiring bodies sickened Rebecca; the state of the dressing room with its wet floor, strong-scented soap, soaked filthy towels, suffocating disinfectants and untouched disorder was enough to frighten her. To see them sitting there eating drugstore sandwiches and drinking beer from bottles was to wonder where they had been schooled, what sort of home had given them their start into life. Coarseness of speech and manner, coarseness in dress and in skin and hands, and over the coarseness perfume and powder and coarse dry crimps of hair. She felt sometimes that she could not breathe the air they breathed a moment longer. For nine dollars a week—or a day—it would not have seemed worth while to her a very short time ago.

But Rebecca at twenty was a frightened pupil now in the great classroom called life. There was a lesson for her to learn, and if its beginning were here in this incredible and insufferable place, she knew she could not rise to the next class until she had mastered it. If she had been a fool, the only way to change herself was to work her own way out of this impasse.

So she reported daily at the Bon Marché, punched a basement time clock, put her hat and coat and bag into a locker, mounted filthy, wide iron stairs littered with boxes and packing and paper cartons and strings, entered from the rear a second-story loft lined and crossed by frames from which dresses swayed in hundreds from cheap thin wooden hangers stenciled with advertisements of the shop.

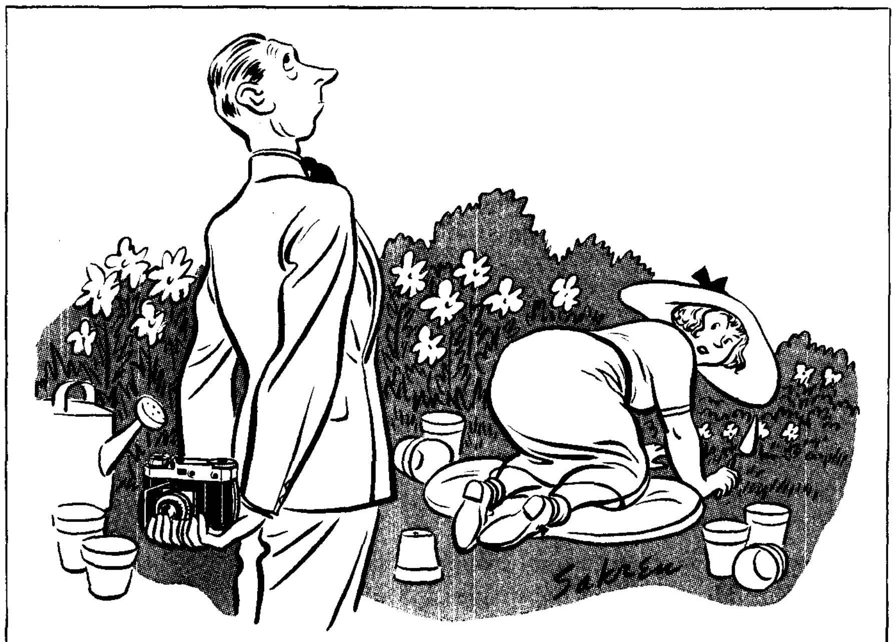
Everything that was common and cheap and long ago eliminated from the code of respectable shops went on at full speed at the Bon Marché from nine o'clock until five. Rebecca and a few other housekeepers went home at five instead of seven, and were docked three dollars a week for the privilege. The others stayed for two more hours, and were paid twelve dollars, less deductions, a week.

Snatching and crowding went on; those were unending. Women waged unceasing war around the racks. Thievery went on, and hot-faced frightened women were eternally being herded up to the manager's office; their shrill protests came back in the close, brightly lighted, suffocating air that was always thick with the smells of cloth and dye and dust and wet raincoats.

"My friend here and I were looking—I slipped the coat on, the girl was right there! Yes, I think I'd know her—no, I don't believe I'd know her—"

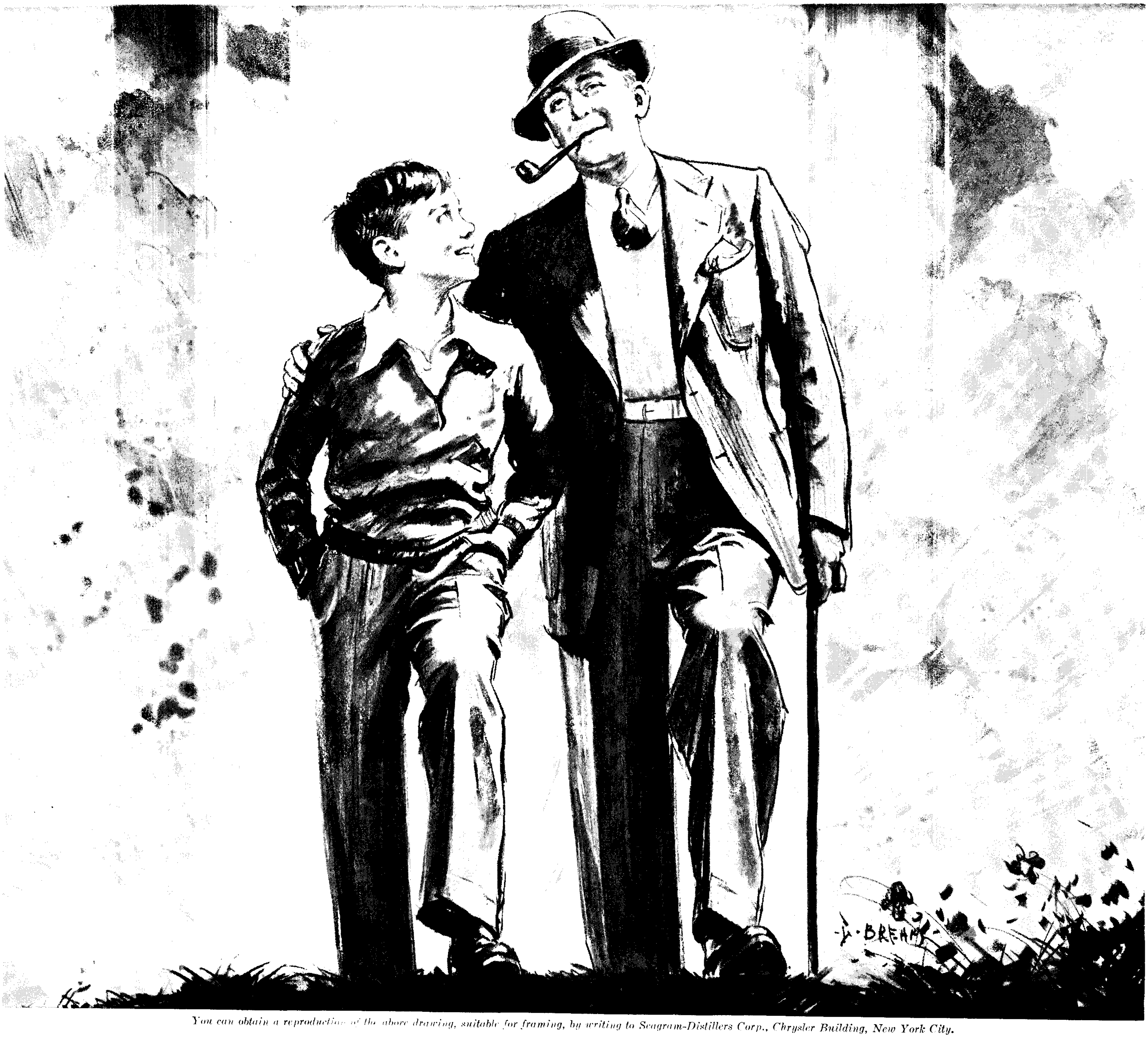
REBECCA worked at the back of the loft behind a flimsy wall of beaverboard. She opened beaverboard boxes six feet square and three feet deep, lifted out dresses and coats, looked them over, piled them on the tag table for the sore flying fingers of the markers to tag. The packages were from Eastern manufacturers; they had come crated but the boys downstairs had removed the wood.

Two colored men carried away great canvas sheets loaded with gray coarse paper. It was their business to sift it all through their fingers to be sure that no belt or dress had escaped Becky's eyes. It was the business of Becky and several other perspiring, pale, breathless women



"Oh, don't try to look so innocent! Take it and get it over with"

WILLIAM SAKREN



You can obtain a reproduction of the above drawing, suitable for framing, by writing to Seagram-Distillers Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City.

YOU'RE A HERO · · TO YOUR SON

Most boys worship their Dad as a hero whose standards and ideals they gradually acquire as their own.

Nothing is quite so disillusioning to the clear eyes of a youngster as the sight of a man — his own father — who has used liquor unwisely.

The damage goes far deeper than a momentary shame.

Any man who cannot drink wisely and moderately, owes it to his son . . . his family, not to drink at all.

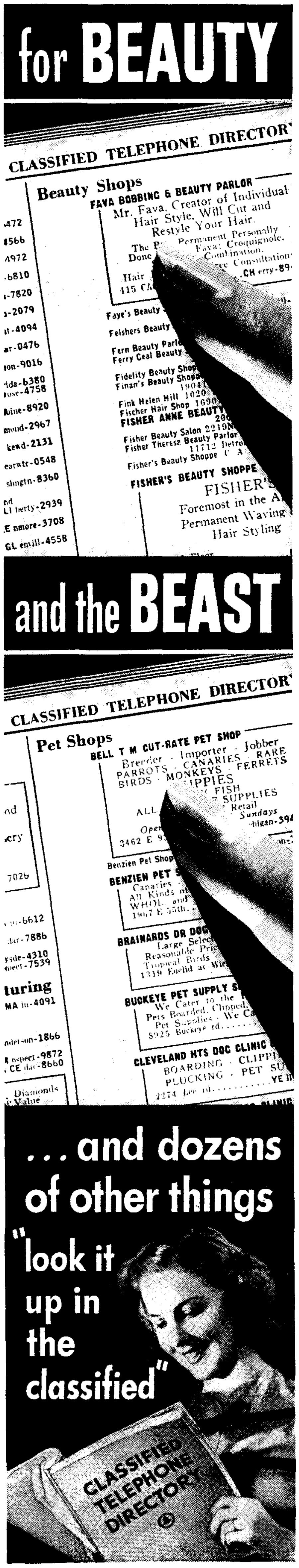
The coming generation will be less apt to use liquor intemperately if older people will regard it as a luxury and treat it as a contribution to gracious living—to be enjoyed in moderation.

Surely, Father's Day is an appropriate occasion for the House of Seagram, as one of America's leading distillers, to say as we said *four* years ago, and have constantly reiterated . . . "Drink Moderately".

. . . THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM . . .

Fine Whiskies Since 1857

Seagram-Distillers Corp. Executive Offices, New York


for BEAUTY
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
Beauty Shops
and the BEAST
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
Pet Shops
... and dozens of other things
"look it up in the classified"
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

to look for machine slips, buttons missing or broken, seams opened.

When these occurred, and they often occurred, the sales invoice had to be found on the file, identified with the garment, pinned to it, and the whole flung into a basket for Mr. Costelli.

But the work at the Bon Marché went on at such breakneck speed, the pressure was so terrific, that many mistakes escaped, some stock was ruined in the handling and some was lost, and then there was trouble.

"The customer won't take it with the zipper broken, Flood. You girls should have caught that. She wants this dress, she wants to wear it tonight, the sale's made, and here it is with a spot on the hem. We can't have that kind of thing. Where's them four hundred flower patterns? We had 'em in the paper this morning. They're out there raving for them. Step on it, Flood; this ain't the day for you to have a headache."

They were all called by their last names: Flood, Neilan, Buckley, White, Payson. Another little coarseness that had troubled her at first but to which she became rapidly accustomed.

FOR the girls on the floor life was even harder than in the stock rooms. They were on their feet all day, and they had to deal with the customers. Such cheap, unreasonable, exacting customers Becky had not before known could exist at all. They were as fierce as the girls; they exacted fittings, disputed prices, they spoiled dresses with lipstick, perspiration, dirty hands, and blamed the saleswomen mercilessly. They complained of the rudeness of the girls; they would never patronize the Bon Marché again until that girl was fired!

The red dress *must* be somewhere in blue. Here it was, but the wrong size. Well, see if they had it in green. "Excuse me, Madam, I'm looking at this dress." "Excuse me, Harris, but the customer hasn't made up her mind." "Excuse me, Maxie, but you can't hold stock all morning that way! Mr. Costelli won't stand for it. Excuse me, Mr. Costelli, but my customer is waiting to see this dress—"

The "excuse me" was invariably as savage as the rest of the dialogue. Girls rushed into the stock room to cry and swear, blew their noses and rushed out again, a pale blue "formal" of shiny satin waving like a banner borne before them. For hours they nosed among the dangling gowns.

"This is it, Madam. Not exactly the same, no, but I think the collar is prettier, reely I do. Lemme get there, Morris, and see if a thirty-eight got on that hanger. You've seen that one, Madam; it's just the same one."

High on columns ringed about with cheap balustrades, watchers were perched. When they saw a theft they blew a shrill whistle, and pointed, and the crowd drew away from some protesting angry woman who found a detective, quiet and soothing and persuasive, at her elbow. The whistle also blew when a large bill had to be changed, and the floorwalker who took it called its denomination loudly as he went with it toward the office. There was no credit at the Bon Marché; no deliveries. Customers showed at the street door a certificate of sale; checkers there made a cursory examination of purchases before plumping them on the wrapping desk behind the door.

There were three or four girls better paid than the rest, who could be called in in any sales emergency, and often dragged a hesitant customer over the line of sale.

"Miss Mildred," the girl would say. Nothing more. Miss Mildred would come graciously up, would look at the coat or dress interestedly.

"Eva," she might say pleasantly, "I don't believe you've shown Madam that brown number—the one with the wooden buttons. We've just the one, Madam—forty-two, that's the size? That's the right size. Get that, Miss Eva. It's a very beautiful little model, and not one of the expensive ones. Eleven eighty-five reduced to seven sixty-five; that's ridiculous, isn't it? But Mr. Buck came in here yesterday and simply slashed through prices—that's it. Isn't it dainty? It's an all-occasion dress, a Lina Krempff copy. I happened to be crossing the floor and it did seem to me to look like Madam."

To Becky, bringing out stock, making herself useful where she could, it was amazing to see with what docility, with what actual pride, nine out of ten customers bought from Miss Mildred. Mr. Maas was another emergency resource and, although different, was just as good. His was the bullying method.

"Listen, am I *crazy?*" one could hear him shouting at all times and in all places along the great loft. "Tell me, some kind friend, if I'm crazy or is this lady with the new-model coat crazy? I tell her the dress makes the coat and the coat makes the dress, and from her gloves and hat and the way she talks I know she's got sense—she knows what's what, if you'll excuse me the liberty, Madam, not knowing your name or nothing about you, except that this dress will make your husband sit up and take notice and give you the biggest kiss you ever got since the happy day! It flatters your face, it flatters your figure, it's the color or may I be struck blind—"

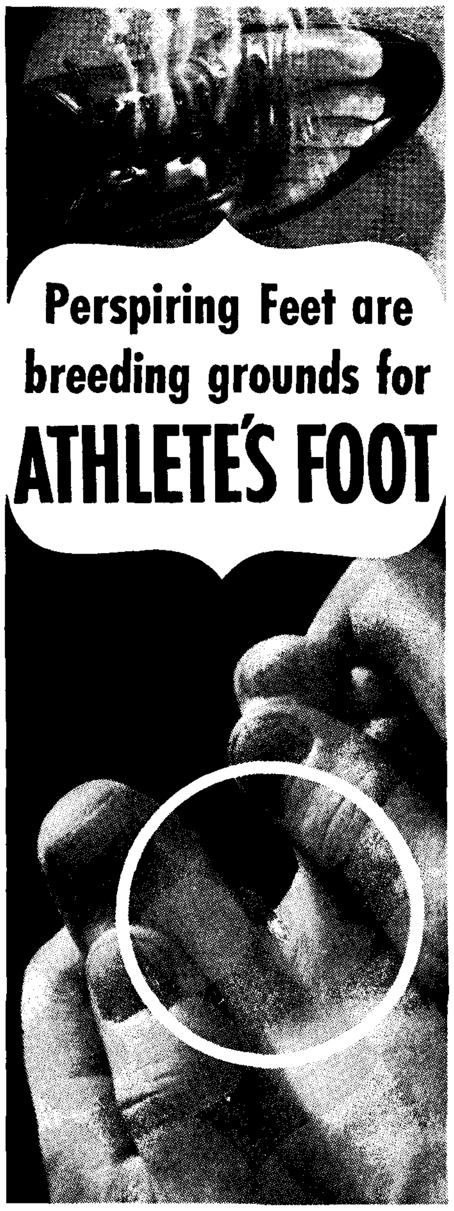
There was laughter behind the scenes at the Bon Marché; there was company, even if of a deplorable sort, and Becky had hungered for both. She tried to make herself the most valuable clerk among these poor ignorant, dirty, defrauded girls; she had heard her father say years ago that in every group of employees there was always one who stood head and shoulders above the rest, who was selected for promotion by his superiors long before he dreamed himself anything but a cog in the machine.

But the only result of this was that the girls came to distrust her, and one of the bosses, a married man of middle age, made bold, annoying overtures that even her ignorance and innocence could not misunderstand.

SHE was so tired these nights that she went home at five to lie flat on her bed for an hour or, if Gavin did not come in, for a second hour. When he was away she often lay broken until eight or nine o'clock, too completely exhausted even to begin to rest. Her feet and legs burned up to the bones of the knees; her back ached; the muscles of her neck ached. To soak in a deep, hot bath, to drink a whole pint of canned tomato soup thinned with hot milk, to nibble a chocolate bar as she lay clean and fed, reading in her bed afterward, these were her happiest hours.

When instead she had to stagger about getting a meal for Gavin, having bacon catch on the pan while she put cups on the table, or hearing coffee boil over in a froth of brown grounds when she was cutting the steak, her wearied nerves gave way, and she and he quarreled like all the other married couples in the apartment whose loud voices went up and down the airshaft.

These disputes frightened her. They seemed to affect her physically, upsetting her digestion, robbing her nights of sleep. If afterward he would be apologetic and forgiving she would always meet him halfway, thankful to feel peace and reassurance invading her spirit once more. Sometimes after a reconciliation they would sit without moving for half an hour in the apartment's one big chair, Gavin smoking and meditating, Rebecca almost asleep against his shoulder.


Perspiring Feet are breeding grounds for
ATHLETE'S FOOT

Athlete's Foot Germs Feed on Perspiration—bore through cracked skin

Watch for DANGEROUS CRACKS between your toes

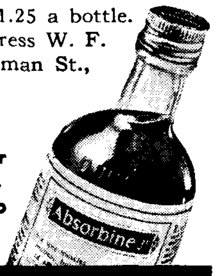
–Drench them at once

ATHLETE'S FOOT GERMS live on perspiration products. When the damp skin cracks open, you may already have the dread infection. Those cracks let the germ get in! It bores its way through the tissues. You may not even know it's there till you're suffering from white, watery blisters—itchy red skin—painful, raw soreness—Athlete's Foot!

U. S. Public Health authorities estimate 50% of the adult population has Athlete's Foot at some time. Apply Absorbine Jr. full strength freely every night and morning.

It *dries* the damp, soggy skin between the toes.
It *dissolves* the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
It *kills* Athlete's Foot fungi.
It *soothes* and helps *heal* the broken tissues.

At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.



The famous quick relief for muscular soreness, sprains, sunburn, mosquito and insect bites

ABSORBINE JR.
–Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT Fungi

"You poor little pussy, you're having a rotten kind of time," he might say with unusual consideration, and when he did and if, while she washed the dishes, he would stay and talk to her or even stay and simply read his paper, she was happy again, she loved him again.

It had its good moments, but it was not exactly a life; it wasn't building toward anything, getting anywhere. She hated her job, she hated being alone in the city, she hated Gavin to go away and was not much happier when he was about. It was unsatisfactory all around, and for the first time in her life Becky felt unequal to her problem.

Rather to her surprise, and upon consideration much to her secret hurt, Gavin made no protest against her job. He didn't care, one way or the other. He was usually willing to take her out to dinner if he came home to find her flat with fatigue; or he would leave her on her assurance that she wanted him to and go off to find friends with whom to dine. She paid a woman now three dollars a week for two hours' work on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays; on those days the house had a superficial cleaning and any accumulated dishes and pots were washed. It was not a satisfying way to live, but anything was better than sitting around at home idle from nine o'clock until five.

"I wonder what kind of a woman I am? I wonder if all my life is going to be like this? I wonder how people pull themselves out of it when they've made mistakes?"

SHE asked herself the question tirelessly. There seemed to be no answer as the days went by and were weeks and months. Sometimes she and Gavin had pleasant lazy Sundays together and went to a movie, sometimes he was away and she spent the day alone, resting and reading. They had affectionate intervals, when he thrilled her with talk of going to Hollywood, of having a place of their own and a car, and they somehow got through long stretches when his complacent selfishness made her irritable and depressed, and when she hardly dared speak to him for fear of betraying it.

It seemed ages since the Kinpaw episode, the convalescence at Laura Tevers' sanatorium. Yet the time flew, too, and Rebecca counted the months on her fingers amazedly when in late July she knew that she was going to have a baby. This had not been a part of her plan; she had hoped to keep free of this complication of all complications for another year or two. But the fact was a fact now, and had to be dealt with like all facts. Her work at the Bon Marché was less tiring than it had been; the cool summer months were much more bearable than spring. But she could not continue there long with an early April baby coming.

She waited a month, another month. Then she told Gavin. His honest consternation made her heart sink, and their first talk of the child left her in angry tears. One would think no one ever had had a baby before! They could fit him in somehow; certainly Gavin had made sufficient fuss about the Pringles' terrible muddy-faced little girl. It was Rebecca who was going to have the worst part of it after all.

"You'll see, you'll be sorry," he said. There was nothing that she dared answer. Pulses beat in her forehead and her back ached; she felt cold and tired all the time and could eat only late in the day. Wretchedly she gave up her job, crouched at home, stupid and dizzy, hardly caring that bills accumulated as fast as dust did, and that whatever charm she ever had had for Gavin was in eclipse.

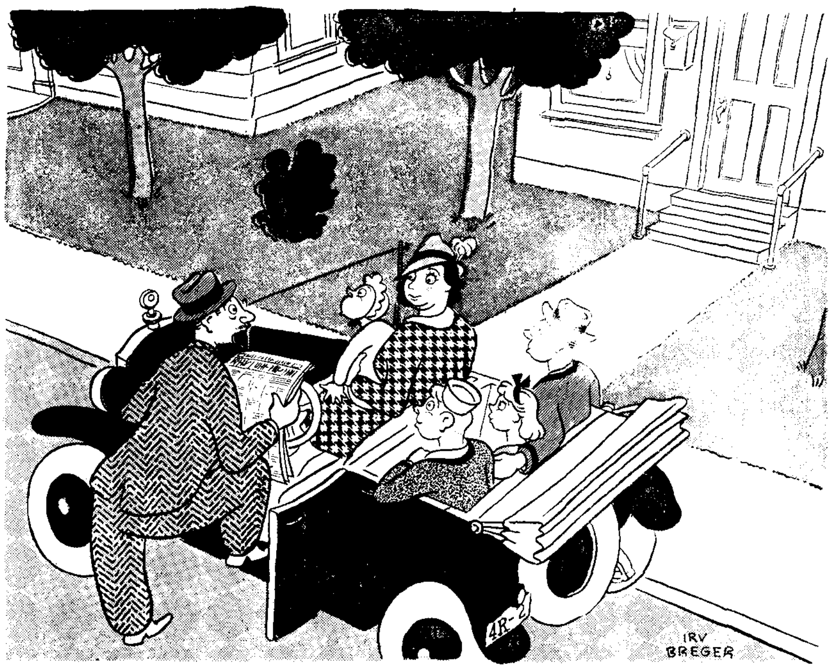
One night when there chanced to be something of the old harmony between them, Gavin suggested that she go home to have the baby. He had been at the dog races all evening before and had won largely. He had given her a hundred dollars with which to handle some of the bills, and although she knew it would leave half of them unpaid, still the money looked comforting to her. A hundred dollars just out of the sky!

A few days before, as an alternative to actually moving out, he had paid up the rent. She could put this money on butcher and grocery bills and so feel free for a little while at least to charge afresh.

Gavin expected to go out tonight at nine o'clock for an evening of poker. Tony Reynolds was to call for him. Meanwhile he lay back in the big chair, smoking, listening to the radio, and Becky stretched herself crosswise on the bed, two pillows pulled under her head, and lay looking at him.

"Listen, Beck, what d'you suppose your mother'd say if you went home in January?"

(To be continued next week)



"Where'll we go today—that ax murder on Fourteenth Street, the trolley wreck on Third Avenue or the tenement fire downtown?"

IRVING BREGER

My hair's **losing** its grip..!
Try a massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. The answer's right at your fingertips
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
40¢ and 70¢

THERE'S nothing better than regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage to help check excess shedding . . . to help you keep your hair. It accomplishes two functions necessary to the health of your scalp: the massage wakes up the circulation, while 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic lubricates, supplements the natural scalp oils upon which the life and the good looks of your hair depend. Follow this easy and effective

Sustaining Program

EVERY WEEK before shampooing, massage plenty of Tonic well on to the scalp. Rub vigorously until it tingles and moves easily—especially at the top of the head.

EVERY DAY brush in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to help overcome dryness, keep the hair good looking and in place. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

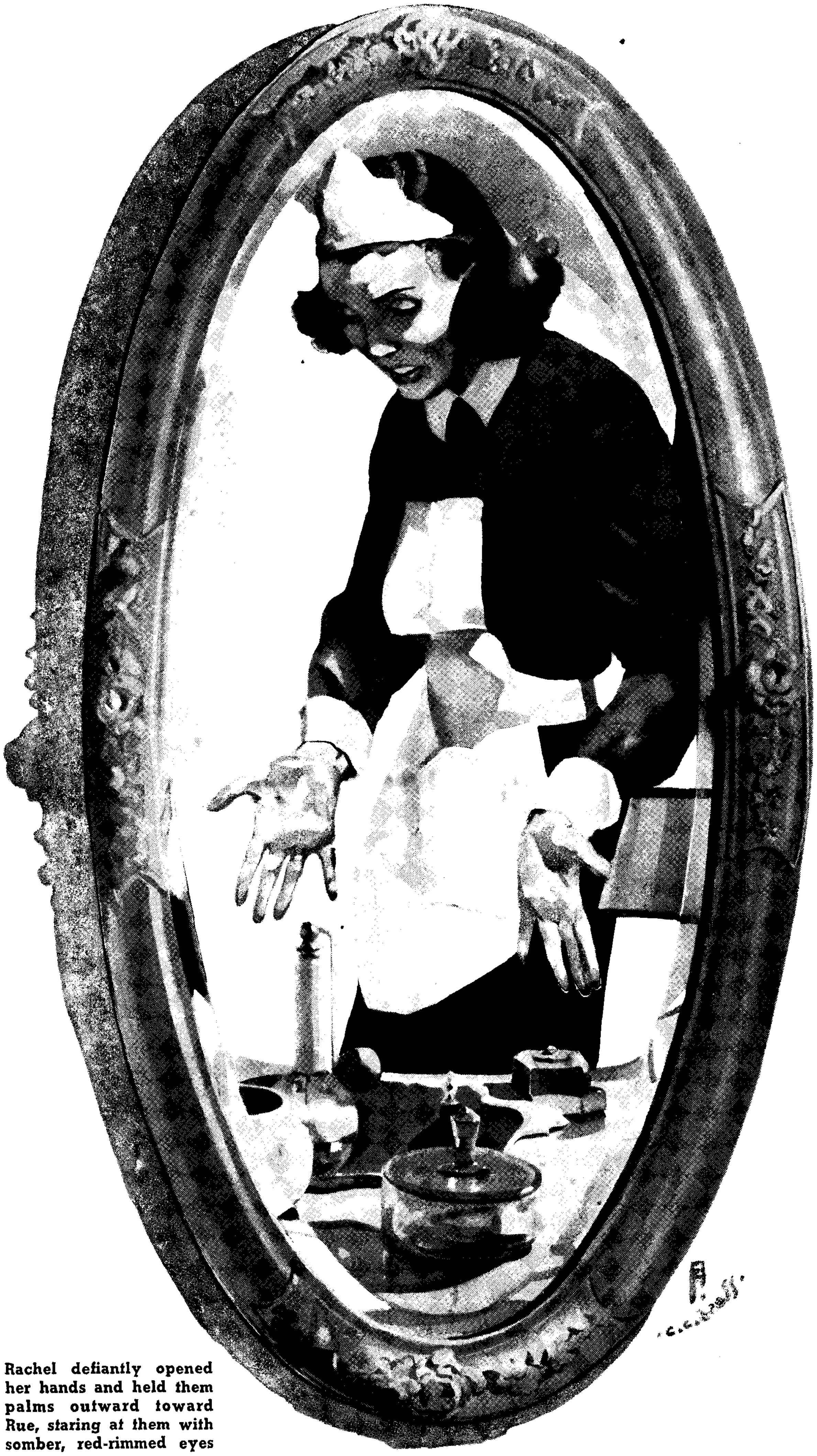
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1938, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

The Glass Slipper

By Mignon G. Eberhart

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



Rachel defiantly opened her hands and held them palms outward toward Rue, staring at them with somber, red-rimmed eyes

The Story Thus Far:

TEN months after his wife, Crystal, dies, Dr. Brule Hatterick marries one of the two nurses who had attended Crystal during her last illness.

Two months later, the second Mrs. Hatterick, Rue, receives a frightful shock: The police, urged on by an anonymous letter-writer, interview her and make it quite obvious that they suspect her of having poisoned Crystal Hatterick.

Rue feels certain that Juliet Garder, the other nurse who had served Crystal, knows something of importance concerning the case. But in the course of an interview between the two women, in the Hatterick home, Juliet (seemingly intoxicated and rambling on incoherently about "murder") slumps to the floor, dies. And a post-mortem examination reveals that she has been poisoned! The experts note that the victim's hands have turned green—a fact for which they cannot account; they are interested to learn, moreover, that the poison found in the body is similar to that which (they now know) had been administered to Crystal Hatterick!

A few hours after Juliet is murdered, someone attempts to do away with Rue—by depositing poison in a glass that she uses in her bedroom. Living with the Hattericks are: Madge, Brule's young daughter by Crystal, and a semi-invalid, Steven Hendrie, who is under Brule's care. Hendrie is engaged to Alicia Pelham, once Crystal's dearest friend. Like Madge, Alicia hates Rue. But Rue cannot bring herself to believe that either Madge or Alicia would try to kill her.

Andy Crittenden, who had been Crystal's physician, has fallen in love with Rue. Now, at last (although he is Hatterick's best friend and protégé), he tells her some of the things that he feels she should know. Brule and Alicia, he says, have been having an affair—an affair that began long before Crystal's death! He feels certain that Brule married Rue simply to protect Alicia from a possible murder charge. He implores Rue to run away with him to Canada, where he thinks she will be safe. Rue tells him that she is going to stay in Chicago and face whatever charges may be brought against her.

Brule will not admit that he and Alicia are in love. He asks Rue to have faith in him. He does not seem to regard his wife as guilty—even after she informs him that her old nursing kit, containing poison, is missing. A short time after they have their talk, the police again interrogate Rue. This time, concentrating on the keys to the house (they want to know how many there are, who has them), they say nothing of Crystal's death.

VIII

MADGE and Alicia were in the studio with Steven and he was playing the piano.

Rue hesitated on the threshold. There was no place for her there. She went upstairs and, forgetting that her own room—Crystal's room—had now been opened and cleaned, went to the little guest room beside Brule's study.

She entered it and closed the door—thinking of the police, of Miller and little Funk with his black eyebrows lifted, so that he looked constantly frightened, and of his clawlike hands. She wondered when they would remove the police guard about the house. There was always someone there.

It ought to have been a kind of guarantee of safety. It wasn't.

The continually recurring interviews with the police always frightened her. She had dropped her soft fur coat and sat down, thinking of that businesslike interview just past, when she realized that someone—a woman—was in Brule's study. And then she was crying and Brule was talking to her.

The woman sobbed again, wretchedly. And a man's voice said: "Give them to me. You're a fool. Bring them at once—and stop that shouting."

"I can't—I'm afraid—murder—"

"Oh, you fool—"

It was Brule. And he was angry—his voice at its very white heat of anger.

Yet when he spoke again his voice had changed. It was almost coaxing. He said: "Come now, my dear. You run along and do as I tell you. Nothing's going to hurt you. Nothing at all—nothing—"

After a moment a door opened and closed and there was silence in the study. Whoever had been there had gone—one of the maids? Cook? Who? Alicia and Madge were in the studio. Somehow the voice, sobbing though it was, had suggested Rachel. Brule must have gone with her.

But he hadn't. For the telephone rang in the study and Brule's voice answered it:

"Yes—(it's all right, Gross, hang up; I'll take it) —yes, this is Dr. Hatterick." Gross had answered simultaneously at the telephone downstairs. Brule's voice came hard and clear through the closed door: "All right. I'll come right away. Get a blood donor ready—I'll operate right away." The telephone clicked and the door to the study slammed. She reached her own door as Brule started down the stairs.

"Brule—"

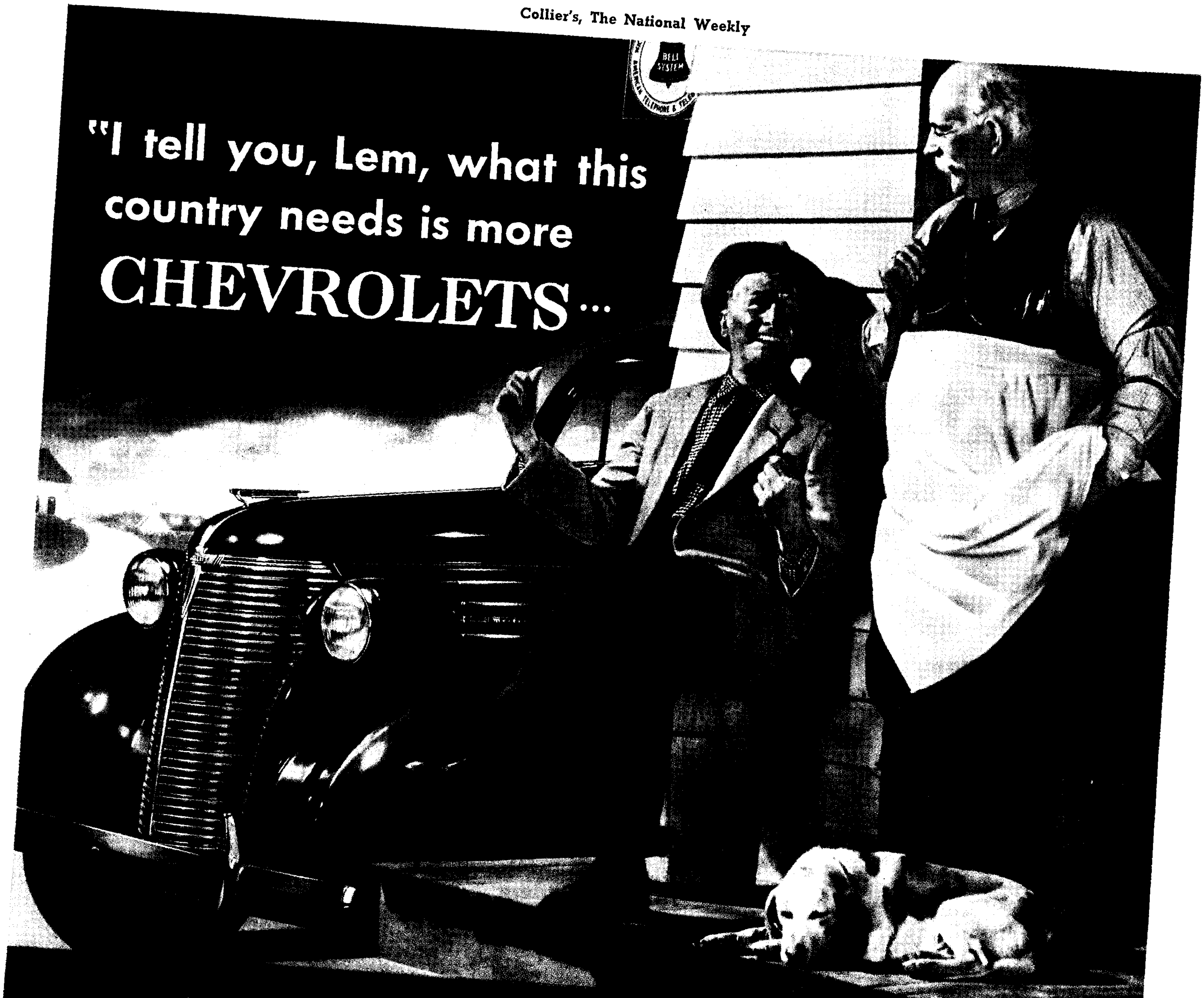
He jerked back toward her.

"Emergency," he said. "Let you know—" he was running downstairs. She heard him in the hall below. "Get my coat quick. Is my car still outside? No, I'll drive myself. Quicker."

He was gone.

She went back to the guest room, perceived its slick emptiness, remembered that her own things had been removed to her room *(Continued on page 55)*

"I tell you, Lem, what this country needs is more CHEVROLETS...



...and more good, sensible, thrifty folks driving 'em—folks who know how to cut costs and get the most value for their money"

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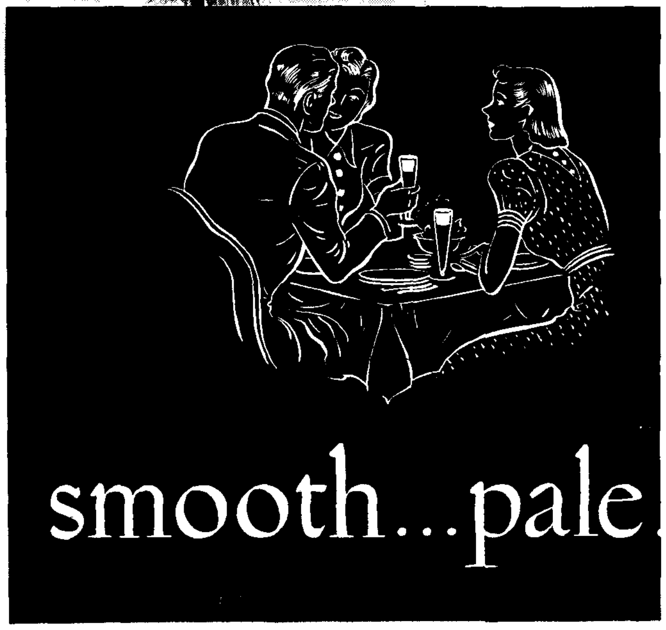
A distinguished essayist has this to say about Schlitz

Some things make life not only bearable but occasionally triumphant. They delight the senses and lift the spirit. *There is sunlight playing on the spray of a waterfall* . . . a great city awakening at the break of a clear day . . . *the sudden strike of a rainbow trout* . . . the friendly laugh of a high-spirited woman . . . *the tinkle of far-off bells* . . . the crack of a player's bat just before the sphere soars away to the waiting bleachers—*and then* there is a pale beer that would have delighted Epicurus himself, who demanded the better things of life.

Dull men, seeking to explain things, might say that this beer is made from grain, hops and water. As well say that a beautiful woman is composed of flesh and bones. Or that great piano music comes from steel wires and tusks of elephants. . . . Not so!

This most delightful beer is compounded of the fruit of the fields which has grown heavy in the voluptuous sun and been fanned by the zephyrs in their seasons, and freshets of water drawn from places that are deep and pure. Such beer is as clear as the honey made from mountain flowers, but it is not sweet. Nor is it bitter. It is smooth, pale, dry. Its collar is a necklace of fine froth. Its weight is as nothing. It rests as easily as a lullaby. And yet it has tang and flavor. It sharpens the taste and soothes the memory. We are, of course, speaking of SCHLITZ!

Schlitz is a perfect appetizer before meals—and just as delightfully drinkable during the meal because it is hearty, without being heavy. No refrigerator is complete unless it has a supply of this great table beer.



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JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

itself

The Beer that made Milwaukee famous

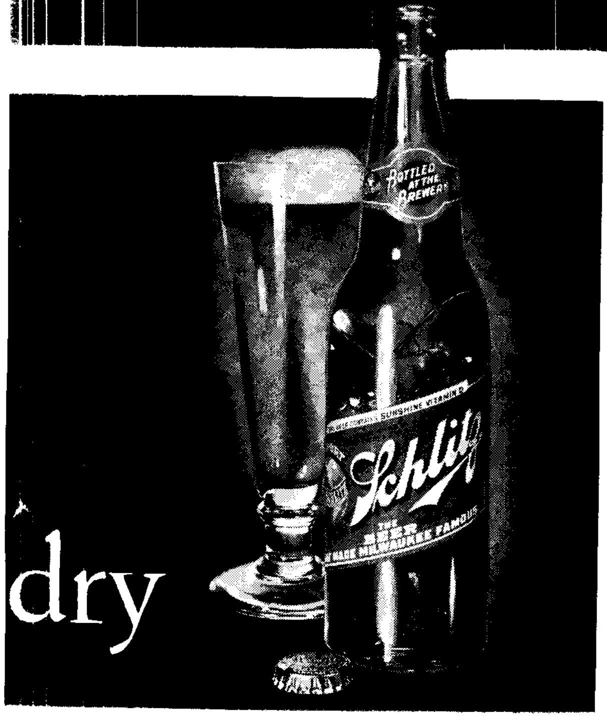
history

Everlastingly linked with the name SCHLITZ is one of the happiest slogans that ever grew out of a fact. You heard it years ago. Your father and grandfather heard it before you. It's "The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous." The name SCHLITZ has stood for the *best* in beer for almost a century.

SCHLITZ is perfectly brewed to the modern taste. It's a wondrously pale beer, luminous and excitingly transparent—appetizingly dry—affably smooth.

And true to character, SCHLITZ is abundantly rich in old-time beer flavor, and deeply satisfying as real beer should be.

That's why we say—*The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous* is making history today!



taste

Schlitz

today! *...and you'll prefer Schlitz always*

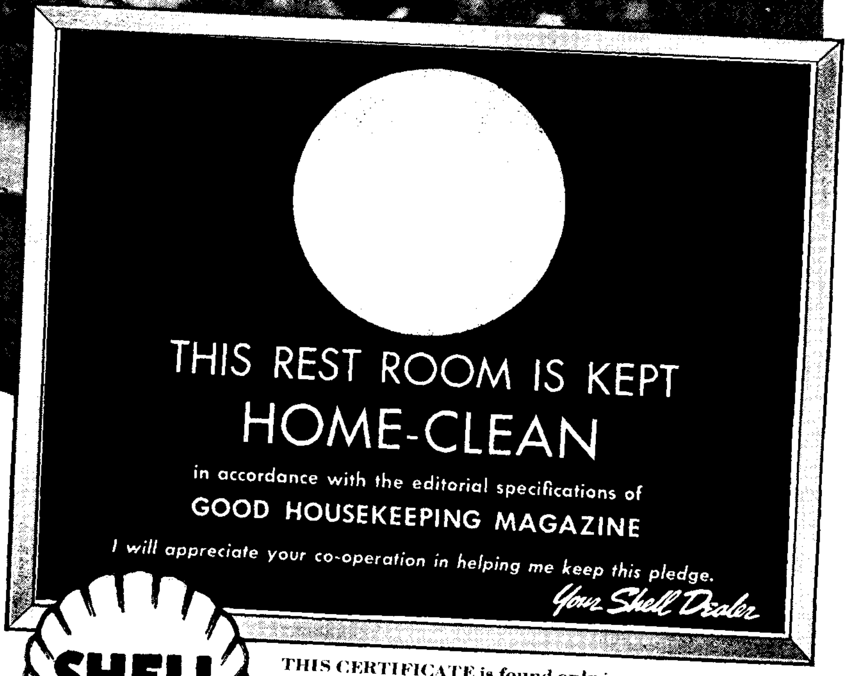
"With their 'White Cross of Cleanliness,' Shell dealers guide us to Rest Rooms such as Good Housekeeping recommends"

writes **Mrs. Marjorie B. Illig**
Chairman, 1935-38, Division of Public Health, General Federation of Women's Clubs.

"I *congratulate Shell dealers on their prompt response to the plea of* Good Housekeeping Magazine *for sanitary equipment and better housekeeping in gasoline-station rest rooms. With their 'White Cross of Cleanliness,' these dealers guide us to rest rooms such as* Good Housekeeping *recommends.*"

This statement was made because of the General Federation of Women's Clubs' interest in cleanliness. No business transaction of any sort was made.

THANK YOU, MRS. ILLIG! And thanks to *Good Housekeeping Magazine* for pointing out so clearly what the public wants. Only Shell dealers whose rest rooms are kept up to the mark can continue to display Shell's "White Cross of Cleanliness." When on the road, let the "WHITE CROSS OF CLEANLINESS" be your guide!



THIS REST ROOM IS KEPT
HOME-CLEAN
in accordance with the editorial specifications of
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
I will appreciate your co-operation in helping me keep this pledge.
Your Shell Dealer

SHELL

THIS CERTIFICATE is found only in rest rooms at Shell dealers who have agreed to maintain *Good Housekeeping* cleanliness standards. If any rest room displaying this Certificate does not come up to your expectations, please tell the dealer or mail your suggestions on the post card provided in the rest room for this purpose.

The Feast of Kali

Continued from page 21

Denman Hale's eyes as merciful unconsciousness returned.

When James Lee's car roared across the bridge that spanned China Channel, Chew Lim met him.

"Get in," Lee said. "Which way?"

"To the northwest, about two miles from here along the levee road."

"Did you know the dead man?"

"I knew him well. His name is Lal Gulam. He and Sardar Lan have ruled my master's Hindu crews for ten years."

"Why do you think Sang Hop had him killed?"

"Because this dead Lal Gulam and his mate, Sardar Lan, have opposed Sang Hop for many years."

"Why was the dead man so far from his camp?"

"I cannot say. He may have visited the Seaborn Heaven to rescue some of his countrymen from Sang Hop's hands. Many of these India men smoke opium."

"You have used opium there?"

"At various times," Chew Lim confessed.

"Last night?"

"Aye, five or six pipes."

"The color?"

"Not black—red and rotten with dust that choked me with its smoke."

"A man creates his own hell," James Lee observed.

AT THE scene of the murder James Lee devoted ten minutes to his examination of the dead man. Then, absorbed in a complex series of problems that had developed with his discoveries of various elements of evidence, he turned and made his way up the sloping face of the embankment, inspecting every foot of the ground. Ending where Lal Gulam lay, the track of the dragged corpse was plainly visible. Where this track left the roadway on top of the levee James Lee halted. Directly before him in the motor road an oil-blackened area of dirt half as large as a man's hand claimed his attention. "The car stopped there." Four feet south of the oiled spot the ground was marked with a small crater formed by the impact of rust-stained water that had fallen from the leaking radiator. Near this lay the crushed body of a butterfly. Still attached to this, their orange and yellow markings brilliant against the brown earth, were two of the insect's wings. Four feet from the butterfly, toward the water side of the levee, James Lee found the stub of a brown-paper cigarette.

He picked this up and lighted it, inhaling two mouthfuls of the smoke. He threw the burning stub of the cigarette away and walked toward his car. To Chew Lim, abruptly, "Where is the companion of the dead Lal Gulam—the other foreman of the Hindu laborers, Sardar Lan?"

"He is probably working in the sugar beets along the north boundary of my master's land, six miles ahead."

James Lee started the car. He opened up to a perilous sixty.

Beyond the turn the rough roadway eastward along Fish River slowed their progress for two miles, and then, "There are the Hindu laborers," Chew Lim announced, lifting a trembling hand toward the broad field to the right. "The man with the stick—the bearded man with the black turban—that is Sardar Lan."

The siren on James Lee's car howled a brief note. Sardar Lan looked at the car for a moment and started across the field toward it.

"What you want?" he asked when he came up.

"Lal Gulam is dead," James Lee said.

Sardar Lan's eyes grew terrified.

"Who would kill Lal Gulam—with this?" From the pocket of his coat James Lee hauled out a six-foot length of brown, bloodstained cord. "See, the strangler's knot! Who hated Lal Gulam? Hindu man? India man? Sikh, not pray Mohammed like you? Maybe pray to Siva. Maybe Vishnu. Maybe—"

Interrupting, "I know what better do," Sardar Lan suggested. "You see Hindu priest of Siva temple. You ask him."

"Get into the car."

Racing back along the route toward Denman Hale's house, Chew Lim cast a questioning look at James Lee as they passed the Seaborn Heaven in Jordan Slough. "You are not attempting the capture of Sang Hop?"

"Not now."

"But he killed Lal Gulam and my master may be his prisoner—tortured—at this moment."

"That may be. I think not."

DENMAN HALE at the moment lay face down on the dank earth floor of the Siva temple. He alternated now through varying periods of consciousness. After a more complete returning to life he became vaguely aware of a subdued, droning chant, intoned by a robed figure in a thronelike chair. The chant ended and the recital of some ritual of devotion began. Hale filled his lungs with air that seemed to burn his swollen throat. He tried with his tongue to eject the cotton rag that filled his mouth. Failing, he whined in impotent rage.

The voice of the clacking priest was silent. Two turbaned men picked Hale up. They carried him to a narrow six-foot pit that they had dug in the earth floor and lowered him into it, feet first. His flexed legs could not support him and he slumped down until his head was a foot below the surface of the floor.

The priest of Siva resumed his chanting, voicing his devotion in hypnotic monotones barely audible to the half-conscious victim in the earthen pit.

After a little while Hale felt a cascading stream of rice grains falling upon his bowed head. . . .

ON THE smooth highway, speeding toward Stockton at eighty miles an hour James Lee questioned Sardar Lan. "The Siva temple—who will be there now? What priests?"

"There will be Lakman Singh very sure. Always him. Also maybe strong man priest name Gadar."

"And Basanty Lal?"

Sardar Lan's eyes widened with astonishment. "You know before these bad men?"

"No, but I have ears." James Lee passed a loaded .38 revolver to Sardar Lan. "Which way now to the temple of Siva?"

"Five streets more," Sardar Lan said.

Half a block from his objective James Lee stopped the car. Old Chew Lim got out with Lee. "I go with you," he said.

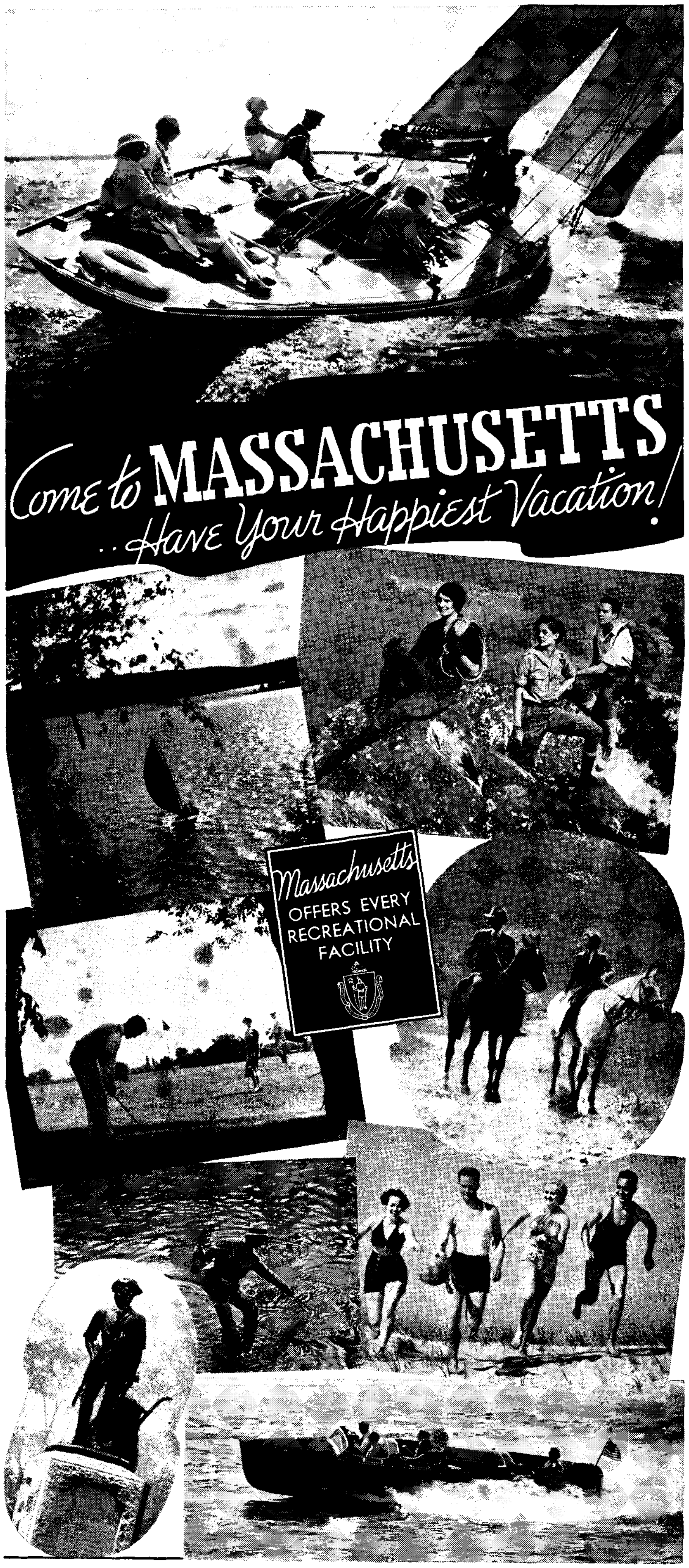
"You would better remain here."

"I go with you," Chew Lim repeated in Cantonese. "Three are better than two if there is conflict."

"Come ahead."

Sardar Lan was fifty feet in advance. He turned in through the gate of a dilapidated frame house thirty feet back from the sidewalk. At the gate James Lee heard Sardar speak in Hindustanee to someone inside the house. "Follow quickly," Lee said to old Chew Lim. "Sardar speaks to one of the men we seek."

In ten steps, with Chew Lim behind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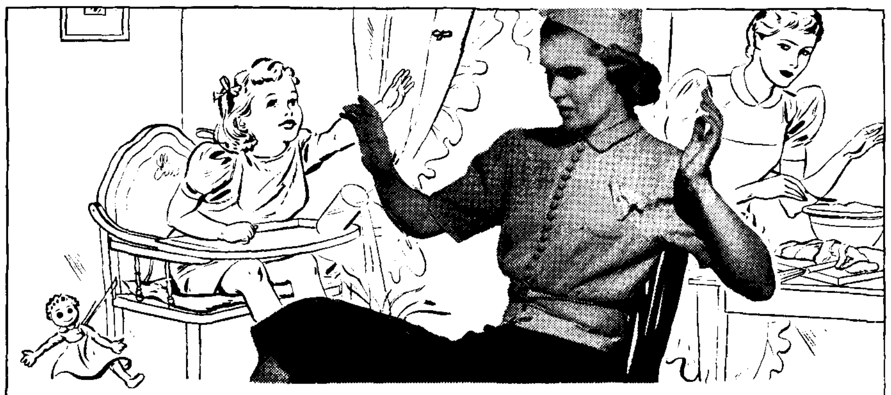
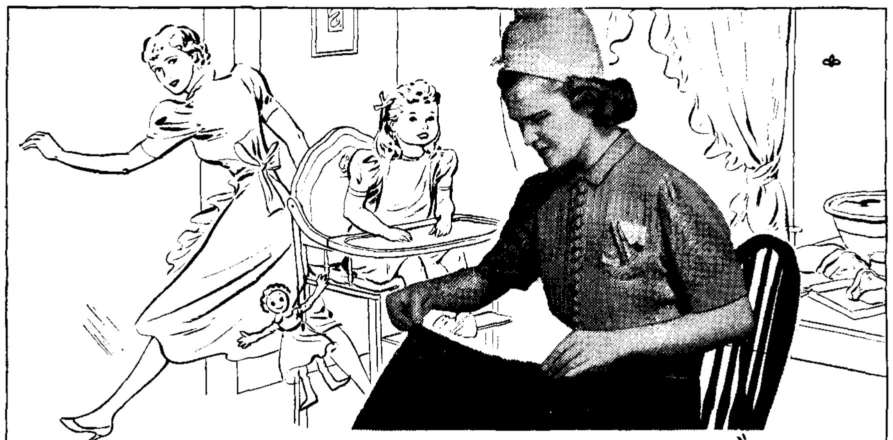
"THERE AIN'T NO FLIES ON AUNTY"

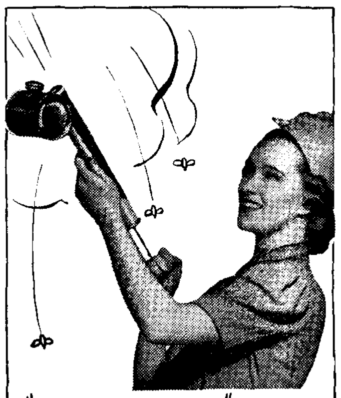


NANCY MAURER, AGED THREE, MAKES PASS AT FLY AND SPILLS GLASS OF WATER IN VISITING AUNT'S LAP.



AS MRS. M. RACES FOR A TOWEL AUNT ANNA DECLARES, "NOW I AM GOING TO OPEN THAT PACKAGE I BOUGHT THIS MORNING."

AS SHE UNWRAPS GULFSPRAY, MRS. M. CRIES, "YOU WOULDN'T DARE USE FLYSPRAY IN THE KITCHEN, AUNTY! IT'LL RUIN THE FOOD."



"OFCOURSE I DARE USE IT," AUNT ANNA CHUCKLES. "THIS IS GULFSPRAY, THE SPRAY THAT KILLS FLIES, BUT NEVER TAINTS FOOD."

ALL FLIES ARE DEAD. FOOD'S AS TASTY AS BEFORE. MAMA HUGS AUNTY. AUNTY HUGS BABY. GULFSPRAY SOLVES ANOTHER PROBLEM.

DO AS THOUSANDS OF WOMEN ARE DOING. USE GULFSPRAY. IT CONTAINS MORE PYRETHRINS, THE KILLING INGREDIENT—KILLS FASTER, GOES FARTHER. IT'S SURE DEATH TO FLIES, MOSQUITOES, EVEN GARDEN INSECTS—AND IT WON'T HARM PLANTS!

SPECIAL GARDEN OFFER! FLOWER-CLIPPER SHEARS (USUALLY SOLD FOR 75¢) FOR ONLY 35¢ WITH COUPON FROM QUART OR PINT OF GULFSPRAY! AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE OR GOOD GULF DEALER.

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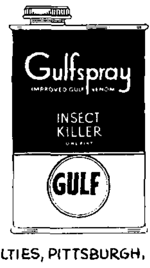
LOWEST PRICES EVER!

25¢ PINT (OTHER ECONOMICAL SIZES, TOO)



GULF PETROLEUM SPECIALTIES, PITTSBURGH, PA.

him, Lee was at Sardar's side. "They say not open door," Sardar whispered.

"Gadar Singh? Basanty Lal?"

Sardar nodded. "Yes. Both man."

Without a moment's hesitation James Lee pulled a .45 automatic from its holster under his left armpit and fired a shot through the lock on the door. "Now!" he said to Sardar. "Kick it in! Break it down!"

Sardar lunged at the door. It gave way with the second impact of his shoulder. James Lee walked over it into a long hallway that ran the full length of the house. There were three doors opening from this hallway on the right, two on the left. "Break into those three rooms!" he said to Sardar Lan. "And be on your guard!"

The two rooms to the left were empty. As Sardar opened the door of the middle room James Lee turned to the one at the end of the hall. "No man here," Sardar called.

At that moment from the rear of the house James Lee heard a man's voice raised in a howl of pain, and under it a continuous cackle of Cantonese. "Old Chew has something!" But now there was no time for Chew Lim's affair, for from the opening door of the last room a blast of gunfire greeted James Lee. He felt the splintering panels of the door hitting against his chest, and the heavy air was suddenly acrid with the fumes of black powder. He dodged to the left, firing low at the shrouded figure of a man inside the room. There followed a groan of pain and a man's voice snarling invectives in guttural Hindustanee.

ON THE instant Sardar Lan was at James Lee's side. "It is Basanty Lal," he said. "Let me go first."

Sardar dived through the door, his .38 ready for action, but Basanty Lal was out of the fight, writhing in pain on the dirt floor of the room. Sardar kicked his prostrate enemy. "Paying now with blood," he announced to James Lee. "He choke many other man dead without blood. Pay now with blood."

"Never mind that! Look! Quick!" In the half light of the room James Lee swung Sardar Lan around to face a seated figure, inert in a great chair, facing a gilded idol on a throne against the west wall of the room. "The priest of Siva! The goddess Kali is feasting on a victim the priest provides!"

"The priest is Lakman Singh," Sardar announced.

Between the gilded image of Siva and the inert priest, from a great brass bowl, suspended by three iron chains from an ebony tripod, a thin stream of rice grains fell, like the sand in an hourglass, into a circular pit in the dirt floor of the room. Seeing this, Sardar's eyes widened in horror. "The feast of Kali!" He leaped to the rice-filled pit in the earthen floor and buried his hands in the cone of rice that had fallen from the brass bowl.

In three seconds, scooping out the rice with his cupped hands, "My master!" Sardar exclaimed.

James Lee with a glance at the inert figure of the priest, fell to the aid of Sardar Lan. A moment's work revealed Denman Hale's head. "He is not dead," James Lee announced. "He is breathing."

When the pair could reach Hale's armpits they hauled him upward.

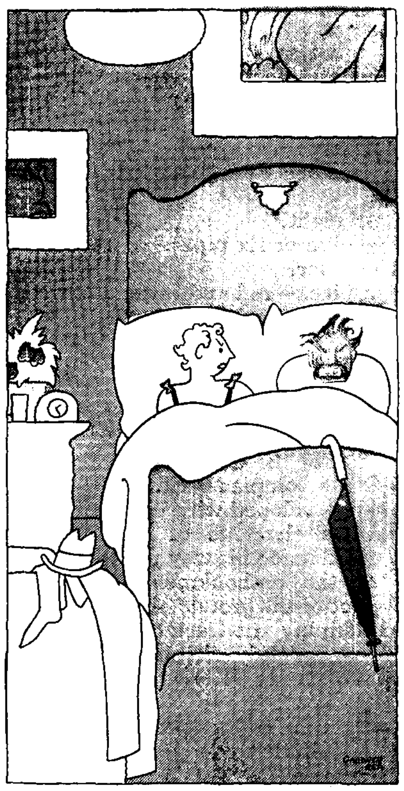
"This man was twice near death," James Lee said to Sardar Lan. "Bring some cold water now. He is returning to life. And ask Chew Lim to—"

The siren of a patrol interrupted him. A moment later four police officers came into the room. "What's the shooting?" the first one asked. "What's going on in here?"

"I'm responsible," James Lee answered. "This is a federal job. My name is Lee. That man on the floor, and that opium sleeper in the chair—you can hold them for murder. Lend a hand here with this man, will you? He's Denman Hale—the Siva crew almost got him. One of you men telephone the sheriff to round up Sang Hop and his gang on the ark boat."

When two of the police officers had taken over the task of reviving Denman Hale, James Lee made a quick search for old Chew Lim. He found him on guard over the inert form of Gadar Singh. There was a noose of clothesline around Gadar's neck. "Mebbe choke him too much plenty allee same fashion him killum eprybody," Chew Lim explained in a loud voice, hoping the world might hear. In Cantonese, to James Lee, his voice trembling in anticipation of disaster, "My master—he met death?"

"He lives!" James Lee answered. "He had not quite finished the Feast of Kali that the Siva men prepared for him."



"Next time your work on the lot leaves you too tired to remove your make-up, you sleep in the guest room!"

GARDNER REA

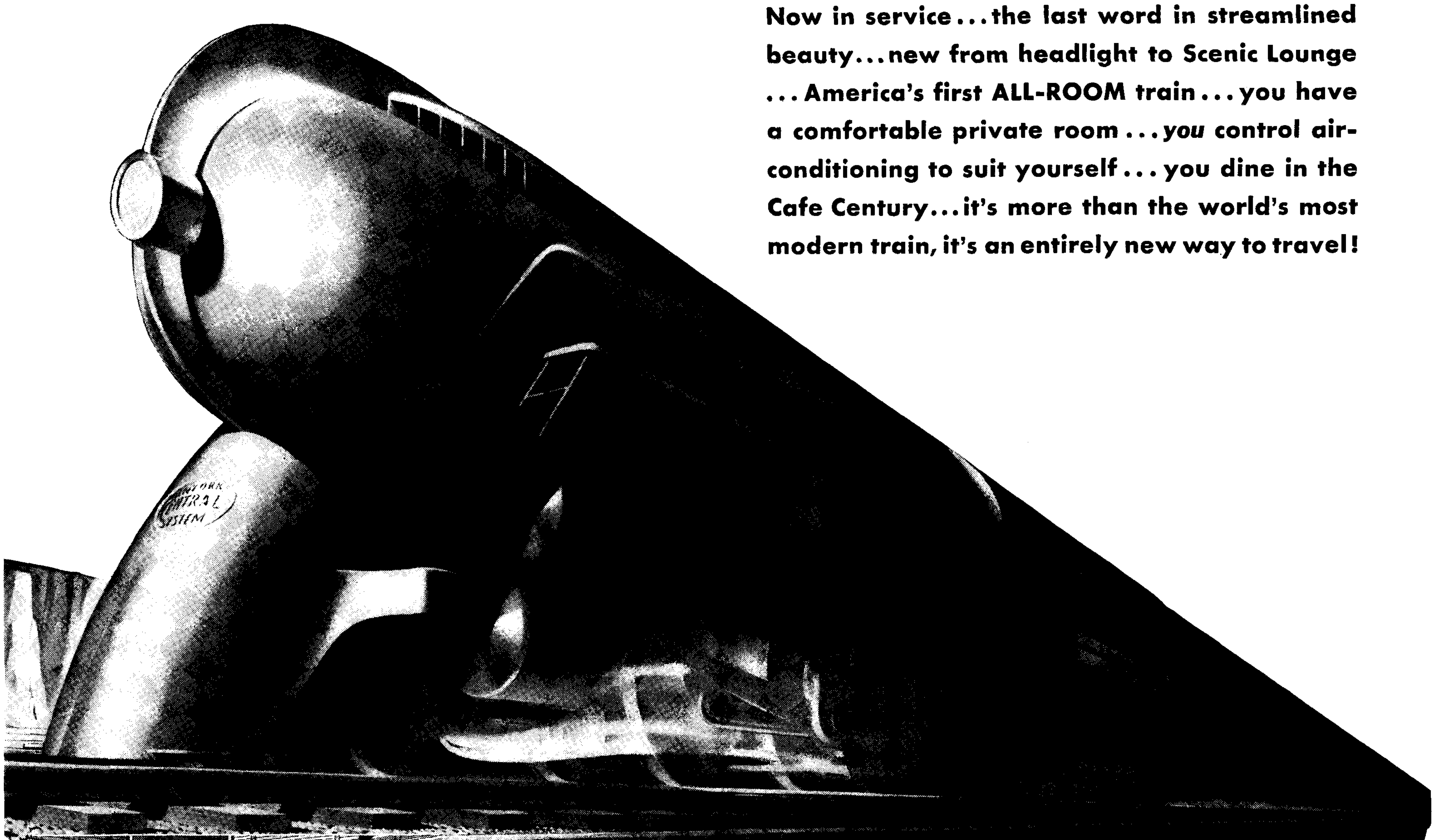
AN HOUR later, to Denman Hale, "I had to guess fast," James Lee confessed. "We knew that a lot of Indian opium was coming in. Old Chew Lim said Sang Hop's opium was red and dirty with dust. That's India stuff. . . . The cord that killed Lal Gulam—the lay of the strands, the long red fibers, the strangler's knot—obviously of India, probably a Siva-worshiping gang of thugs. The cigarette, typically Agra Chumbul leaf. Then the dead butterfly that had dropped from the radiator of Basanty Lal's car. The Indian opium has been coming into California from Nevada towns east of the Sierra. The butterfly was a mountain swallowtail —*Papilio indra,* and an imported stranger in this Delta country. Various other leads—but why bore you? Mostly guesswork. Ounce of brains and a ton of luck, that's the secret."

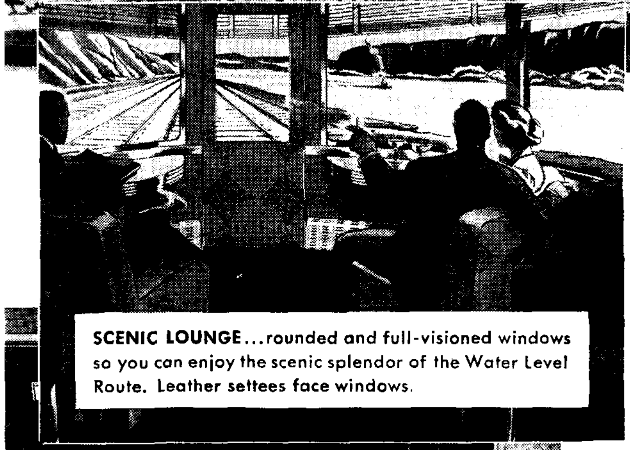
Denman Hale rubbed a gentle finger over the livid scars on his neck. "Luck be damned!" he said. "I needed more than luck when you stormed in. I ran plumb out of luck late last night. A ton of brains! I'll tell the world. Boy, here's to you!"

NEW 20TH CENTURY LIMITED

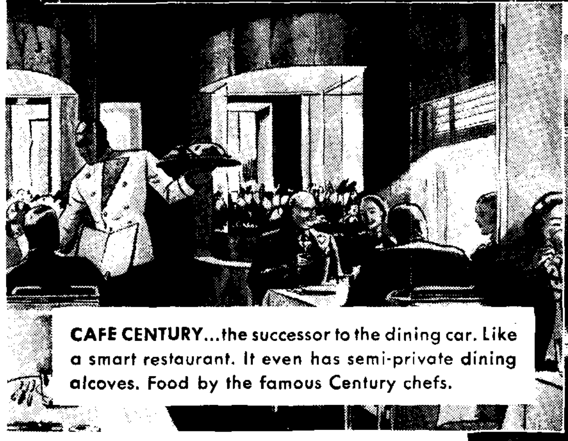
The First "Luxury Liner on Wheels"

Now in service . . . the last word in streamlined beauty . . . new from headlight to Scenic Lounge . . . America's first ALL-ROOM train . . . you have a comfortable private room . . . *you* control air-conditioning to suit yourself . . . you dine in the Cafe Century . . . it's more than the world's most modern train, it's an entirely new way to travel!

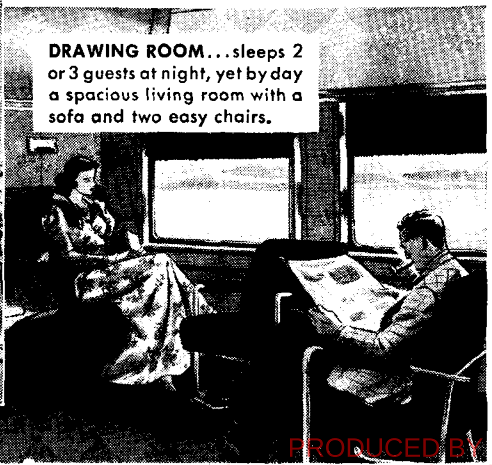




SCENIC LOUNGE . . . rounded and full-visioned windows so you can enjoy the scenic splendor of the Water Level Route. Leather settees face windows.



CAFE CENTURY . . . the successor to the dining car. Like a smart restaurant. It even has semi-private dining alcoves. Food by the famous Century chefs.



DRAWING ROOM . . . sleeps 2 or 3 guests at night, yet by day a spacious living room with a sofa and two easy chairs.

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Lv. Chicago 4:00 P. M. Ar. New York 9:00 A. M.

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MORE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE "CENTURY" . . . At the cost of a section, you get a private room . . . with plenty of space, a clothes closet and lavatory. All beds are 6 feet 5 inches long. You have any space you desire . . . from a roomette to an elaborate "bridal suite".

Every car has a telephone for bar and restaurant service . . . you hear recorded and radio music in the Cafe Century . . . radio in the Scenic Lounge. Throughout the train there's "man-made weather" all year 'round.

The train is wholly new in design . . . by Henry Dreyfuss, collaborating with New York Central and Pullman engineers. The train travels 960 miles in 960 minutes. It's 500 tons lighter, yet is safer, stronger and more silent. Locomotives are 4700 h.p., costing over $140,000 each. In all, there are 10 locomotives and 62 new cars.

Two things are NOT new. One is the famous roadbed—the Water Level Route (You can SLEEP). The other is the fare. It remains the same. **So, more than ever, "it PAYS to ride the Century!"**

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM **. . . YOU CAN *SLEEP***

1 Dimorphodon was one of the world's first gliders. He had a 5-foot wing spread and lived during the . . .

2 . . . age of the dinosaurs. But millions of years before he came, Nature was mellowing and filtering the crude oil from which Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil is refined. This is the famous Bradford-Allegany crude—costliest in . . .

3 . . . the world. Because oldest crudes, plus expert refining, make finest lubricants, you'll find Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil stands up better and lasts longer in use. Ask your nearby Sinclair dealer for Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil.

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Winning Stroke

Continued from page 15

think that's a slick name. Honestly I do."

"You live here?"

"I go to Radcliffe." She plucked at the tall grass. "You know, I've been thinking about what you told me yesterday."

"You mean about Joe Veeder's being a good man?"

"No, I mean about Foss' being dropped *for no reason at all.* I think that's pretty rotten."

"I guess it's rotten, but it's too late to do anything about it now."

"Oh, no, it isn't. Uh—I mean if Foss could find out who lied about him he might get the thing straightened out. They don't go down to Red Top until Saturday."

"I guess Foss doesn't care any more. If they want to toss him off on the strength of an absurd story, why that's okay with him."

A light rain had begun to fall and she threw her trench coat over her shoulders. It was a dirty coat, but it looked pretty keen on her.

"I'd like to go out with you," he said. "Would you mind?"

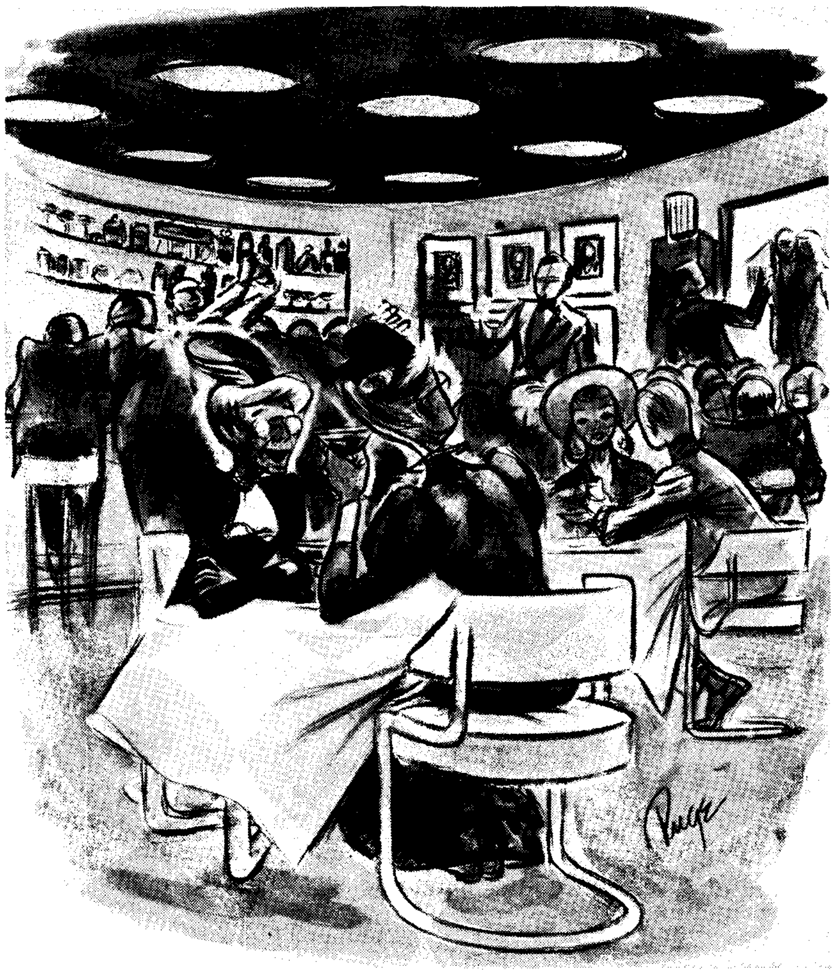
"No, I wouldn't mind at all. I'd like to, but there's time enough for that. I'm here every day."

She was there the next day, and the day after that, but she didn't come Friday. He waited until six-thirty and then he lost hope. He couldn't understand it. He tried to think of something offensive he might have said, but it wasn't any use. She had been friendly the day before and he couldn't think of anything that might have happened since. But there was something. Of course, there was something! He should have known. You can't have a girl who trusts you learn that you've lied to her. She discovered that his name wasn't Bill Blake, and now she would think that all that stuff about having only one beer—which *was* the truth, damn it—was just a story to make him look good, to make him look like a martyr. Well, he had himself to thank for that. He wouldn't see her again. And, realizing that, he decided to get drunk and thus appropriate the gain as well as the blame.

He didn't go directly to his room, but up to the Square where he bought a pint of rye and some ginger ale. There was a fellow he knew by sight standing in the store and when he heard Bill ask for the liquor, he smiled to himself. Bill knew what he was thinking. *The poor guy can't leave the stuff alone.* But nothing mattered now, so he took the package and went down to Winthrop House.

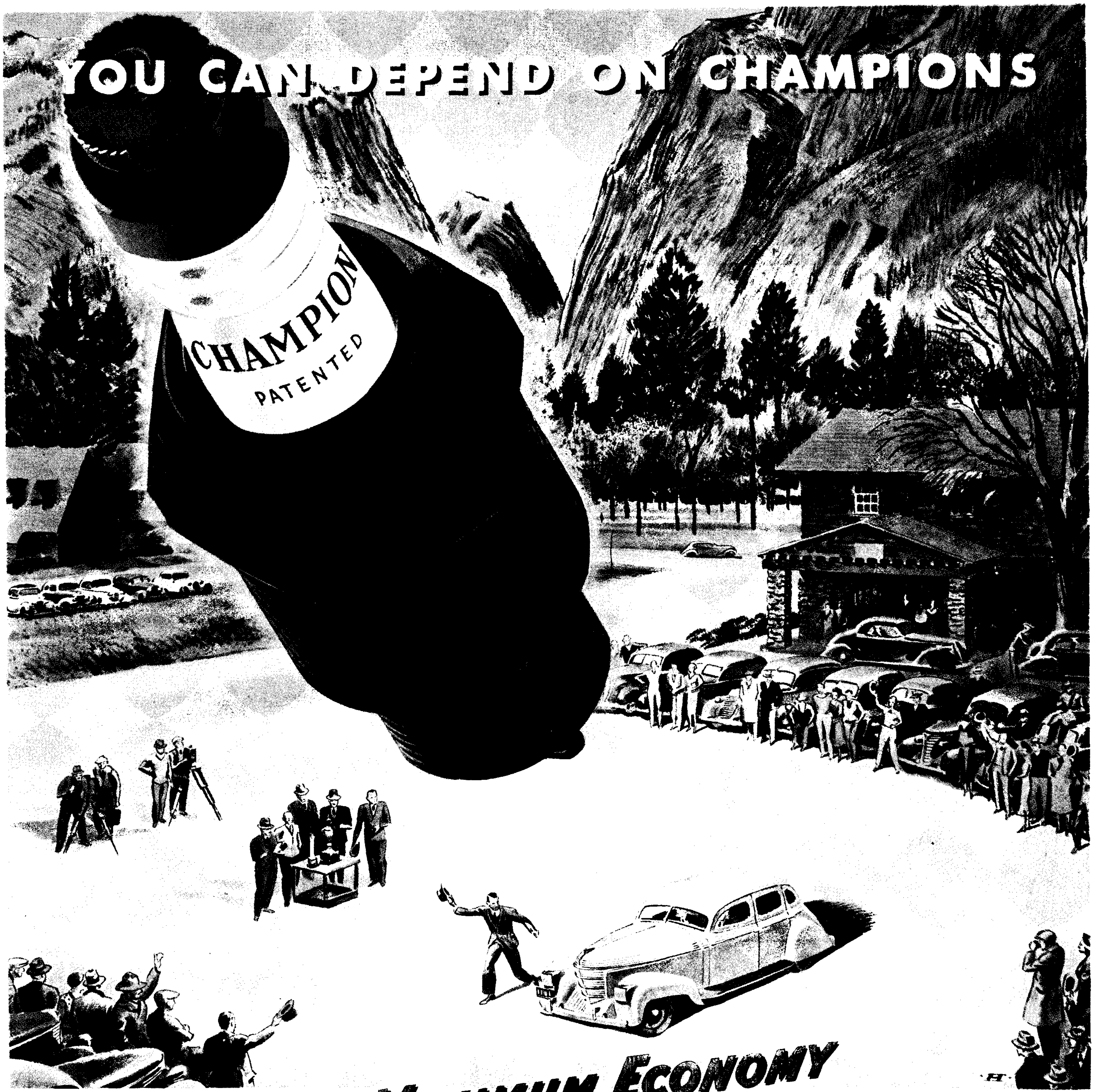
HE MIXED himself a drink and went to the phonograph. The record on top was When Day is Done. He put it at the bottom of the pile. He'd find the right thing this time! Melancholy Baby. Exactly Like You. Blue Again. That's the one! Louis Armstrong's Blue Again. He put it on and took up his drink. Boy, that's one fine record.

He was really getting an edge. It didn't take much to hit a guy who's been in training. It's the rum-pots with their hollow legs who can hold it. He picked up the Crimson and began to look through it. Mr. Deeds Goes to Town at the University. Briggs & Briggs were announcing that Bunny Berigan's recording of I Can't Get Started from the Follies was now in stock. He wished he had that. Mr. Berigan and Mr. Foss regret to announce that they can't get started. Dance at Dunster House. That was it! That was what he wanted. He'd go to Dunster House. He'd get blotto



"You know, Bertha, we could knock down plenty of potatoes if we owned a piece of a trap like this!" JOHN RUGE

YOU CAN DEPEND ON CHAMPIONS



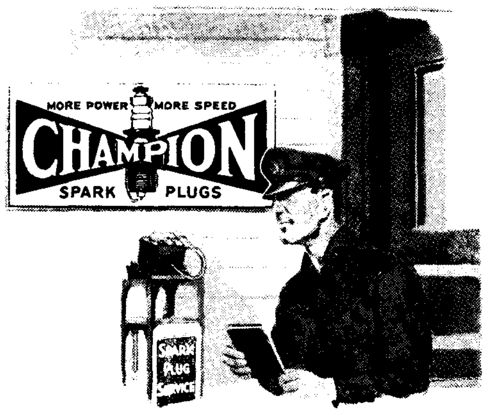
FOR MAXIMUM ECONOMY

Under the strict surveillance of the A.A.A. Contest Board, 26 stock cars recently left Los Angeles for Yosemite National Park, 314.5 miles away. Every car was carefully prepared for, and every driver was intent on, one thing only—extracting the most miles per gallon out of every gallon of gas.

This was the third annual Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Run, a real test of engine efficiency and economy. The route is not conducive to good mileage, including as it does almost 100 miles of winding mountain highway and climbs reaching an elevation of over 6000 feet. The "stingy drivers", as they are known, furnished proof positive that engines equipped with Champion Spark Plugs get maximum miles per gallon.

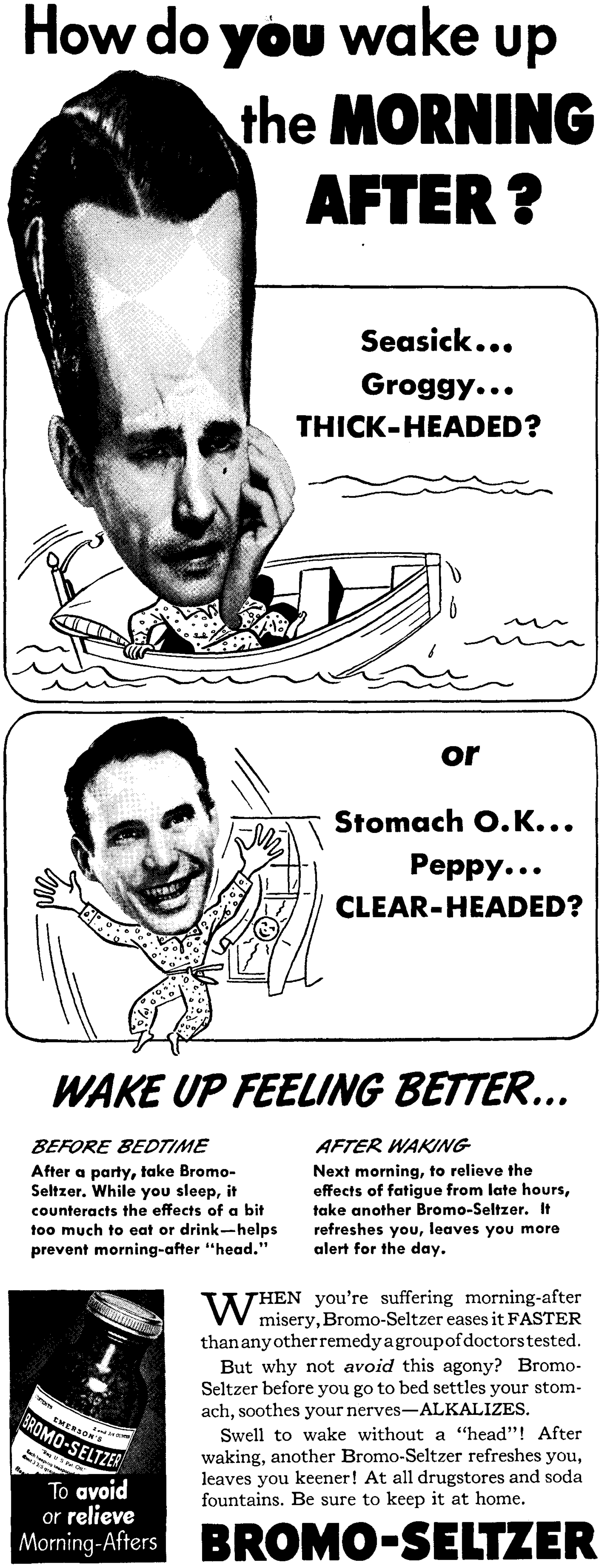
The Sweepstakes winner in this event set a new record with Champion Spark Plugs. Eight out of ten first places in various classes went to Champion-equipped cars.

For maximum economy in *your* car replace worn-out spark plugs with new Champions and you'll quickly save their cost in extra gas mileage. Wherever you find dependable service, you'll find a dependable Champion dealer.



The Sign of Dependable Service

HECK AND CLEAN SPARK P … WHEN YOU CHA


How do **you** wake up the **MORNING AFTER?**

Seasick... Groggy... THICK-HEADED?

or

Stomach O.K... Peppy... CLEAR-HEADED?

WAKE UP FEELING BETTER...

BEFORE BEDTIME

After a party, take Bromo-Seltzer. While you sleep, it counteracts the effects of a bit too much to eat or drink—helps prevent morning-after "head."

AFTER WAKING

Next morning, to relieve the effects of fatigue from late hours, take another Bromo-Seltzer. It refreshes you, leaves you more alert for the day.

WHEN you're suffering morning-after misery, Bromo-Seltzer eases it FASTER than any other remedy a group of doctors tested.

But why not *avoid* this agony? Bromo-Seltzer before you go to bed settles your stomach, soothes your nerves—ALKALIZES.

Swell to wake without a "head"! After waking, another Bromo-Seltzer refreshes you, leaves you keener! At all drugstores and soda fountains. Be sure to keep it at home.

To **avoid** or **relieve** Morning-Afters

BROMO-SELTZER

and dance with all the slick babes and forget that there ever was a girl with yellow hair. Mr. Foss and Mr. Deeds would go to town in Dunster House. He wished he had a long black beard. No one ever saw a drunk with a black beard. Ezra Pound, D. H. Lawrence, Abraham Lincoln, and all members of Antarctic expeditions had black beards, but you never saw them drunk, did you? Well, why wouldn't it be a fine idea to grow a black beard and get tight. Except that he wouldn't be able to grow the beard in time for the dance. He went a bit unsteadily into the bedroom and began to look for his dress clothes.

It was a Ruby Newman band at Dunster House, and Sammy, the drummer, was singing some song about Mrs. Worthington's not putting her daughter on the stage. *On my knees, Mrs. Worthington. Please, Mrs. Worthington....* It seemed to be getting kind of serious. Bill stood at the top of the stairs and surveyed the moving mass on the floor. There were a lot of legends here tonight. Richardson Leith was here. Richardson, out of St. Paul's and a seedy polo player, was here with a show girl. Even Michael Fleming had condescended to attend the affair. Michael was Phi Beta, a commuter, and danced as if he were sparring with Joe Louis. Michael was with a girl who looked as if she might be from South Boston and a member of the Junior Philomathea. This was glamor. You didn't get glamor stroking a crew along the Charles every afternoon.

He saw Bud Ware standing alone and called to him. "Hi, Bud," he said. "Got a drink, Bud?"

"You bet," said Bud. "Let's go up to my room."

There was a phonograph in one corner of Bud's room and near by a pile of records. Bud went into the bathroom and returned with two glasses. "Soda, Bill?" he said. Bill said yes and went over to inspect the records.

"Hey, Bud, you really got some fine stuff here." He kept looking through the pile. "Cornet Chop Suey! You really got 'em, Bud. You got a thing called I Can't Get Started by Bunny?"

"Sure, I bought it today. It's over there." Bud pointed to it and handed Bill a drink.

They played I Can't Get Started and then Cornet Chop Suey and after a while Bud said, "Hang around if you want. I'm going downstairs. There's a babe I'd like to dance with."

When Bill reached the dance floor an hour later, he was staggering and carrying a large wastepaper basket. He weaved out to the floor and pushed his way through the dancers. "I'm putting all my eggs in one basket," he yelled. The dancers stepped aside to let him pass. "Hey, Sammy," he cried to the leader. "Sammy, stop that music. I have an important announcement to make."

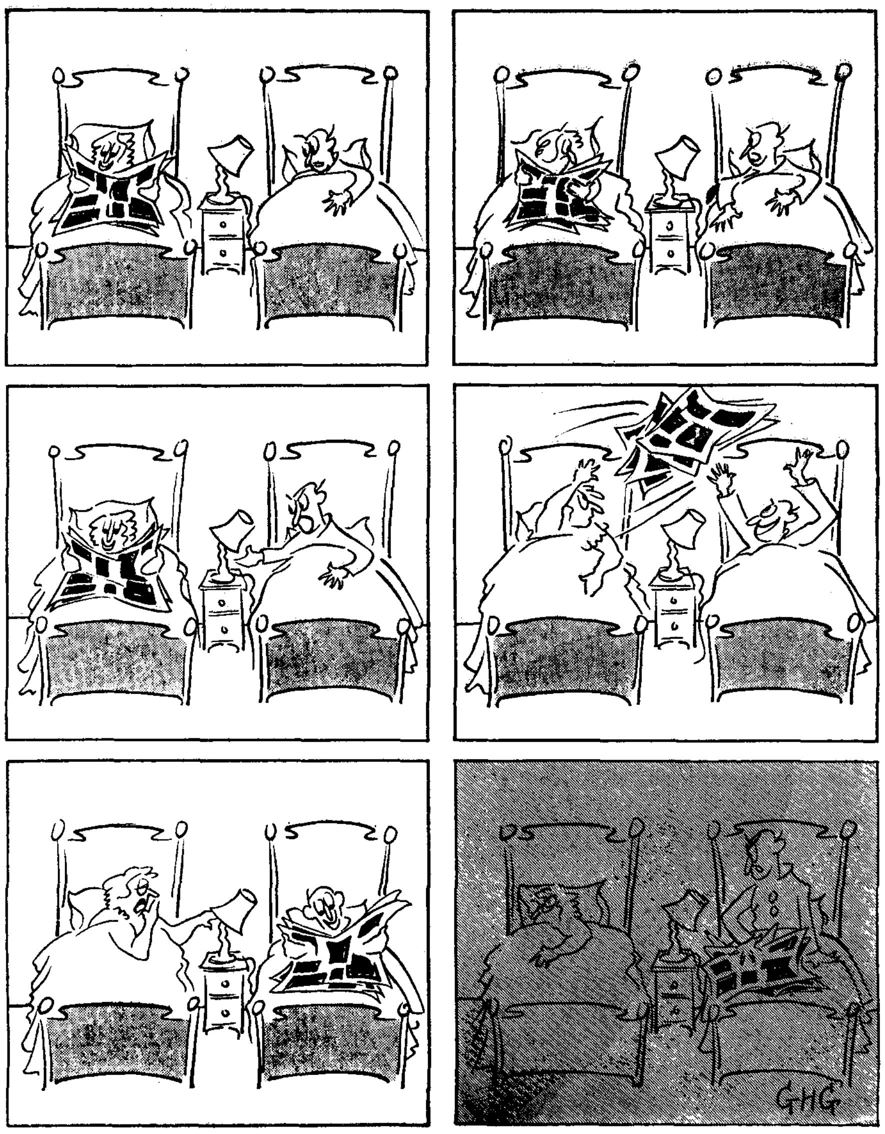
HE CLIMBED to the platform. "This thing on?" he asked Sammy, pointing to the microphone.

"Sure, it's on," said Sammy.

Bill blew his breath through it. He looked ugly. "Tryin' to kid me, Sammy? Put it on. I have a selection." A crowd had gathered in front of the bandstand. Sammy pressed the button. "Ladies and gents," said Bill, "I wish to sing a song. A plaintive melody from the Follies. A number called I Can't Get Started. If you please, Samuel." He looked back at Sammy and nodded. The band started playing.

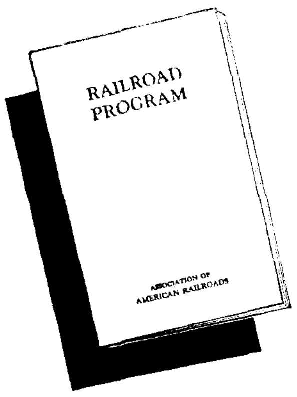
He sang a few bars and almost fell off the stand. "Thank you for your kind attention," he said, and, picking up his basket, struggled back through the crowd. He stood in a corner and looked at the faces. There was Greenleaf! Greenleaf, who had kicked him off the crew. He made a valiant effort to appear dignified as he set the basket down.

"Hey, Greenleaf," Bill shouted, walk-



GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Here's The Railroads' Program



IN the interest of straight-thinking, the American railroads have prepared a concise and clear-cut program for a public transportation policy. We present here the major points:

Equality of Treatment

The railroads ask, first of all, for equality of treatment and opportunity — equality in all matters of regulation, taxation and subsidy; and a chance to compete on equal terms with other forms of transportation.

Restrictive and Expensive Laws

The increasing tendency, both in Congress and in State Legislatures, to harass and weaken the railroads by passing laws which increase expenses with no corresponding public benefit should be stopped.

Reductions in Operating Expense

The immediate situation of the railroad industry is more critical than it was in 1932. Traffic is less, rates are lower, wages, taxes and prices are higher. Costs within the control of the railroads have been cut to the bone and now they have been compelled to announce their intention of making a reduction in wages, which, however, will leave the average rate of pay higher than it was in 1932.

Revision of Rate-Making Practices

The railroads ask the authority to price their product to meet competition — a privilege exercised by other forms of business. They ask passage of the Pettengill Bill to amend the long-and-short-haul restriction on railroads. No such restriction applies to any other form of transportation. They ask revision by Congress of the present rule of rate-making, which has been construed by the Interstate Commerce Commission as authorizing it to substitute its judgment for that of the railroads in determining the effect of proposed rates on revenue.

The power of the Interstate Commerce Commission over such intrastate rates as affect interstate commerce should be enlarged.

Regulation of Water Transportation

It is suggested that Congress enact the Wheeler-Ramspeck Bill, providing for the regulation of water carriers by the Interstate Commerce Commission, as it now regulates the railroads and public highway carriers.

Repeal of Land Grant Rates

The railroads today are contributing more than $7,000,000 a year to the Government in reduced rates on Government traffic, in return for land "granted" more than half a century ago. Congress is now considering repeal of the statute requiring these reduced rates.

Federal Barge Line

The railroads believe that Congress, by appropriate legislation, should discontinue operation of the Federal Barge Line. This was the clear intent of Congress at the time the Barge Line Act was passed.

Loans to Railroads

Broader authority for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make loans to railroads upon the prospect of future earnings would be an aid to recovery and increased employment.

Consolidations and Coordinations

Many of the large railroad systems today are the result of consolidations. Coordination of rail services and facilities is in effect to a large extent. Sound business policy requires that these processes be continued by negotiation rather than by some prescribed national plan.

Labor Legislation

The Railway Labor Act should be amended to improve present procedure in cases involving contracts between the railroads and their employes, and to give the railroads, as well as employes, the right to seek court review of awards and orders.

Fair Taxation

The railroads should be exempted from the undistributed profits tax and from additional State taxes of the sort which are a burden on interstate commerce.

Tolls for Commercial Use of Inland Waterways

Tolls should be charged for commercial use of inland navigable waters, other than harbors and the Great Lakes — based on a fair return to the Government for money spent for improvement and maintenance.

Grade Crossings and Bridges

The separation of grade crossings is of much greater interest to highway travelers than to the railroads. The improvement of navigable streams for the use of water-borne traffic or for flood control, from which the railroads derive no benefit, often involves heavy expense to them for the rebuilding and maintenance of tracks and bridges. Existing laws should be amended to provide that all such costs should be met by the public.

Highway and Waterway Operations

Subject to approval by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads should have the same rights as other citizens to engage in the operation of motor vehicles on the highways and vessels on inland waterways.

When you look at this list, you can summarize the basic difficulty of the railroads in as simple a statement as this:

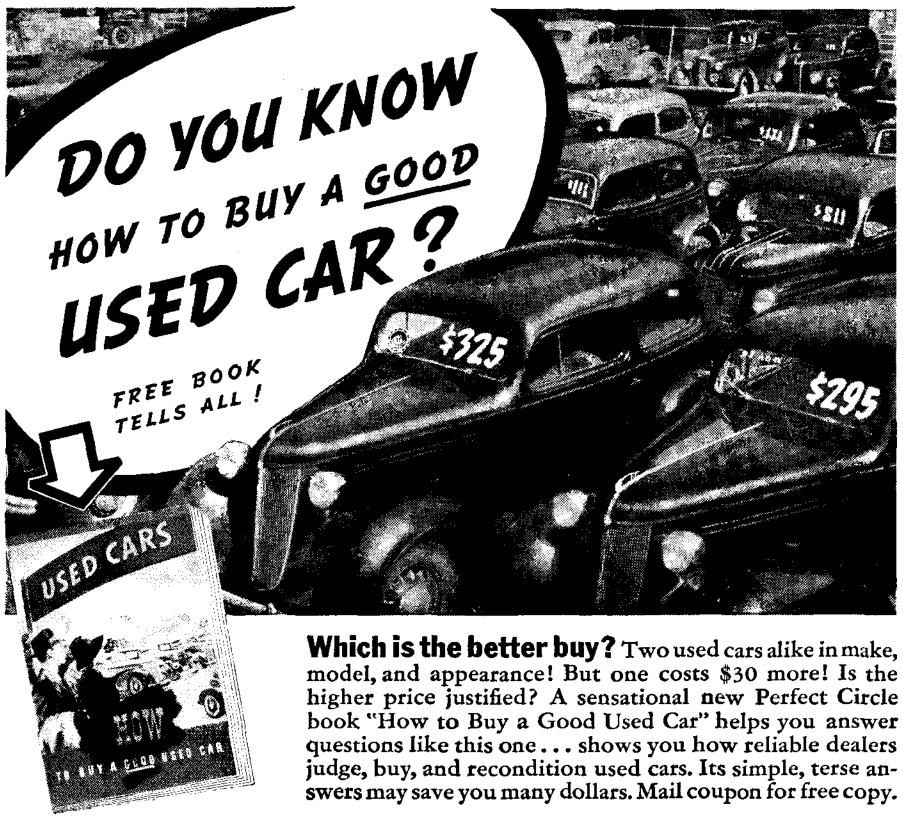
They are controlled and restricted on a fifty-year-old theory that the railroads are a monopoly — yet they are called upon today to compete for business against *every other form of transportation.*

What railroad men want is simply equality and the same freedom of judgment and initiative in running their business enjoyed by every successful business in America.

The complete "Railroad Program" is printed in a convenient booklet, mailed on request. Just write to the address below.

SAFETY FIRST — *friendliness too!*

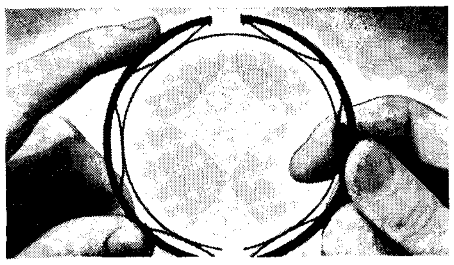
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.



Which is the better buy? Two used cars alike in make, model, and appearance! But one costs $30 more! Is the higher price justified? A sensational new Perfect Circle book "How to Buy a Good Used Car" helps you answer questions like this one... shows you how reliable dealers judge, buy, and recondition used cars. Its simple, terse answers may save you many dollars. Mail coupon for free copy.

Most Vital of all steps in buying a good used car is the choice of a dealer. For sound value go to a reliable dealer.

Don't Buy an oil pumper. A barrel of oil a year can be saved, in many used cars, and—at the same time—horsepower increased by installing new Perfect Circle X-90 Piston Rings.



Perfect Circle X-90 is the only piston ring with resilient *individual* double-leaf springs and the sensational new *Ferrox Surface*. That's why it can seal worn cylinders at *any* speed and lengthen effective ring life.

Buy With Confidence where you see this windshield emblem. It guarantees a car reconditioned with the best piston rings money can buy—rings that *save both* oil and gas.

SHE'S LOW AGAIN!

Does your car show these symptoms of needing new rings? (1) Excessive oil consumption. (2) Lost power. (3) Blue exhaust smoke. (4) Low gas mileage.

● If you want greatest oil and gas economy with increased horsepower, demand new Perfect Circle X-90 Piston Rings in the used car you buy or have your present car reconditioned with Perfect Circles.

No other piston ring has X-90's independent-acting, double-leaf springs—super-flexing springs that hold the ring firmly against tapered cylinder walls even at high speeds.

No other piston ring has X-90's epochal new *Ferrox Surface* that polishes both rings and cylinder walls—cuts rate of wear in half! Send today for free book.

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I now own a .... Make of car
Year... No. of Cylinders..... Mod. No..........
Mileage..........
My dealer's name is..........
Address..........

ing up to him. "I guess you don't know me. But I know you, suh. Ah knows yo' well. Yo' am de man who kicked me off the crew. You did, didn't you, Professor? Yes or no? I'm a busy man. I can't wait for your answer all night. I'm writing a trilogy. How about it, Greenleaf?"

The professor felt bad. He liked Foss and couldn't stand seeing him make a fool of himself. "Yes, I know you," he said. "You're in a bad way, though. Perhaps you'd better go home now."

Bill looked at the crowd that had collected. "See? I told you. He had me kicked off. He had me kicked off because I had one glass of beer." He took on a smug look. He knew that everybody understood. "That's all, my friends. You may resume your dancing." And he made his way toward the door. But that girl! That girl with the yellow hair was looking at him and she seemed about to cry. He'd show her, all right, all right. He stared hard at her and, tossing his head to convey a snub, staggered up the stairs and out into the night.

When he awoke the next day the sun was shining into the room and he closed his eyes to stop the dizzy feeling. Bud Ware was sitting in a chair and reading the paper. "Bill!" Bud came over and shook him. "Bill, get up. You're going to Red Top."

Bill looked annoyed. "Let me sleep."

But after a while he got up and took a shower. Bud had brought coffee and orange juice. "How'd I get here?"

"I found you at four o'clock this morning," said Bud. "You had climbed a signpost in the Square and were trying to pull down the Holyoke Street sign. It was tough as hell getting you down. You kept saying that you wanted to remove the thing so that people would be confused and wouldn't know what street they were on."

"I don't remember that."

"I didn't think you would."

"The last thing I remember was insulting Greenleaf. That was awful."

"Well, there's nothing to do about that now. You're going to Red Top. It's here in the Herald." He handed Bill the paper. "And there's a note from the H. A. A. that came by messenger this morning. Here."

Bill read the piece in the Herald. It said that by an early-morning action, without precedent in Cambridge history, the Harvard Athletic Association had reinstated William Foss, suspended captain of the varsity crew. "Hell!" said Bill. "I don't know what it's all about." He tore open the envelope from the H. A. A. "That's right, though," he said. "Says they made a mistake. I'm supposed to get a four-o'clock train for Red Top."

BILL lay there on the bed with his eyes closed. After a while he said, "That was awful what I said to Greenleaf. Was he burned up?"

"He didn't seem to be. His daughter was the one who was excited. As soon as you had finished, she grabbed her old man's arm and they rushed out."

"His daughter?" Bill said. "I don't know his daughter. What's she like?"

"She's the nuts, Bill. Polly's her name. She's Joe Veeder's girl."

"Yeah? What's she look like?"

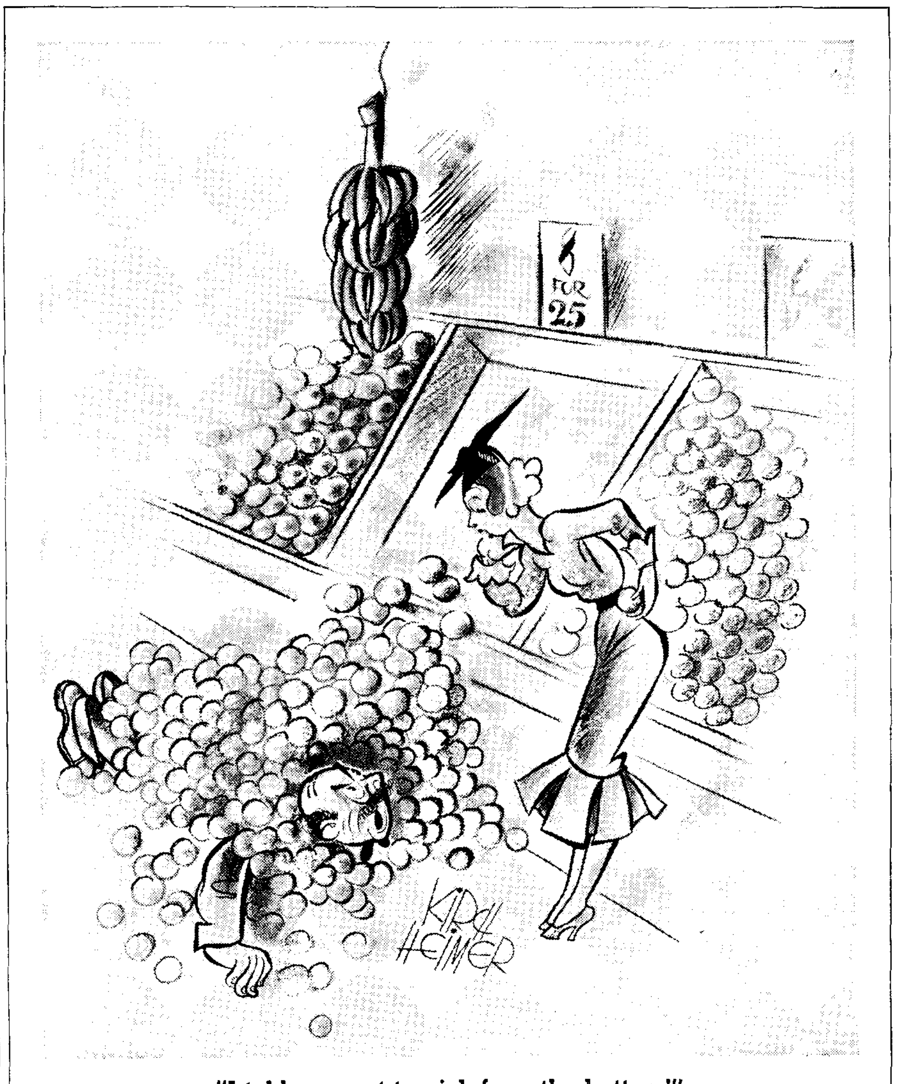
"Oh, she has yellow hair. That sounds funny, but that's what it is. Yellow. You notice it more because she's so tanned."

"She tall?" said Bill.

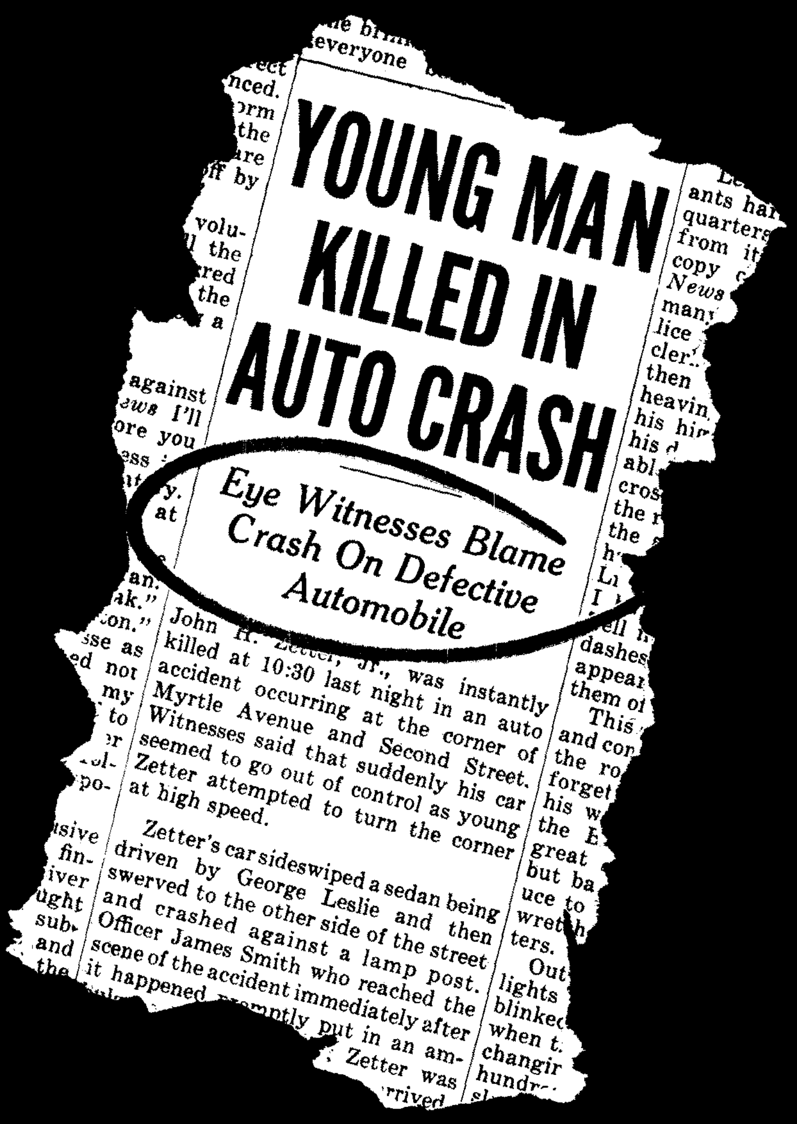
"Oh, yeah. She's tall."

"I'll be damned," said Bill.

At Red Top he gradually regained his form. He wrote a note of apology to Professor Greenleaf and felt good about it. On Monday afternoon, when he returned from the workout, he found two letters. One was from his father, kindly and full of the old school spirit. The other was from Polly Greenleaf: "Dear Bill," it read. "I knew all along



"I told you not to pick from the bottom!" BERT KIRCHHEIMER



YOUNG MAN KILLED IN AUTO CRASH

Eye Witnesses Blame Crash On Defective Automobile

John H. Zetter, Jr., was instantly killed at 10:30 last night in an auto accident occurring at the corner of Myrtle Avenue and Second Street. Witnesses said that suddenly his car seemed to go out of control as young Zetter attempted to turn the corner at high speed.

Zetter's car sideswiped a sedan being driven by George Leslie and then swerved to the other side of the street and crashed against a lamp post. Officer James Smith who reached the scene of the accident immediately after it happened promptly put in an am- . Zetter was rrived

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• • •

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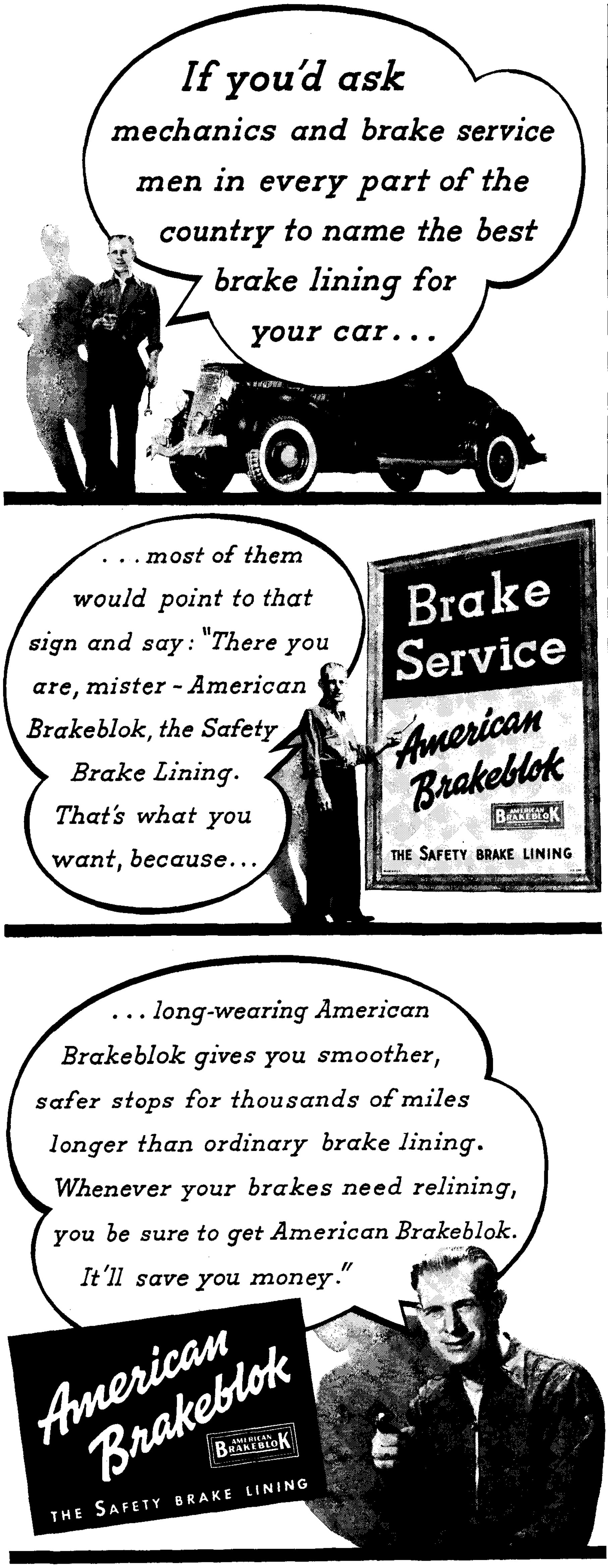
SAFE DRIVING BEGINS WITH A SAFE CAR


If you'd ask mechanics and brake service men in every part of the country to name the best brake lining for your car...
...most of them would point to that sign and say: "There you are, mister - American Brakeblok, the Safety Brake Lining. That's what you want, because...
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THE SAFETY BRAKE LINING

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that you were Bill Foss. Anybody who reads the papers would know you. After all, your picture was all over the place. Father doesn't feel bad at all about what you did. He says he doesn't blame you. The name is, Polly Greenleaf."

Down at Red Top they read about the Yale ball game. Those who weren't seniors were plugging for finals and those who were became blue when they realized that it would be all over in a few days. Everything would be gone, and new crews would come up, and people would say, "Remember so-and-so? He rowed for Harvard back in 1938." The sports writers were saying that the race was a tossup. There was plenty of power in the Harvard boat, but it didn't have Yale's smoothness. The Daily Record did a human interest story on Bill Foss. The Transcript hinted that the French ambassador would be awarded an honorary degree at commencement. In case of rain the exercises will be held in Saunders' Theater. Miss Billie De Vries, star of London's music halls, attended the Spread with Richardson Leith. Michael Fleming would deliver the Latin oration. There was plenty of power in the Harvard boat, but it didn't have Yale's smoothness. The race was a tossup. And all the while Bill was thinking about Polly, who was Joe Veeder's girl.

The start was the bad thing. The water was choppy. It was the kind of water that told on you in the last mile and a half. It was the kind of water that left you slumped forward and nauseated. It was the kind of water that made you wonder why in hell you hadn't gone in for something respectable—something like chess.

The Yale boat was first off the mark. It was smooth. It pulled away and you couldn't do anything about it. In the first mile it was a full length ahead. The water was hell. You pulled for all you were worth and the boat didn't seem to move. The cox pushed the beat. Yale gained another length in the second mile. At the two-and-a-half-mile mark Harvard was still two full lengths behind. The Yale guys hadn't gained. But they hadn't lost, either. Harvard cut it down to a length and three quarters. One more mile. One more mile to go like hell. One more mile to beat Yale. There was power in the Crimson shell. The race was a tossup. Foss felt his insides hollow and sick. But they were really going now. There wasn't any open water now. Foss could see the other shell out of the corner of his eye. Catch that shell. Three quarters of a mile to go. Catch that shell. A half mile to go. Yale a bit ahead. The Harvard boat coming, coming, coming. . . . It's coming now. Pull. Pull. Pull. Harvard by a quarter length. Jones at two had passed out and they were throwing water in his face.

The steam in the shower room burned his eyes. The steam drugged him and made him feel good. There was a hollow in his stomach. The coach came over to him.

"Swell, Bill," said the coach.

"Thanks, Ed."

"We're all sorry about what happened. I don't think Veeder's coming back to college."

"Veeder? Why not?"

"He's the one who said you were drunk."

"Cut the kidding, Ed. Joe's a good guy."

"I'm not kidding."

"That's awful."

"WELL, it's a fact. He told Professor Greenleaf two days after we went to Red Top. Greenleaf, you know, got you reinstated. He phoned me at three in the morning and insisted on your innocence. I guess there was nothing else for Veeder to do."

"But why? Why should Veeder do that to me?"

"He was jealous. Said he got sick and tired of hearing his girl talk about you."

"But it still isn't clear. Why did you take his word against mine? You threw me off merely on his word."

"Listen, Bill, it's hard to answer that. I wanted to take his word. I wanted to see you off. I got tired of reading how the crew couldn't get along without you. It hurt my pride."

"Gosh, Ed, I don't know what to say. Let's forget it, though."

"I'd like to, Bill. I learned that the papers were right. I couldn't have made it without you. By the way, Professor Greenleaf is waiting outside for you."

Bill dressed and left the locker room. Professor Greenleaf was standing at the door.

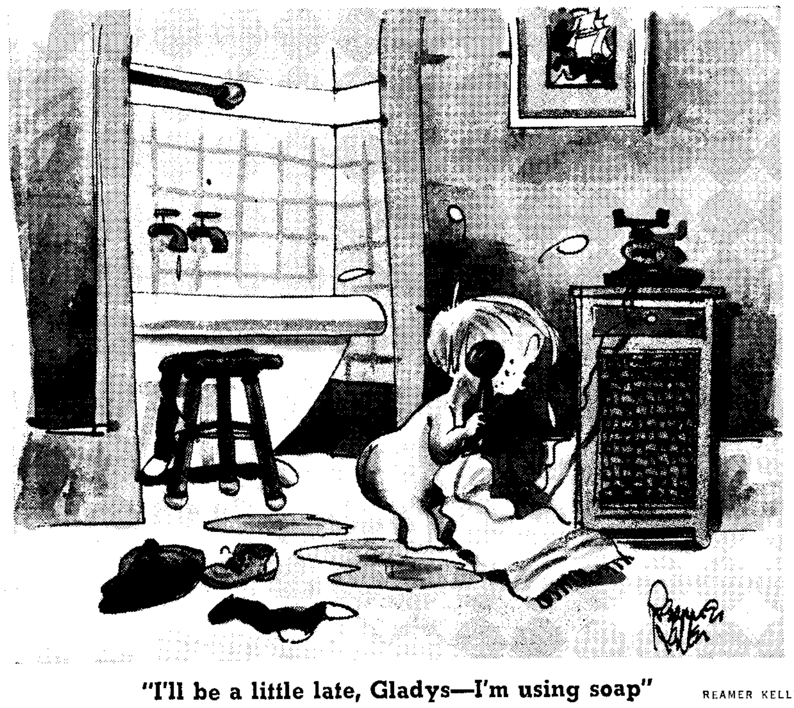
"I'm sorry, sir," said Bill. "I'm sorry I insulted you. I don't suppose you can ever forgive me."

"Not unless you do me a favor."

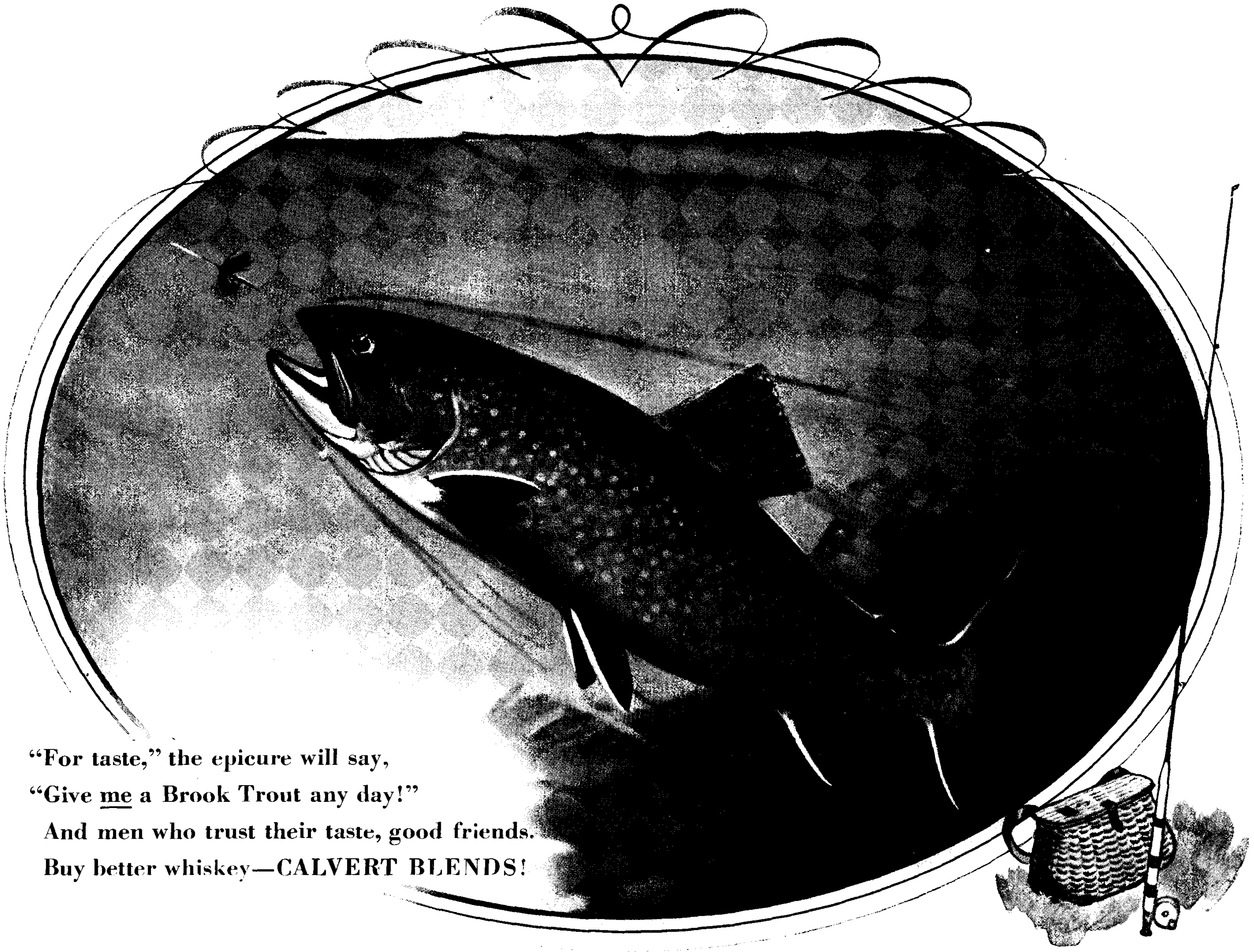
"Sure. Anything at all."

"Well, go outside and keep my daughter quiet. She's going mad for a boy named Bill Foss."

"I'm the guy," said Bill.



"I'll be a little late, Gladys—I'm using soap" REAMER KELLER



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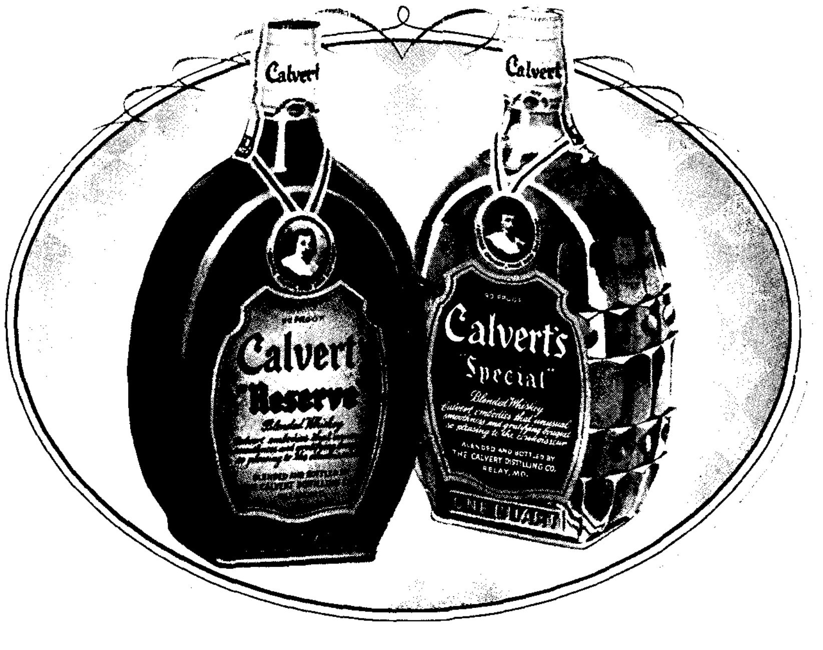

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Father was Right

Continued from page 11

French but speaks even now with the slightest tinge of brogue, which not even his Pittsburgh birth, his Cleveland upbringing and his Cornell University education has entirely obliterated.

His father, Adolphe Menjou, senior, was an itinerant restaurant owner who liked to keep moving.

Adolphe grew up in various cities and he cared very little about anything but pool and bowling. The time he spent on these two admirable time wasters has paid magnificent financial dividends in Hollywood. Anyone who plays pool or who bowls fancies his game and anyone who fancies his game likes to have a small wager on the result.

"There are several very nice people in Hollywood whom I love very much," Menjou says now. "After nearly twenty years out here they still think that they can take me at pool. They will never learn," he added sadly.

During his junior year at Cornell his father became financially embarrassed, his professors became academically embarrassed, and this unfortunate combination of circumstances resulted in the departure of our hero from the classic halls.

A Gift of Bad Debts

His father said, "My boy, we're broke. You are starting life with practically nothing. There is one thing I can give you. Here is a list of bad debts I have been unable to collect. Perhaps you can. Whatever you can get from these people is yours."

By cajoling, weeping, coaxing and pleading Adolphe managed to collect the whole eighteen hundred dollars that was owed his father. That lasted three months and then he got a job as a relief night clerk in the Markwell Hotel in New York. That didn't last long and when summer came he hied himself to Rheinbeck, where he got a job as farmhand on Vincent Astor's farm.

Two months' work and the season was over. He had some money coming to him—$13.50—and he was paid with a check signed by Vincent Astor When he arrived back in New York town he thought that the best place to cash an Astor check was the Astor Hotel Bar. He did and he stood in front of the bar until the $13.50 was gone.

And that's how he became an actor. He looked like the accepted version of an actor anyway with his expensive suits and his spats and inevitably his cane. He found a partner and he went into vaudeville with small success.

The day that America entered the war he was with a bunch of other actors at a party. There was talk of the draft.

"They'll never get me," stormed Menjou.

Then he took another glass of champagne and reached for his hat.

"Where are you going, Adolphe?" someone asked him.

"Where the hell do you think I'm going?" Menjou snapped. "I'm going to enlist, of course."

He had attended a military academy as a youth and this helped him to become a first lieutenant in practically no time at all. He was shipped to Italy and very quickly he became a captain. He came out of the war unscathed and finally arrived home.

They were making pictures in New York then, and when Menjou couldn't get a job anywhere else he haunted the Long Island studios. He finally got a job as an extra in a John Barrymore picture but he had bad luck right at the start. He was supposed to be one of a group of diplomats received by Barrymore in the picture. Barrymore took one look at him and said to the director, "Get him out of there. He looks too much like me."

The director said sharply, "Beat it, you," and it looked as if Menjou's acting career had ended, thwarted by a Barrymore-like profile. As he left the set he walked by Barrymore and cast a murderous look at him.

Out of the side of his mouth Barrymore said, "Go to the wardrobe and put on a muff."

In wardrobe parlance a "muff" is a beard. Two minutes later Menjou was back heavily bearded, and no one but Barrymore knew how the extra diplomat had been born.

Then Menjou hit for Hollywood.

He got small parts in a few good pictures and then big parts in a few bad pictures. He hardly ever made any money and when he did he spent it on clothes. Occasionally he picked up a few bob playing pool.

Then he heard that Chaplin wanted him for A Woman of Paris, which brings us to the beginning of this story and really to the beginning of Menjou's career.

"I learned more working for Chaplin than I had ever known before," he says now. "Chaplin made us think a part. He wanted us actually to become the man we were playing so that we would unconsciously make the gestures that man would make. Sometimes I'd do a bit of business a little self-consciously and Chaplin would bark, 'Don't sell it. The audience is peeking.' He had a great respect for audiences."

A Woman of Paris made Menjou. In it he created a man-about-town type, elegant, white-tied, urbane. However, within five years he had exhausted every possibility in that character and his star began to dim.

"You can't play one type year after year without people getting tired of you," he says. "Only four people in pictures have ever been able to do that: Harold Lloyd, Garbo, Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks. Anyone else who survived had to change."

A Change for the Better

When 1931 came along Menjou stock was very low. People were sick of the elegant gentleman in the white tie. They were casting Front Page then and Louis Walheim, who had taught Menjou mathematics at Cornell, was scheduled to play the hard-boiled managing editor. On the eve of shooting he fell seriously ill. . . . Lewis Milestone, directing the picture, was in despair. He asked David Selznick to suggest someone who could play that part. Selznick said, "Menjou." Milestone thought he was clowning at first and then his fertile mind began to visualize Menjou in that part. Walheim's sheer physical power would have dominated the reporters in the play. Menjou could do it with a sharp tongue. Milestone said, "Great, we'll get him."

Hollywood roared with laughter when the news got around.

Menjou played the part and was sensational. From then on things were easy for him. He played in Little Miss Marker and that was one of the great pictures of 1934. By now he had learned a lot about pictures, about directors, about stories and, what was important, he had learned about audiences.

"I have turned down more than a hundred parts in the past five years," Menjou says, "because I didn't like them. I realize now that to last in pictures you must have audience sympathy."

Menjou is still one of the world's best-dressed men but he dons those beautiful clothes with his tongue in his cheek. They have helped him reach the top. Now his poker pals kid him about his clothes, but he smiles urbanely and tells them, "They've all paid dividends. My father used to say, 'Success is ninety per cent front, ten per cent ability.' My father used to say, 'When you're down to your last cent go to a tailor and have some clothes made.' My father used to say . . ."

Adolphe Menjou, senior, must have been a remarkable man.

"I might know you'd get seats like these—
we're going to be the last ones out of here"

LEONARD DOVE

"OH BOY-
TEABERRY-NOW
WATCH MY SMOKE!"
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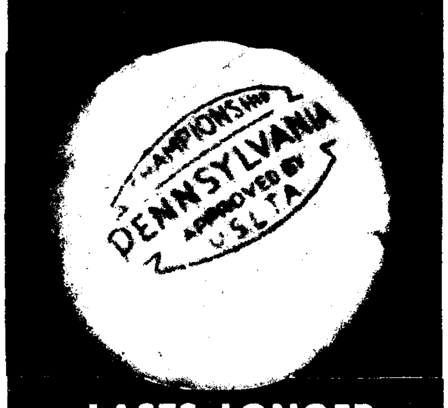

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Crowds at Court

Continued from page 18

years ago when France had unexpectedly saved the cup after a series of dramatic matches, Cochet and Borotra were carried off the court on the shoulders of the exuberant crowd amid a whirlwind of crimson cushions from the stands. Suddenly the loud-speaker gave forth the sounds of the Marseillaise played in rasping tones by a cracked gramophone record. With enough cash in hand to pay the war debt the French Tennis Federation wouldn't spend a couple of hundred francs for a good band.

Roland Garros is the home of the French One-Eyed Connollys. Or, as they call the gate-crasher, the *resquilleur.* Countless are the tricks that are tried, endless the cousins of Borotra and the nephews of Cochet who attempt annually to get in without payment. Sometimes they are successful. At one Davis Cup match a youth presented himself staggering under an armful of boxes of tennis balls. He was passed inside and, depositing the boxes on the ground, fled into the stands. The boxes, of course, were empty.

Just before a big match in the last Challenge Round held in Paris an important-looking individual arrived breathless and bareheaded at the gate. Rushing up to the ticket taker he seized him by the arm. "*Soyez impitoyable.* Check every ticket. Be very careful, and if there's any trouble, call me." With that he passed through and vanished in the stands. As the harassed ticket taker said later when questioned: "But . . . m'sieur, there are so many badge wearers, so many officials here, one never knows. . . ."

The most wildly partisan crowd of my experience was the gallery at Cannes in the famous Wills-Lenglen match of 1926. It was a gallery of celebrities including the ex-King Manuel of Portugal, the Rajah and Ranee of Pudukota, the Grand Duc Cyril of Russia, the Duke of Sutherland, and half the Russian and English nobility. Cyril Tolley, the English golf champion, was one of the linesmen, and the tennis writers present included Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish novelist, Sir Philip Gibbs, Valentine Williams, Max Eastman, Jim Thurber, Sparrow Robertson of the Paris Herald, and newspapermen from almost every capital in Europe.

Grandstand on the Roof

The tiny Cannes Tennis Club, with stands specially constructed, seated only 1,500, and was soon sold out. Half the crowd saw this historic match, which the French later called, "the revenge for Carpentier," from the gently sloping roof of a garage parallel to the court, or from the friendly branches of a giant eucalyptus tree in the rear. These spots filled, enterprising householders began renting places at the windows of their villas behind the club, and as the windows were jammed, they rented space on the roof. This was the technique. You took a kitchen chair up to the attic, removed three red tiles from the roof and poked your head through the opening. And every villa in the vicinity looked half undressed.

Seats for this match cost a minimum of three hundred francs, or twelve dollars, at that time—if you could manage to secure one. A titled English lady bought up a majority of the seats and found a ready market for them at fifty bucks apiece.

Roland Garros is massy; Wimbledon is classy. In Paris the crowd is plebeian and the tone democratic, in London it is aristocratic. True, the social lights of Wimbledon are few compared to the total—in the fortnight between June 21 and July 2 this year some 300,000 will watch tennis there—but the presence of the exalted in the prominent seats, and, from time to time, a king or queen or an emir in the royal box, influences the gathering. At Wimbledon the rough, noisy (and amusing) elements are absent. The gallery is well-mannered; it carries the defects of its own virtues in that it is less stimulating than the habitués of the Sale Wagram who sit by the court in Paris. A doubtful decision on the line, and there are many at Wimbledon, is always controlled by the umpire, as it isn't in Paris and sometimes in Forest Hills. At Wimbledon the crowd is fair. The loser gets his share of the praise and occasionally more. There is lacking the vociferous partisanship displayed in certain lands.

Five-o'clock Tea Stampede

Wimbledon is a great social event. It's the thing to do. Let's see who composes this crowd. That old lady sitting directly behind us has surely reached an age when tennis has for her only an academic interest. She is a contemporary of Tony Wilding and the Dohertys, and has attended Wimbledon for years. Every February she applies faithfully for her seats. She is lucky to get them because last winter the All England Club, which is Wimbledon, returned over $300,000 to unsuccessful applicants. To watch the fortnight's play costs her four pounds or twenty dollars. Each afternoon her lunch, tea and the parking of her Austin car stands her in another pound. Remember there are thousands, hundreds of thousands like her. Where does the money go?

The grounds, the buildings and the equipment of Wimbledon are worth now well over a million dollars. The good will is estimated at eight million and a half. Each year the gross from the two weeks runs to over a quarter of a million dollars. The Davis Cup Challenge Round for four summers has added almost the same amount to the kitty. Moreover, there are the All England Car Parks, the profits from the catering concession—ever watch fifteen thousand Britishers stampede at five o'clock for their tea?—the sale of programs and other privileges, for these boys don't overlook any bets.

But Wimbledon is the only tennis stadium that is in the big money. The total paid attendance at the American championships at Forest Hills last September was only 48,000 for the ten days. That means a gate of less than $100,000, and as a matter of fact, the share of the U.S.L.T.A. was only $34,000. This past year, after deducting the cost of sending a team across to win the Davis Cup, after taking out the expenses of running the championships and other necessary items, the Tennis Association has only $22,000 left, a sum that would be wiped out in a bad year were there not reserves.

Over in Paris the French built the most beautiful tennis stadium on earth from the profits of the Davis Cup matches, and the take in those happy days usually ran around two million francs annually. That's money in any language, for in those days two million francs was about $80,000. Since 1933, however, when the French lost the Davis Cup, galleries have been dwindling and pickings lean. The Italian Tennis Federation and the German Tennis Bund are both parts of the gov-

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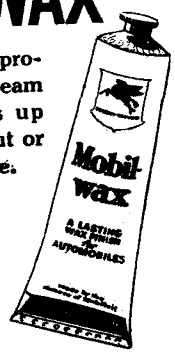
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ernment sports organization and publish no figures on receipts.

Save for the brief reign of Fred Perry, from 1934 to 1936 inclusive, no home player has won the men's singles at Wimbledon since 1909. The English crowds have to take it and like it. For twenty-five years they have watched Americans, Australians, French and Germans grab off their titles. Would we be as sportsmanlike under the circumstances? I'm inclined to doubt it. Having seen so many Americans win at Wimbledon, you can appreciate why they'd rather see a Frenchman or a German victorious. In France the crowd would rather see an Englishman on top if the home boys can't win. But Italy is different. The Italians cheer for Italians and no one else. Back in 1929 Mussolini announced that he had "named secretaries for the national tennis, skiing, boxing, swimming, football and cyclist organizations." All these amateur sports were placed under the supervision of a Fascist official. The result from an outsider's viewpoint has been less than happy. Today sport in Italy is no longer a matter of personal choice. You're told what to do and do it. Both players and crowds are regimented to the Fascist spirit.

In accordance with his plans, Il Duce built a huge stadium in Rome, named with characteristic modesty the Stade Mussolini. I have at times seen French, Czech, Austrian and even American galleries get out of hand; occasionally these crowds allow their feelings to get the better of them and show partisanship. But only in Italy is unfairness to visitors deliberately done. The Australians at Milan, the Japanese at Genoa and the Czechs at Rome, as well as other foreigners playing in the peninsula, have all felt the chauvinism of the crowds and the favoritism of umpires and linesmen in close matches.

In 1934 the Swiss were playing in a Davis Cup match in Rome, with Aeschliman and Steiner leading Quintavalle and Taroni of Italy in the third set with two sets in hand. One of the Italians, I forget which, went back for a lob, which tipped off the end of his bat. Before it fell his partner rushed in and smashed it between the astonished Swiss. The umpire gave Italy the point, then reversed his decision. Instantly there was pandemonium. Aeschliman, the Swiss captain, protested as the umpire tried to change his decision again, and soon the crowd invaded the court. When order was finally restored and play resumed, Steiner was so upset that the Italians won the next three sets without difficulty.

The Sporting Italians

The following spring Roderich Menzel, the Czech champion, was facing Palmieri of Italy in the Italian championships at Rome and well on his way to victory in the third set. Seeing their favorite go down, the crowd took a hand. Cheers, jeers, boos, whistles and catcalls from the stands increased in volume and violence until finally Menzel tossed down his bat and walked off the court, preferring to default rather than play in such an atmosphere.

Some years ago it always seemed to me the best tennis crowds of all were those of the Rot Weiss and the Blau Weiss Tennis clubs of Berlin. They were almost the finest galleries anywhere on earth. Here you saw Berlin society with a big S, for tennis until lately has been a rich man's sport in Germany. The crowds were Prussian, and almost military in their correctness and discipline; their appreciation of Tilden in his matches against Froitzheim and Moldenhauer was always generous and wholehearted, the umpiring invariably honest and impartial. With the advent of the Hitler regime new faces appeared on German courts. Dr. Daniel Prenn, champion of Germany, left the country. Frau Friedleben, who held the woman's title five years running, was exiled, and Frau Neppach, another champion, committed suicide. As in Italy, sport in Germany is completely under government control. No such extremes are tolerated as exist in Italy, but the Nazis turn out to see a German victory and one more justification for National Socialism.

Here at home, sports crowds are different just as we differ from Europe. The West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills, Long Island, where the national championships are held each September, is the heart of American tennis. But it has neither the tone of Wimbledon nor the engaging intimacy of Roland Garros nor the feverish emotions of the Stade Mussolini in Rome. Its followers are different also. The Forest Hills crowds are not hand-picked, and the New Yorkers lack the discipline of the Wimbledon crowd.

Boston Tennis Party

The Americans know less technically about tennis than the Wimbledon crowd, but more than most others. Like the French galleries, our crowds have a weakness for the little man, and five foot-four Bitsy Grant, whose antics left Wimbledon cold, has a perfect foil for his turf eccentricities at Forest Hills.

Probably the most dramatic match ever seen in the United States was the famous Moody-Jacobs contest in 1933 when Mrs. Moody unexpectedly defaulted to her rival in the third set. No one present will ever forget the stunned silence of the crowd, their surprise as the champion walked off the court, defeated by her rival for the first time in eight clashes. Had this incident occurred in Paris, there would have been a rush to the ticket office to get back their money, accompanied by loud shouts of "*remboursement, remboursement*," for the French crowd wants its money's worth and isn't slow about asking. Had the match taken place in Rome, there would have been whistles, shouts and a minor-league demonstration on the court. Wimbledon? Wimbledon crowds, like our own, would have been sympathetic. They would also have been a little dazed as they watched the queen relinquish her throne for the first time.

The American tennis public is intelligent. They watch the entry list and whenever there is a good match they come out; otherwise they stay away. They like to see foreign players, but they aren't in the least awed by big names into watching setups. And they are generous when their favorites go down. The best match I saw in 1937 was the finals of the American doubles between Budge and Mako, champions of the United States, and von Cramm and Henkel, the German Davis Cup pair. The teams had met twice previously at Wimbledon, and the Americans had won both times, so everyone naturally expected them to win at home. That day the Germans were hot. They wiped up the Americans in three sets, Henkel ending with a service ace on Mako. But the tribute of the packed stands to the victors was as loud and as sincere as it would have been at the Rot Weiss Club in Berlin.

This match took place at the Longwood Cricket Club at Chestnut Hills, Massachusetts, outside Boston. In some way I find this tennis crowd the best of all each summer. Boston may not be what it was twenty years ago—the best sports city in the country—but for fairness, for enthusiasm, and for comprehension of the game and what it means, the Longwood tennis crowd is tops the world over.

"Velvet..that's big league smokin' to me!"
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Velvet
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LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
Better smoking tobacco

—*the* MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood

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Velvet packs easy in a pipe
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TIRES HAVE ALWAYS MADE ME YAWN

by don herold

● Tire talk usually thrills me to sleep.

Just looking at a tire from the outside, it's about as exciting to me as a well-formed mud pie.

And I confess I can't get much of a thrill out of those zigzags and "wiggles" on tire treads.

Recently, however, I saw them mixing a batch of tire dough in the Kelly-Springfield factory, and my blood pressure jumped.

One step in the process woke me wide-awake...fascinated me.

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I'D RATHER SEE A PRETTY MOVIE STAR

It was there where they (those Kelly craftsmen) mix in billions of molecules of little black diamonds—which they call *carbon black.*

Without this stuff, an automobile tire would last about a week. All tires have it, but Kelly has found a way to put in *more of it,* mixed in *better.*

If you blend this carbon black into and throughout your rubber compound the exclusive Kelly way—you can actually produce a tire that will outwear the hardest steel.

Now, you can't make an entire tire out of anything as hard as that, because, then, it wouldn't bounce or stretch. But Kelly has found the perfect way to combine the toughness of

BILLIONS OF BLACK DIAMONDS

OH BOY!

diamonds with the pliability of rubber to form literally rubber armor plate—and that's why they call their tread *"Armorubber."*

Years ago...Kelly tires used to be more expensive than others. Remember? But today you can get a Kelly for the same price as any good tire. Kelly's enviable reputation has attracted a fine group of friendly, honest, eager-to-serve dealers...good men to see when you feel new tires coming on.

KELLY Springfield TIRES

DEPENDABLE FOR 44 YEARS

Final Fight

Continued from page 19

Mister George ordered secret training. He told newsmen that Ol' Mose had boxed three times a week since his retirement and perfected a new style Lopez scouts had not carried back to their master. It made good reading.

They had picked up a sparring partner named Todd, and Ol' Mose almost wept after the first test with the training gloves. Everything went wrong. He would feint for an opening with subtle craft, find the right of way clear to the jaw and then his sluggish reflexes would betray him.

He discovered something else. The tendons in his elbows had shortened and he could not stretch his arms full length.

"Ef I kin jest git dat Spick ter come up close, I tears his haid off," he told Mister George. "Ef he just comes up close."

BUT Tiger Lopez would not come up close. Ol' Mose knew that as they stood in the sun-battered ring and listened to the referee. Lopez was a coward. Ol' Mose could see it in the shifting depths of the narrow gold-flecked eyes. But he must have something—a fellow with eighteen knockouts in a row.

Lean hips swept upward into shoulders wide almost as a bale of cotton and sloped like a mule's rump. The muscles were long and sleek. They moved beneath that tawny pelt unobtrusively as stalking cats.

The neck was as solid-looking as hickory, and the chin was square. But the Negro had struck such chins before and sent them whirling down into darkness.

And then the talking was over and Ol' Mose shuffled in his corner and waited for it to begin. He grasped the ropes until he could almost feel their texture through the thin leather and looked across the jagged colors of the bullring. His eyes followed the curve of moist, exultant faces, the steeply rising curve that ran the colors and faces into a sticky carpet ending against the cleanly cut line of sky. He turned to the brazen common sense of the bell.

The Mexican came across the ring moving easily as running water. He reached for Ol' Mose with a left jab, a gesture of perfection, complete in every sculptured detail. The blunt gust took Ol' Mose full in the face and he heard the sound of dry sticks breaking. He felt the shattered bones of his nose moving uneasily and blood dripping down upon his chest.

Not once in that blurred first round did the Mexican launch a right, for the matador does not attack with the sword until the bull has squandered his strength in berserk charges. So the left beat against Ol' Mose's face like winter rain.

Mister George swung the sponge full-armed as Ol' Mose came back to his corner and the water stung pleasantly.

"What's the matter, Mose? Can't you stop none of them jabs?"

"You don' see none of 'em goin' by, does you?"

But Mister George did not laugh. He was patching the broken brows with brutal deftness and he only grunted and shoved Ol' Mose from his stool as the bell came.

The rounds ran before Ol' Mose's eyes in a wet red ribbon and his face reflected increasing glory upon the Tiger. Both cheeks were cut cleanly to the bone and the great mushroom lips had been crushed into lumps of purple horror.

Lopez was growing dim and the crowd had become a faraway droning.

But still Ol' Mose plunged forward and threw his right at a shifting shadow somewhere in the sun. By the sixth round, he had stopped throwing rights. He merely moved in. Then Lopez grew bold. The bull was ready now—solid on his heels and his hands were down. The Mexican slid forward across the canvas suavely as a tango dancer and buried the ox-bound knuckles of his right hand in the Negro's body.

They could hear that one up in the sun seats along the rim of the arena. Ol' Mose shuddered. Cold hoofs pounded across his heart and he began to fall. Something blew up at the back of his head and he knew it must be the left hook cutting a smooth orbit to his jaw.

He lay on the floor with one arm doubled beneath him and began to make the slow blind movements of a mole with a broken back. Solid waves of sound rolled down from the steep cliffs of the bull ring and fell upon him. Black slivers burst in his eyes, but at last the rolling acres of canvas steadied.

He was climbing upward, straightening his knees, and Lopez came upon him. The gold-flecked eyes were distended now and something new prowled in their depths. He hacked at the swaying man before him—drove him against the ropes—along the ropes in a mad ecstasy of slaughter.

Ol' Mose groped for rhythm, the old rhythm: "Hit him in the belly an' hit him on the chin." It was a tune his hands and feet could play a long time ago. Then he stopped thinking about it. His mouth was dry. His blood was dust against the roof of his mouth and the sun hammered at his skull.

Mister George thrust him to the stool.

"I'se daid all oveh, Mistah Gawge. I can't seem ter feel nothin'."

"You got to go out, Mose. I bet my end you'd go seven. You got to do it."

Mister George worked over him frantically with the sponge.

"My eyes is swole tight shut, Mistah Gawge. Everything's black."

"You can't quit in your corner, Mose. People would laugh. And besides, we mightn't get paid. Go out and take one. I'll see if I can get rid of some of that swelling."

Mister George kept on sponging his face. But it didn't help any.

Ol' Mose just said: "P'int me at him, Mistah Gawge."

SO THEY lifted him, and Ol' Mose took two halting steps through the blackness. He stood there waiting, but he wanted to scream at the folks beyond the ropes—to cry for help and rush out to them. He wanted to grasp their sweaty flesh and beat back this feeling of awful loneliness. Then he thought of Mister George there in the corner and the terror went away for a while.

In all the hot thunder, Ol' Mose's ears reached out for the whisper of the Mexican's feet as they came across the canvas, the crunch of rosin as toes formed a wide base for the killer's masterpiece.

The Negro's hands were at his sides when the first blow took him, but he recognized the degree of torture. It was only a jab and he must wait for the right. It came and his neck seemed to give way before the blast. Yet he reached out and pulled Lopez close. For the first time they were locked together and then Ol' Mose drove his man stiffly back with the palm of his left hand.

The chin would be just so now, at just such an angle. Ol' Mose straightened his sagging knees. The black hide across his back bulged tremendously and he curved his right upward in a flawless arc. It was the special delivery from Dixie and brief agony bored into Ol' Mose's knuckles.

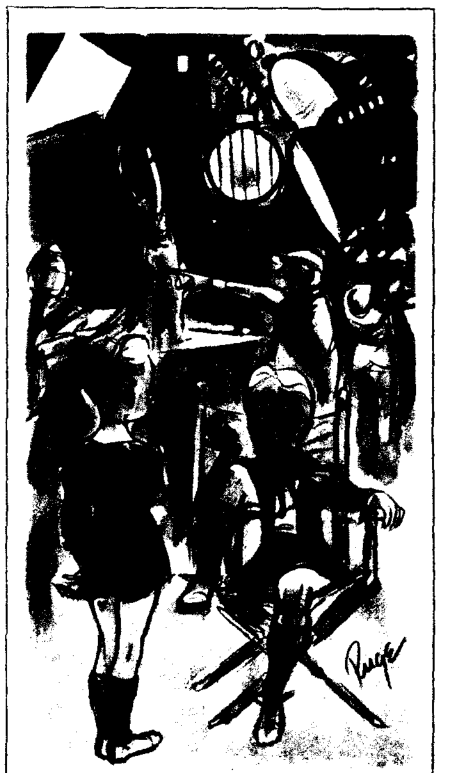
Lopez struck the floor and Ol' Mose leaned back against the ropes. He had heard men fall like that before, the sodden note you get by dropping a wet towel from the second floor.

WHEN they reached the station platform it was rich with the smell of something fried in grease, and Ol' Mose's raw nostrils burned. He fingered the bandages over his eyes and waited for Mister George. He was not impatient, for Mister George was somewhere in that eddy of voices telling the conductor man to be good to him.

"There's the nigger over there by the rail," Mister George was saying, "and here's his ticket. Get him to change trains okay, will you?"

"Okay," said the conductor. "Is he the fighter?"

"Yeah," said Mister George.



"My family are all troupers: my eldest brother plays character parts, Father does juvenile bits, Mother is the fallen-woman type, and Grandmamma has been on a personal appearance tour for years"

JOHN RUGE

He walked across the station and tied a card into the lapel of Ol' Mose's coat.

"You got the directions on here, Mose. Leave them bandages alone and do what the man says. Here's twenty bucks to spend. Stick that in your pants pocket. I'm putting your end—that's the two thousand—in this envelope. That's in your inside pocket. Take care of it."

"I will, Mistah Gawge. I shorely will. You done so much fer me, I don' hardly know how ter thank you. Don' you worry 'bout my eyes. Me an' Susie takes this here money an' nips right down ter Atlantah till I gits well. I hopes you does right well on de coast."

Mister George placed fifty dollars in the envelope and tucked it into Ol' Mose's pocket. The big guy wouldn't know the difference until it was too late. He couldn't prove a thing when he did find out. And anyhow, what would a blind nigger do with two thousand dollars?

The Glass Slipper

Continued from page 34

again and went, trailing her coat, into the laced, silk-draped bedroom with its French mirror and great bed.

She was there when Rachel came.

It had been Rachel in Brule's study. Rue was sure of it. The girl's eyes were red and swollen. She said in a subdued way that Gross had said the doctor had left.

"Yes, Rachel. There was an emergency at the hospital. What is it?"

But Rachel wouldn't say. She looked at Rue with dark, haunted eyes and asked when the doctor would be back.

"I don't know. Rachel, what is wrong? What—what is it you are hiding under your apron?"

"Nothing, madam. Nothing—"

"Nonsense. There's something. What?"

"Really there's nothing, madam—it's nothing at all—"

"Let me see your hands, Rachel—"

THE little organdy apron concealed only empty hands. Hands that were doubled up into tight fists.

Rue looked at them and said, "What—" and Rachel defiantly opened her hands and held them palms outward toward Rue, staring at them with somber, red-rimmed eyes.

"There," said Rachel, "you see—"

Rue saw. Saw and shrank away and yet had to lean nearer to make sure she saw. But there was no mistake. Clear upon the girl's palms were smudges and blotched streaks of green.

"Where—" breathed Rue at last. "How—"

"I don't know! I don't know, madam. I—I washed my hands and there it was. I don't know," she cried and ran out of the room.

Rue did not follow her.

She didn't know how much later it was that Steven knocked rather diffidently at her half-opened door and came in.

"All alone," he said. "May I come in? Well, how goes it, Rue? We're just going out for a drive. I thought you might like to go along." He was watching her kindly, instantly aware as Steven was always aware of some special trouble. He came to her and smiled down. He already had his coat and muffler on, and was carrying his hat.

"Poor little Rue, caught between them," said Steven soberly. "I know—"

I know, said Steven. And as she met his sober, dark eyes all at once she saw something deeper than sympathy, something stronger than affection and that was truth. Steven did know.

But she had to say it, faltering: "You mean—you know all about it, Steven? You know—but you can't—"

"I know," he said again. "Alicia and Brule and—I've known for a long time, Rue."

"But you," she said wonderingly. "You still—love her—"

He nodded.

"I still love her. I'll always love her, I suppose. I can't help it. That's love, my dear. I suppose, always, there's a hope—like a little, flickering light at the end of a long lane."

"Steven—"

"Don't feel sorry for me." He smiled again. "My eyes are open. Listen, Rue my dear, you are young. I'm—not. Let me tell you something. There's always a time when it's stronger than you are; I've had moments of rebellion and of struggle and of—well, of hatred. Not—pleasant moments. But it's no good. I've got to accept the whole of it. Do you see?"

"Y-yes."

"No, you don't." He looked at her for a long moment and then unexpectedly bent and kissed her lips lightly. "What a dear child you are, Rue," he said and turned abruptly and went to the door. He paused then.

"You're sure you won't go along?"

She didn't go. Afterward she thought of it, that instant of indecision. But it would have made no difference.

She heard them leave, Alicia's throaty, lovely voice in the hall: "We'll stop at Field's—"

They had barely gone when Andy telephoned. Gross came to tell her and she took the telephone call in her own room.

But Andy didn't say much. Even when she told him of the girl, Rachel, and the grisly green smudges on her hands, he said only:

"How—"

"She doesn't know." It was cheering, in that house that seemed so silent after everyone had gone, to hear Andy's voice.

"Well, never mind," he said at last. "Let the police worry about it. I only called to ask if there was anything new."

"Only that—and the police were here when we got home. Asking about keys."

"Keys?"

"There's an extra key somewhere they can't account for. I suppose someone has lost it. It's not important." She wanted to say: I'm alone. Please come. I'm alone and the house is big and it's so empty and silent.

She didn't say it. And Andy talked for a little while and hung up.

After that the house was even emptier. She thought of questioning Rachel further and rang the bell, but Gross came presently and, when she inquired, said it was the maid's day out.

The afternoon wore on slowly after that. Gross vanished to some quiet downstairs retreat for his afternoon rest period; only the doorbell or telephone or her own bell would lure him out of it.

It grew dark early. Brule did not return and she wondered about the emergency operation. She couldn't read; she couldn't write letters. She thought of Steven. She thought of Madge. She thought, wishing she wouldn't, of Alicia.

But Steven's whole philosophy was wrong. Rue could not accept it for herself.

SHE rose at last, driven by restlessness and the early dusk and her own thoughts. There was something oppressive about the silence of the darkening house.

Rue went downstairs. Gross had not yet lighted the hall and it was cavernous in the growing dusk. She went back toward the library. It, too, was not lighted, and she paused at the door to seek the electric light switch. And as she did so she glanced on down the hall.

The door to Steven's studio was closed and there was a thin streak of light below it.

A streak of light that, as she looked, silently disappeared.

As if someone had turned out the light.

But no one was there. The house was completely still. She walked across the hall and opened the studio door.

The first thing she realized was that the curtains must have been pulled, for the room was so dark that the ashes left in the hearth made a faint red glow. The dark cavern of the room was so still she could hear the pounding of her own heart. But someone must be there. She had just seen that light turned off.

There was a master switch there, too, by the door, and she pressed it.

The room sprang into view—long,

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Lastex Wisp-o-weights

● An amazing thing has happened this year in the making of swim suits. And Jantzen, as you would expect, has originated this new development. It is known as Wisp-o-weight, new fabrics of pure silk and Lastex yarn or Jantzen-spun wool and Lastex yarn, so astonishingly light, exceptionally soft, *remarkably rapid-drying.*

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Send me style folder in color featuring new 1938 models. Women's ☐ Men's ☐

Name

Street City

"SCRAM TO THAT SCOWL"
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM
"FELLA, it's already gone! You see—I found that package of Beeman's you slipped in my pocket! Some flavor, I'll say! I like that luscious smoothness—that clean tang!

Look at the package—see that tight sealed foil? Keeps the air *out* and the fresh flavor *in*—no wonder Beeman's has such fresh snap and go! Let's stop in for more Beeman's right now!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

with the big piano in the corner and the heavy curtains pulled across the bay windows.

And there was someone there. Someone who lay, oddly, across the piano bench.

Rue must have moved. For suddenly she was staring directly down at the thing on the bench and it wasn't quite recognizable, yet it was the maid, Rachel.

Rue's heart was pounding so frantically she couldn't have heard small sounds, but she saw the piece of manuscript paper waver, slide slowly off the rack above the keyboard, flutter sluggishly across the huddled figure and fall on the floor at Rue's feet.

It was music manuscript—printed bars filled with hurried, penciled notes. And across it suddenly a bright red smear spread itself.

She stared at it stupidly, not realizing why the paper had fallen in just that way.

She must have seen more than she thought she saw, for later there were definite details she remembered and could tell the police. She remembered that Rachel wore a coat and was lying, twisted, on the long cushioned bench so Rue saw the back of her coat, with a long slit cut into the dark cloth and a spreading wet patch starting all around that slit. The girl wore no hat and her dark hair was bare, without her usual cap. She had on high-heeled pumps and one of them had loosened somehow and dangled from one toe. There was no knife or revolver or any kind of weapon visible.

She must have seen all that.

But then she only thought with appalling slowness as in a nightmare. *Rachel was dead. Rachel was murdered.* But no one was in the house. And—she had seen the light turned out.

Rachel hadn't turned out the light. Therefore—someone was there. Someone—and then she realized, still stupidly, that only a current of air from somewhere could have made that sheet of manuscript paper move and flutter from the rack, and that meant a door or a window open and that meant—

SHE was afraid to look behind her, around the room. She was afraid to move, really, yet move she must and did—perhaps she ran back to the door; she never knew. The next thing she was ever to be able to remember was ringing the bell in the library, pressing the little pearl button so hard it hurt her finger, and then meeting Gross—moments afterward it seemed, in the pantry. So she must have gone through the empty dark dining room to meet Gross. But she couldn't remember that either.

And it must have been Gross who remembered that there usually was a policeman somewhere about the house. Later Rue had a hazy memory of herself huddling against the buffet in the dining room and hearing Gross' voice, husky and unnaturally high, shouting at someone who was apparently in the street outside the house. The front door banged and feet came down the hall.

And it was really then that the deluge began.

It was a repetition of the night following Julie's murder, only it was worse. And it was all unutterably confusing.

But there was another thing Rue was to remember out of the confusion and that was Brule's return.

For he came before the homicide squad arrived. Came just after Rue had heard them making frenzied telephone calls to the police headquarters. He came and was met in the hall and cried, instantly on hearing the news:

"Where's Mrs. Hatterick?"

No one knew. Rue cried: "Brule—Brule—" and he came and met her there at the door of the dining room. Lights had been turned on by Gross and shone harshly upon Brule.

"Rue—they say you found her!"

"Yes. Oh, Brule—"

"Who did it?"

"I don't know. Someone was in the house. The lights were turned off—Brule—" she was shivering. He put his arms around her and drew her closer to him.

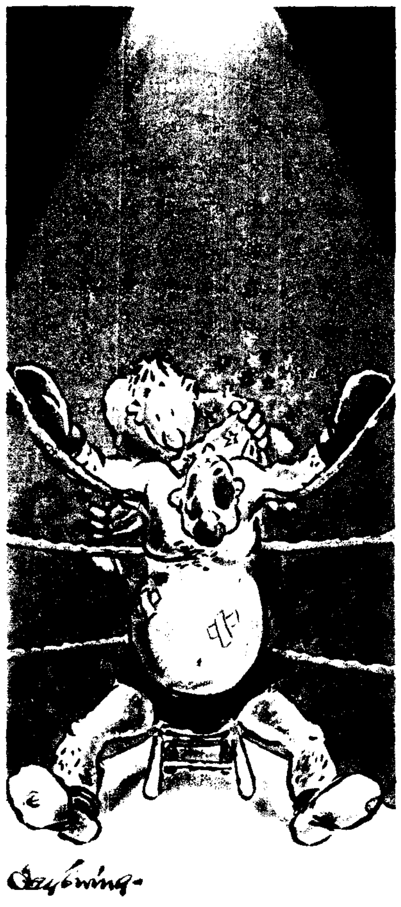
"You're sure you're all right. I've got to go in there—"

"Don't leave me."

It was then she saw it. The infinitely small, infinitely trivial thing that was so difficult to forget. He still wore his overcoat but had tossed hat and gloves down somewhere. She had put one hand on his shoulder and he put up his own hand to cover it and all around the square clear fingernail of his middle finger there was a faint red line. A line that was—that could be nothing else but dried blood. She had seen it too many times.

He frowned.

"Glove broke while I was operating," he said quickly. "I scrubbed up afterward in a hurry. It was a long operation and I was anxious to get home." It was dismissed. Forever, so far as Brule was concerned.



"Yuh better quit clownin', Eddie. This is serious . . ."
JAY IRVING

"Stay here, Rue. I've got to take a look."

He joined the men in the studio. In another moment they were searching the house.

Yes, it was the same kind of ordered, engulfing deluge that had fallen upon them, had submerged the house and all within it after Julie's death.

Only it was worse.

This time there was no doubt that it was murder. This time there was no doubt that those other deaths had been murders. This time the savagery, the desperate cowardice behind the whole thing, was partially unveiled.

At the time of Julie's death there had been enough doubt as to the manner of her death, enough prestige belonging to the Hatterick name, to induce what the newspapers later called a kid-glove handling of the situation.

There was no more of that.

The witnesses were separated immediately, questioned alone and without a chance to make their stories agree.

Lieutenant Angel, himself, questioned Rue mainly, although Miller and even Funk, as well as several detectives whose faces were known to her, questioned her, too. Their questions were as always designedly, doggedly repetitious. But gradually out of them all, two or three questions began to take on more and more significance through constant rewording, constant repetition.

"You were alone in the house?"

"Yes. Except for Gross and—"

"Yes, we know. Yet you saw the light turned out in the studio?"

"I saw a streak of light under the door. Then it vanished."

"But no one was in the studio?"

"Only—Rachel. I saw no one else. But the manuscript fell off the piano. A door or window must have opened—closed—I don't know."

"There was a strong enough current of air to blow that paper off the piano. Yet you don't know whether a door or window was open?"

"No. The curtains had been pulled."

"Do you expect us to believe the murderer actually left that room and you didn't see or hear anybody leave?"

"I don't know. I'm only telling what I saw."

Rue asked for Guy Cole but he was not brought. Probably the others asked for him, too, and without success.

Police were all over the house. By midnight and after hours of inquiry there emerged certain salient facts.

RACHEL had been stabbed and had been stabbed so efficiently that she had died almost at once, if not instantly. Her hat, gloves and pocketbook were in her room, in the servants' wing at the end of the fourth floor, tossed as if hurriedly across the bed. The police deduced, after suitable inquiry of Gross and the other maid and the cook, that Rachel had taken her hours out, returned, gone straight to her room and, after hurriedly removing hat and gloves and tossing down her pocketbook, had gone downstairs immediately to the library. Thus, because she was not in her uniform and had no duties in the library, she had gone there to meet someone.

And her hands were stained with those unpleasant, troublesome streaks of green.

Rue told them all she knew about that. The servants knew it, too; they were terrified, superstitious. But Rachel herself hadn't known—or had claimed she hadn't known—where the stain came from or how it got on her hands.

"I warned her," said Gross, quavering and eyes as blank as walls of concrete. "I warned her. It was a sign—"

"What had she gone to her room to get? Do you know?"

And Gross did know.

"The charts," he said. "It must have been the charts. I always thought she had removed them, herself. The charts for the first Mrs. Hatterick—when she died—"

It was after that, probably, that they questioned Rue again, after letting her rest an hour. She was by that time in her bedroom.

Rue huddled in the chaise longue; what was going on in the rest of the house? Steven and Madge and Alicia had returned long ago. Once when the door opened she heard Andy's voice in the hall, speaking to one of the police apparently, saying: "Why can't I see her?"

"Orders."

"All right then, what about the lawyer?"

The door closed on the words. But Guy did not come.

As to the charts, Rue only knew that she had questioned Rachel about the charts, that she'd thought in spite of Rachel's denials that the girl knew something of them.

"Why would she take them from the room?"

"I don't know."

"Gross says she was crying this afternoon. Why?"

"I don't know," said Rue. And suddenly she remembered the girl's interview with Brule in his little study. The girl—she'd been sure it was Rachel—sobbing; Brule in a white heat of rage, which he suddenly controlled—so his voice was almost coaxing when he said: "Bring them—bring them to me at once—"

Bring what? The charts? Then Brule knew. And Brule had been furiously angry and trying, which was unusual with Brule, to conceal that anger. Brule—gone all afternoon, returning just after the murder was discovered—with blood around his fingernail.

EVEN if the rubber glove had broken while he worked, operating, Brule was by nature and habit immaculate and painstaking. He wouldn't normally have walked out of the dressing room after an operation without thoroughly scrubbing and brushing his hands. Yet—if he'd been in a hurry, if the operation had been unexpectedly long!

"So you don't know why she was crying?"

"No," said Rue instantly.

After all, that scene between Rachel and Brule was not evidence. Why tell the police?

But she remembered it. After they'd gone again.

Lightheaded with weariness, she lay, without undressing, on the bed and pulled a down puff over her. The police cars were still in the street below; there were reporters there, too; occasionally as she heard the front door open or close there was a quick fusillade of lights—flashlights from the cameras of the newspaper photographers, which winked rapidly, like tiny flares of lightning, against her own windows.

Brule himself came finally; he knocked, and as she answered he spoke to someone outside and entered. She sat up, and he came and sat beside her on the bed. He was gray with fatigue; she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror near by; a white-faced woman with bright disheveled hair.

Brule looked at her, said: "Rue—child—" and leaned over to push her hair gently back from her forehead. "I didn't—God knows I never meant to plunge you into anything like this. If I'd known—but how could I?"

"What are they going to do? What have they done? Have they made any arrests?"

They hadn't. Brule explained.

"They've got a police guard all around the place. They've made a minute search. They can't find any knife or instrument that had any bloodstains on it. There are knives in the kitchen—there's a long paper knife in the library that's sharp; but so far they aren't certain. They've got to make an arrest soon."

"Who?"

He looked away from her and said he didn't know. "You see, it's simmered down just now to a question of alibis."

"And I—I was alone—"

"You aren't the only one without an alibi," said Brule quickly. "I was driving home. I could have done it. The door leading from the studio into the back lawn (that goes to the gate in the wall, the tradesman's entrance)—that door was open and the gate is always unlatched. Anybody could have escaped that way."

"But Steven and Madge and Alicia—"

"Were not together," said Brule grimly. "Alicia and Madge went into Field's to do some shopping. Steven sat in the car for a while, then told Kendal he was going to the drugstore for something or other and left him. Steven met all three an hour later at one of the Randolph Street doors—but he'd waited, he told them, at the wrong door. Kendal was to pick up Alicia and Madge at the door nearest Wabash; Steven said he'd waited at the Randolph Street door nearest State Street; but nevertheless, though Kendal went around the block a couple or three times, Steven says he didn't see the car. And Alicia and Madge had separated inside Field's; Alicia went to the seventh floor for a fitting; Madge to the fifth for dancing slippers. You see, any one of them could have taken a taxi and returned to the house. There'd have been plenty of time. And Guy was in his house next door the whole time," added Brule unexpectedly, "alone, reading, he says. With access to the back yard and the studio door. And Andy—"

"Andy—"

"Certainly; why not? Andy was in his office, he says, but the office girl had a headache and he let her go home early. He was there when I telephoned; the police had him come here. It's pretty evident just whom the police include in their list of suspects," said Brule a trifle wryly. "They waste no time rounding us up."

"And no arrest—" said Rue slowly, seeking into Brule's eyes. But if he knew—or feared—more he would not tell her. He said instead, with a pretense of briskness: "So you see it all simmers down to alibis. And since they're pretty certain the same fellow murdered Julie and Rachel (and for the same motive in all likelihood, and that was knowledge of Crystal's death)—then the question of alibis for Julie's murder comes into it, too. Steven, now, had a perfect alibi for the time of Julie's murder. You gave it to him yourself."

Rue thought of Brule's words the next morning. When the police brought her the curious thing they had found.

But then she suddenly clung to Brule.

"I'm afraid," she said. "I'm afraid of this house. I'm afraid of every shadow and every sound. I'm afraid when the door opens; I think I'll die during that split second when I see the door's about to open and can't see yet that it's just a policeman. Or someone I know—"

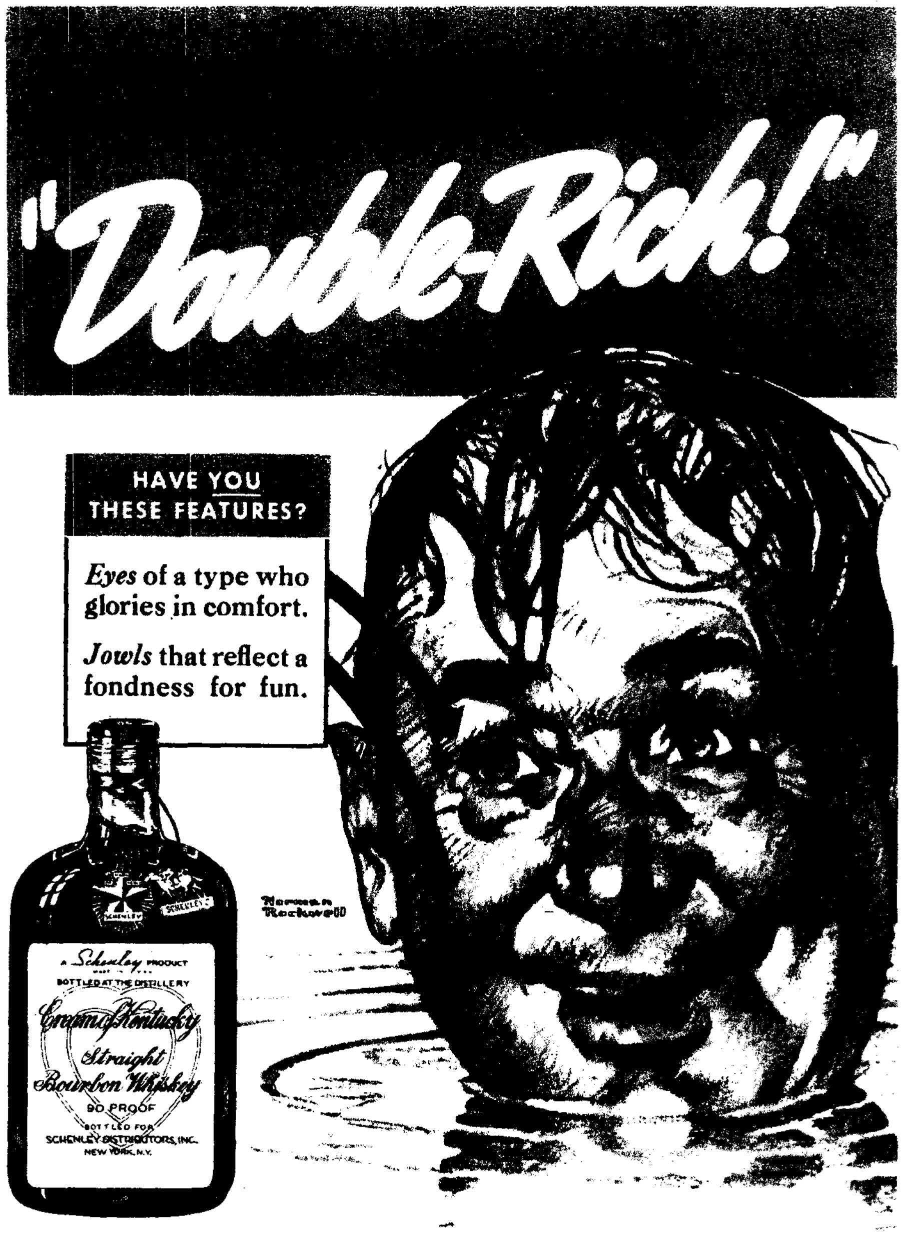
BRULE held her for a moment, her cheek pressing against his hard shoulder.

"Someone you know. That's the hellish thing about it," he said in a queer voice.

And then he spoke of the charts. "Rachel had Crystal's charts," he said coolly. "She told me so today. It was a silly thing, her taking them: not intentional on her part. She took some magazines from the room when she cleaned it after Crystal's death and accidentally carried off the charts, too. When she discovered them she just put them away somewhere in her room, intending, she said, to destroy them if no one asked for them. And she forgot them. Until police inquiry began; she didn't know what to do then—she was afraid to destroy them and afraid not to. Afraid, above all things, to admit to the police that she knew anything.

"She finally came to me and told the truth; I gave her hell; she'd got that damnable green stain on her hands and was terrified. She cried and went to get the charts. Then I had to go to the hospital. Now the charts are gone from her room. Rue, I—didn't tell the police I knew she had them; it would have made no difference and I—I've got to be free for a few days."

She felt herself stiffening a little in his arms. But she didn't question. And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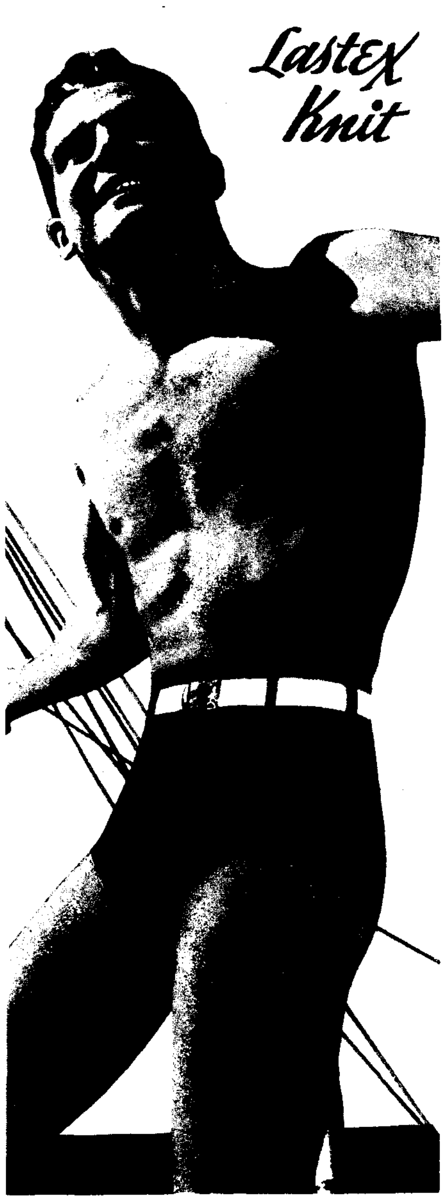

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didn't say, I knew; but I didn't tell them either.

He rose.

"Go to bed," he said brusquely. "Tomorrow's another day—"

And it was the next day that the police found the thing that destroyed Steven's alibi.

Angel himself brought it to Rue.

They had found, hidden in the garden, a broken phonograph record and he put together the pieces so Rue could see the red center with the title on it in gilt.

Arabesque of Night, played by the composer, Steven Hendrie.

Angel questioned her.

"The day Julie Garder died, according to your testimony, Hendrie was at his piano in his studio?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the name of the piece he was playing?"

"Yes—" words died in her throat and she pointed to the broken pieces.

"Are you sure he was playing the piano? Might it have been only his phonograph? Could you tell the difference at this distance?"

"I don't know—"

"He could have been away from the room as long as five minutes; it's a large record. And still you would have heard the sound of Arab—whatever this piece is called. Isn't that right?"

"Y-yes. Except—"

Except Steven wouldn't have done it. Not Steven.

"These broken pieces were hidden purposely. And there would be only two purposes. One would be an effort to hide the fact that such a record existed. And there's only one reason to wish to hide such a fact from the police." He looked at her out of ice-blue eyes and said: "I may as well tell you the truth, Mrs. Hatterick: if we hadn't found this broken record you would have been arrested this morning."

IT LEFT her feeling a little numb; it was something she had so long expected that when it came there was little sense of realization.

"What does Steven say?" she asked.

Angel answered directly and, Rue thought, honestly:

"He says the record's been broken for some time. Says it was in the book of records and he'd forgotten it was broken. Then the question of his alibi came up and he remembered the broken record and realized that we might find it and believe it had been intentionally broken; it would (instead of proving that if you heard the piece being played, Hendrie himself was playing it) tend to cast doubt upon it. It would look too pat, in other words, as if he wanted such a proof. So he took it out in the garden and hid it. He confessed to that quite freely," said Angel with a thoughtful look. "Sounded true. Yet—yet suppose the record wasn't actually broken; suppose—look here, Mrs. Hatterick, didn't you say that he had been playing that particular piece for quite a long time that day?"

"I don't remember. I've been questioned so much about it. Perhaps I did say so. At any rate, as I remember it he did play that particular piece quite a lot that day. But it's nothing unusual. It's one of his favorites."

"I looked at his phonograph. It's a radio combination; and it's got one of those automatic things on it—so it can play several records without anybody having to change or turn it on and off. Thus for at least twenty minutes or so there could be continued sound of music—piano records—and actually no one near the phonograph. There would have been plenty of time for him to leave the studio, see the girl, Julie Garder, induce her to take a drink of something with the poison in it and return to the studio and no one would be the wiser."

"But Steven—why would he murder Julie?"

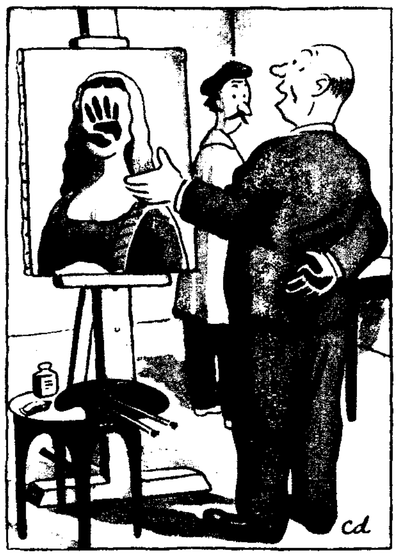
"He's engaged to Miss Pelham," said Angel obliquely. "There's another thing, Mrs. Hatterick. The bartender who claims that Julie Garder came into his place and had a drink—"

"Yes."

"We've arrested him. He turned out to be a fellow that's wanted for theft. It's the reason why he tried to evade the whole thing: he didn't want any attention from us at all. It was only a chance remark of his to the bus boy that led to our questioning him: he would never have come forward himself. The last thing he's inclined to do is to be of any help to us: so far he's not managed to remember who came into the restaurant with the girl. But I think he will remember—soon. We have ways of sharpening memory," said Angel simply.

"He—he said she was alone."

"Would she have ordered a cocktail—poured it into a potted palm and ordered another, if she'd been alone? No, the way we figure is she went there with somebody who insisted on her having a drink. She said all right, just to be agreeable; you—and the nurses who knew her—insist she never drank. Well, then she watched her chance and poured the cocktail into the plant at her elbow. The second cocktail she drank; perhaps her companion actually went to the bar to get it and put poison in it on the way to the table. We've ascertained that there was no waiter at that hour; it's a small place. So far the bartender has admitted nothing of the kind; but it sounds reasonable. Well, her companion could have been Steven Hendrie. That restaurant is exactly two minutes from here by taxi. You wouldn't have noticed a lapse in the sound of the piano."



"Hmm, still wet, huh?"

CHON DAY

THAT wasn't all the detective had to say.

"Then there are the letters," he went on. "Whoever wrote those letters knew something. You've been asked about those letters; we've made every possible inquiry. We may right now be on the right trail; Funk thinks he's getting warm. But I—I want to impress upon you, Mrs. Hatterick, the importance of those letters. If you are innocent—" He looked at her in silence for a moment. "If you are innocent I can't put too strongly the importance that the discovery of the authorship of those letters might be to you. Do you understand?"

"But I don't know who wrote them. I know nothing of them," said Rue hopelessly.

He looked at her searchingly, then went to the door. "Tell Funk to come in here," he said to someone outside.

And when the little Funk came in, Angel said: "Show her the chart."

"Chart!" cried Rue.

"It was in the maid's room, crumpled up in the wastebasket as if she'd torn it off. God knows why. Perhaps she recognized its importance and tried, thus, to preserve it; perhaps she tossed it there merely because it was crumpled; we'll never know."

Funk said: "It's all right to take it in your fingers, Mrs. Hatterick. It's already been gone over for fingerprints."

She took the sheet of paper; it was the usual printed form with a few entries in Julie's small, round handwriting. It was probably the last sheet on the pad. The date was November ninth, the exact date of Crystal's death.

"You recognize it?" said Angel. Rue nodded.

"Read the entries."

BUT there was nothing of any significance at all on the chart. It was all regular, nothing unusual. Meals as usual, two visits from Andy duly noted, one at eleven in the morning and another about six in the evening, temperatures below normal, pulse perfectly normal, no special orders. Perhaps that was it.

"Find something, Mrs. Hatterick?"

"N-no," said Rue slowly, "unless it's an omission. She, Mrs. Hatterick, said that her medicine tasted different; as I remember it she said (I've told you) that Andy—Dr. Crittenden, that is—had changed her medicine that day, although she may have said 'he must have' changed it. She may have been referring only to the taste. Without certain knowledge, I mean. She must have been, because if there'd been a change in the medicine Julie would have made a note of it. Julie was extremely conscientious. She wouldn't have omitted to note a change in medicine or orders. And there is no change noted here."

After a moment Angel said: "Is that all?"

She knew he was disappointed. As she was herself; the charts had loomed so large in the thing; unconsciously she had pinned hope to their discovery. And for that day—that tremendously important day—there was nothing.

"Where are the others?" she said.

Angel's long face lengthened further.

"Whoever killed the girl, Rachel, undoubtedly has destroyed them by now," he said. "Do you have any idea, Mrs. Hatterick, why Rachel tore out that one sheet and threw it away?"

Rue had none.

But during the afternoon, without any explanation, the vigilance of the police appeared to be to some degree relaxed. Rue ventured out of her room and no one stopped her. She met Madge in the hall. A pale, frightened Madge, with the sullenness gone from her small square face. She paused uncertainly:

"Rue—"

"Yes, Madge?"

"Rue—" she hesitated again; Rue had an instant's impression of mute appeal for help. And then someone spoke in the library and Alicia's voice replied and the fleeting impression was gone.

"Nothing," said Madge and went on.

Rue took a quick step or two after her: "Madge," she said, "do you—is there something you want?"

The girl whirled around to face her; again Rue had that quick impression of an appeal; then Madge's dark eyes became determined and hard again and she said: "Nothing." But added: "Thank you, Rue."

Puzzled, Rue watched her go toward the stairway. It was almost an overture for peace; yet the instant she'd spoken the child had frozen again. Or was it the sound of Alicia's voice that had done it?

(To be continued next week)

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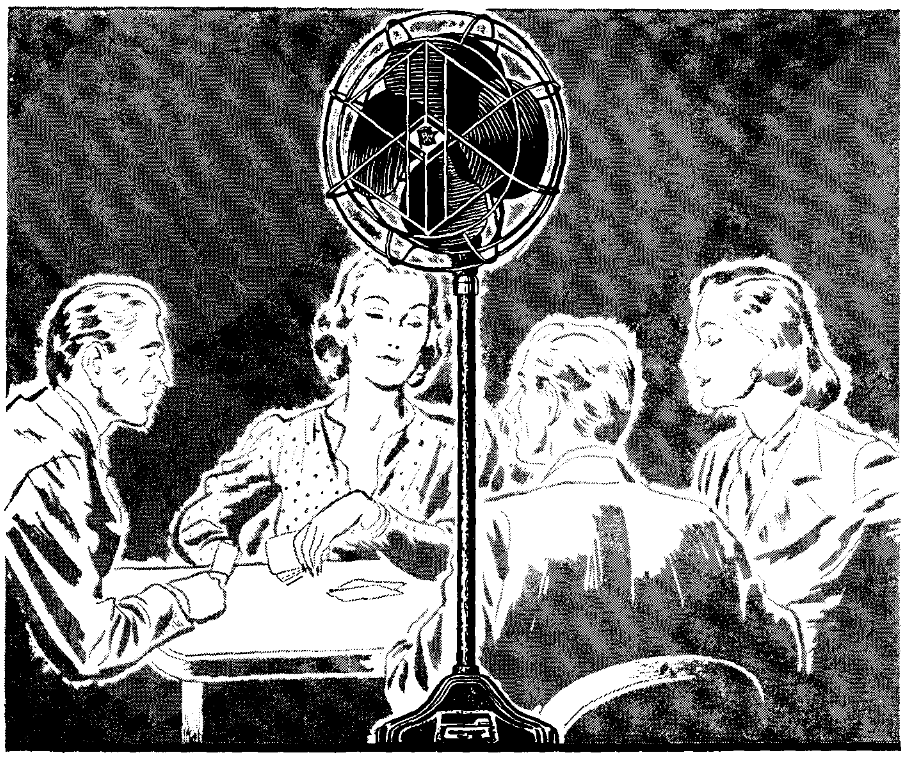

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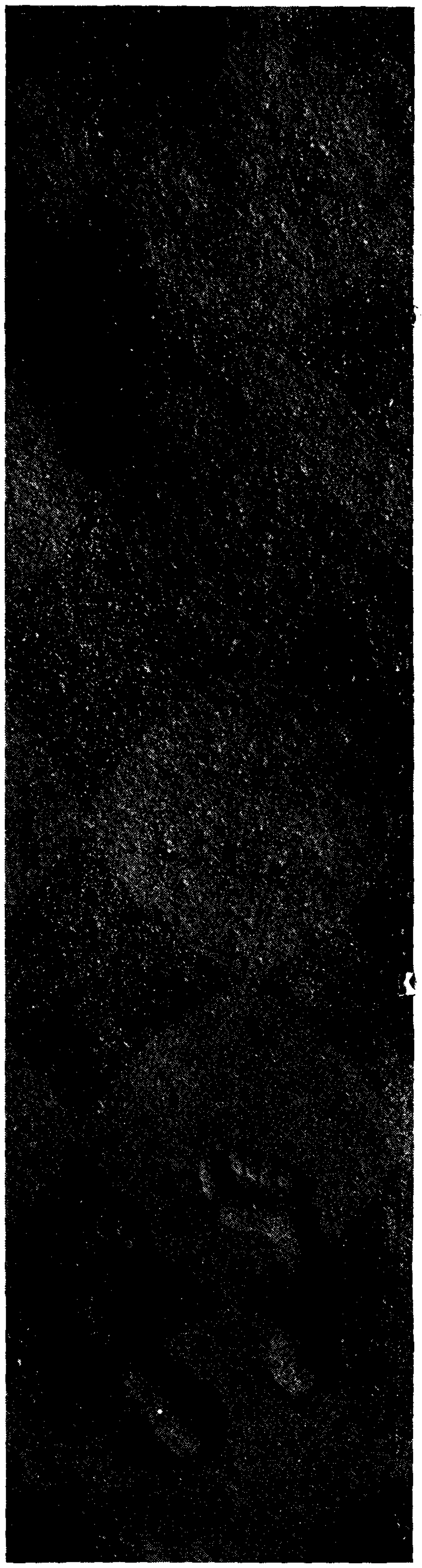
Feet First

By Hannah Lees



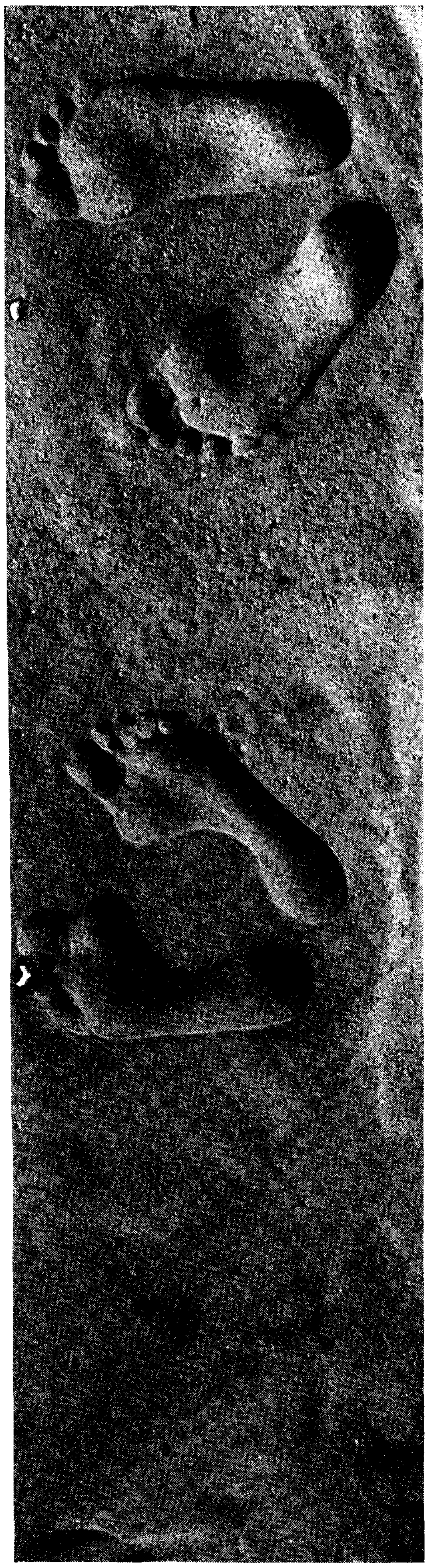
WHEN I was a child several members of my family had a fascinating little game they used to play, a sort of solitaire. You take a small glass bottle with a glass stopper and grasp it as firmly as you can in one foot—yes, foot. Then you try very hard to take the stopper out with the toes of the other foot. When you get tired of that, you take the bottle in the other foot and work at getting the stopper out with the toes of the first foot. It's a great game once you get the hang of it and as good for you as squash or golf, for I've never known a person who was expert at it to have any foot trouble of any kind—even if the expert was a girl who danced all night in the loveliest and dizziest high heels she could buy. And that isn't as *non sequitur* as it sounds, for this little game originated as a doctor's prescription . . . a quite eminent orthopedic surgeon's prescription, in fact, for a variety of foot ailments.

He's been dead a good many years now, this orthopedic surgeon, but, as far as I can make out, that little game of his would make just as good a prescription today. For doctors who specialize in bones—that's what an orthopedic surgeon is—seem more firmly convinced than ever that a good many of the foot troubles in the world come from people's feet not having enough exercise. Try to wiggle your toes for instance. Can you move the big toe away from your other toes? An inch, or even half an inch? You should, for that big toe, way back in prehistoric times, was really a thumb. But if you can, and are of voting age, you're one person in a good many thousand, which makes it at least as rare a talent probably as being able to wiggle one's ears. It's a lot more valuable talent, too, for though ear-wiggling may insure your social success, big-toe wiggling is apt to insure that you'll never have bunions, and it's pretty hard to be a social success with bunions, no matter what other fascinating accomplishments you may have.

Now, as far as orthopedists are concerned, there is practically no such thing as a bunion, which derives, if you're interested in that sort of thing, from the Greek word meaning turnip. You won't even find bunion, for instance, in the index of some medical books on feet, but it won't be because bunions aren't important enough. It'll be because to an orthopedic surgeon a bunion is a combination of, hold your breath, hallux valgus and bursitis.

Perhaps it would be a good idea to hang onto that arresting little thought for a moment, and get right down under your shoe and sock and skin and muscles, and see how your foot is made. People are apt to use the word foot as a synonym for anything clumsy, and heaven knows it usually is. But that's not our feet's fault, but ours. Because the basic structure of your foot and mine and even your janitor's is just about as fragile and complicated a series of stresses and arches as the Eiffel Tower, and just as graceful, too. It's made up, to begin with, of twenty-six bones—try and count 'em, twenty-six: one nice chunky one that your leg bones fasten onto; one big solid one that goes off backward from that to make your heel; five complicated interlocking ones that make up the arch of your foot; and nineteen long twiglike bones going off frontward from there, three for your big toe, four for all the others, to make up the front of your foot and your toes. There are two other tiny bones under the base of your big toe, but since they're right in the tendon that helps wiggle that toe, and so pretty special, we'll leave them out of our figuring.

Now before we go back to that mysterious hallux valgus and bursitis, we'd better go still further back to that bit about your big toe really being a thumb. Whether or not you believe we're first cousins to monkeys, there isn't any



Whatever these may look like to you, they are really footprints in sand. Dad's (at the top) are flat; Mother's (in the center) have bunions; Junior's are fine, but they won't stay that way unless he takes care of them

LEO AARONS

doubt among scientists that our remote ancestors did use their feet for hanging onto trees. And that means that the front part of our feet wasn't made to bear a lot of weight, but to grab with. The weight of our bodies was supposed to be borne by the back part, the big bone that makes up the heel. So even after thousands and thousands of years of evolution the front part of our feet is still comparatively weak, which is why it is obviously vaguely insane for you and you and you, ladies, yes, and me, too, to go swanking around all our lives on stilts.

This turnipy hallux valgus and bursitis, for instance, is one thing that is ever so much more common among women than among men, and here at last is how it gets that way. Hallux means big toe, and valgus means turned toward the other toes. Well, now, if you're walking on your toes and pointing your toes out to boot, your big toe is going to push forward and your other toes are going to push backward. Then if you add to that a shoe that forces the tip of your big toe inward, why, naturally, the joint of it will in time spring outward and there you are with hallux valgus, unless, as I said before, you're such a little glass-bottle expert that your muscles are strong enough to hold your toes in place no matter what.

As for the bursitis, if the joint of your big toe is sticking out sideways it's bound to rub against your shoe, and sooner or later a little sac known as a bursa will form to protect it. Then if your shoe keeps rubbing on that sac it is bound in time to get hard and horny like a corn and then inflamed from the constant pressure, and there you are with the bursitis that completes your common bunion.

If you've been unlucky enough or foolish enough to acquire a bunion, the only thing to do is run straight to the nearest orthopedic surgeon. If it's very bad, and you have had it a long time, long enough for the bones to have settled and even get rheumatic changes, he might have to operate—remove the bursa and pare down the tip of the joint so it will fit back in place. Ordinarily, though, he'll be able to get it back in place with manipulation, and keep it there with special braces and shoes.

But a lot easier than curing a bunion is preventing one. The way to prevent it is simply not to wear high-heeled or pointed shoes, and what is still more important probably, to be careful always to walk with your toes pointed straight ahead, or even just a little inward.

Hallux valgus plus bursitis, for all its fancy name, isn't by any means either the commonest or most serious damage we can do to our feet by the kind of shoes we wear and the kind of steps we take. The commonest, and you probably don't need an orthopedist or a chiropodist or me to tell you, is the lowly corn.

Orthopedic surgeons take corns pretty seriously. You can read whole chapters in quite profound medical books on whether a corn is caused by continuous pressure or intermittent pressure or whether it is the toe joint pressing on the shoe or the shoe pressing on the toe joint that causes the corn, and what is the best way to treat it.

But if doctors aren't quite agreed about the scientific cause of corns, they are agreed about one thing, and that is you don't have to have them. Because your toes can't rub against anything either constantly or intermittently unless there is something for them to rub against, and in a proper-fitting shoe there shouldn't be any rub. They're agreed about another thing, too, and that is once you have them and even before you mend your ways and get shoes the proper shape, you'd better limp right along to a good chiropodist. Many's the person who has died of blood poisoning from paring a corn at home,

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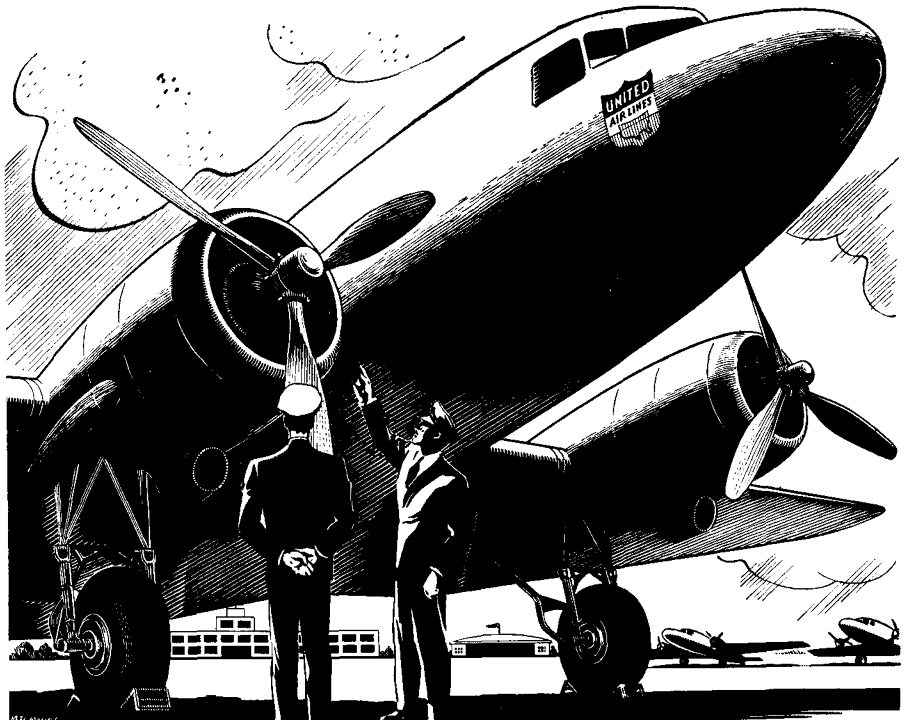

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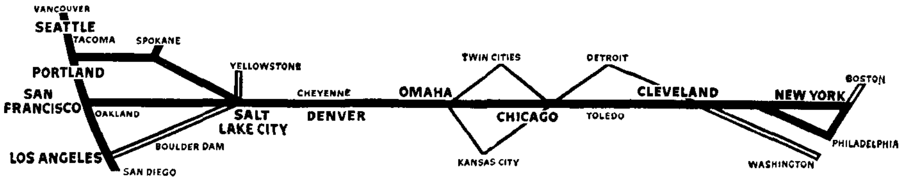

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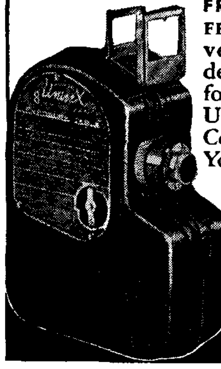

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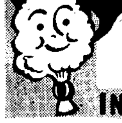

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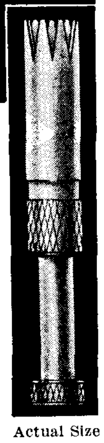

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and even if you aren't afraid of anything as drastic as that, you'll probably keep your corn a lot longer and a lot more painfully if you try to be your own razor-blade artist.

Another thing orthopedic surgeons are pretty well agreed about is ingrowing toenails. A girl I know will probably never forget her fright when she got an infected foot once from cutting an ingrowing toenail down the side—a heinous thing to do, by the way—and happened to be caught limping by a young surgeon she knew. Before she knew it the surgeon had her out of her shoe and stocking and had almost amputated a narrow strip of nail from along each side of the toe then and there, since that, he said, was the only way to end her trouble once and for all.

If you want to avoid anything quite so drastic, the thing to do, surgeons tell me, is to let your nails grow up long on both sides and then cut them straight across, or preferably, so they can't possibly dig into your cuticle, with a slight inward crescent. The serious thing about ingrowing toenails, aside from the pain and the danger of infection, is that like corns they may make you limp over a long period of time, only slightly maybe, but enough to throw your foot off balance, and this, along with high heels and the wrong kind of shoes generally, is one of the big reasons that people get fallen arches.

You hear about weak arches and fallen arches and broken arches and flat feet, but really they're all the same thing, or degrees of the same thing. Those twenty-six bones, you see, are put together so that they make a series of arches that form an irregularly shaped section of dome, high in the middle and toward the inside of your foot, and tapering down to the ground on the outside and at the heel and ball of the foot. They're put together to stay in a dome, what's more, with the outside bones wider at the bottom to support the others, and the bones that form the highest part of the dome sort of wedge shaped. And all these bones are held together in this domelike shape by a series of little ligaments.

It Takes Muscle

But, of course, even the special formation of the bones and the strength of the ligaments that hold them isn't enough to keep the arches of our feet arched when we're putting all our weight on them. For, measured the way engineers measure the stress and strain on a bridge, the stress and strain on the feet of a normal person is terrific, something like two hundred and fifty tons for every mile we walk. So to help out those twenty-six bones and several dozen ligaments are dozens of muscles, some fastened to the bones on top, some going under our feet like bandages, and all so attached that when we stand up they tighten and hold the bony arches of our feet just like a derrick.

But often those muscles get weak and flabby. Sometimes they get flabby from constant overheating; that is what a good deal of foot trouble among operating-room nurses and engine-room mechanics comes from. Sometimes it is from a prolonged fever; typhoid or influenza or even bad tonsillitis can soften the ligaments and muscles so that when the patient gets up they cause trouble. Sometimes they get flabby simply because we're apt to wear shoes that hold our feet so snug that the muscles never have a chance to work. And sometimes, as I said earlier, they get weak and give because we walk off-center and throw too much weight on some muscles and too little on others.

In any case, when the muscles stop holding up that bony arch it begins to sag. If it sags just a little all we've got is weak arches. But if it sags any more than that we may say we've got fallen arches, but as far as doctors are concerned we have flat feet. In medical language there are first-, second- and *third-degree flat feet, the third stage* being right down on the ground after the muscles have let go pretty completely. And any one of those degrees can cause us a lot of pain and trouble, and not only right in the foot either. Many is the person who has been sure he has sciatica or generalized rheumatism or arthritis of the spine, only to have a wise orthopedic surgeon cure every symptom with sensible shoes and correct foot exercises.

They Get Used to It

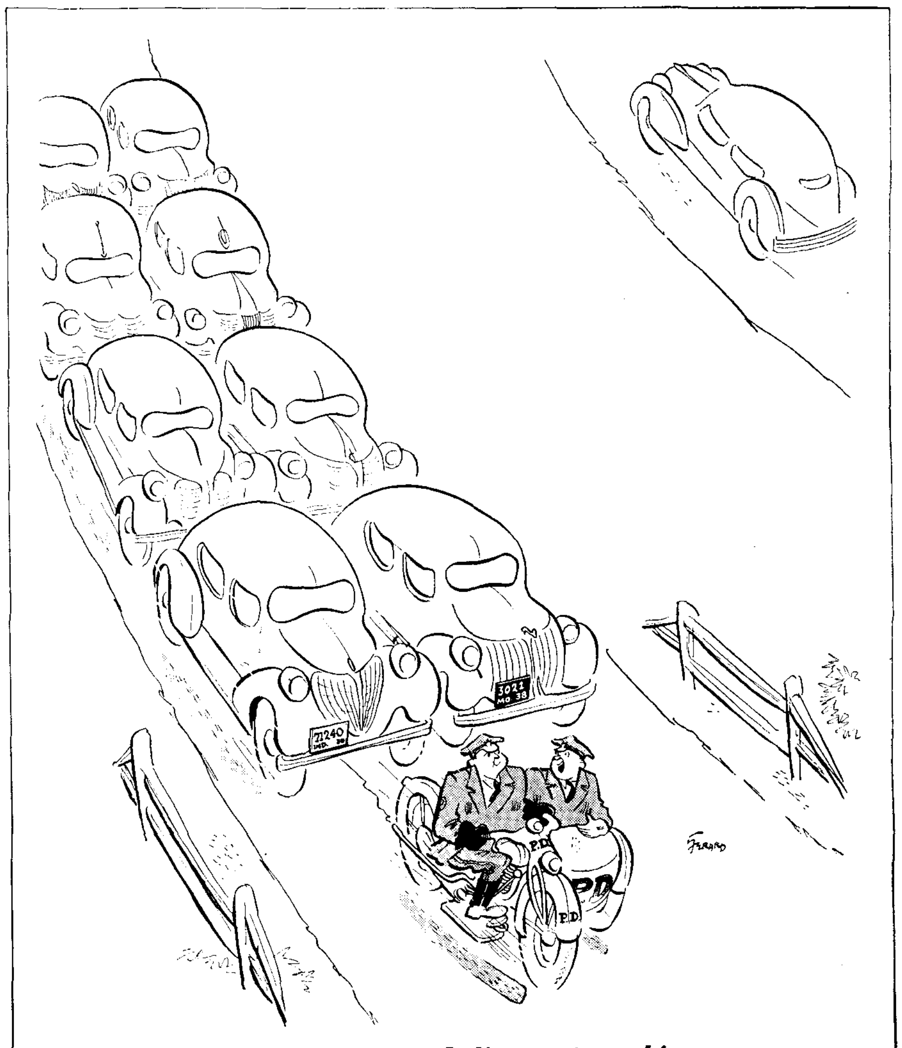
Fortunately no degree of flat feet is really serious, not even the third degree, if it is caught in time. Doctors have evolved exercises to get the strength back into our foot muscles, and skillful supports to keep the arches where they should be while we're strengthening the muscles. And fine, sensible shoes—not even so bad-looking either unless you're a gal who insists on the latest thing—to encourage us to walk the way we should, if that's been our trouble. And the way we should walk, as you've probably gathered, is toes pointing straight ahead always, or maybe just faintly inward. Practically all exercises for weak arches are directed to be done with the toe pointing inward, because when you toe in, that throws the center of gravity of your foot toward the outside, where the bones are already on the ground. Toe in or toe absolutely straight and your arch almost can't fall.

But the trouble with fallen arches or flat feet is that they can be that way for quite a while before we're really uncomfortable, and if they stay that way very long, the bones get used to resting on the ground and get quite literally set in their ways. Rheumatic changes develop in the joints, and if it goes on long enough the foot may get absolutely rigid. Then there is real trouble, for the orthopedist may actually have to break those joints apart and push them back in place and hold them there with a plaster cast till the arches have a chance to reform again, and the shoes and exercises that you're in for after that are really something.

There are any number of really serious foot troubles that have nothing to do with how we walk or what we walk in. Clubfeet, for instance, are a deformity of the foot that people are born with, where the foot is twisted either in or out or down, usually in, and fixed that way by some faulty formation of the bones or muscles. A clubfoot used to be pretty tragic, because the child was allowed to walk on it and so fix and increase the deformity. But nowadays if a baby has a clubfoot, the orthopedic surgeon usually catches it long before it can try to walk, and twists and reshapes it—usually, amazingly enough, without any cutting or carving at all—and then puts it in a plaster cast. And usually, when it comes out of the cast, if it is put in the right kind of shoe it can learn to walk and even dance.

Wrong Walking and Wrong Shoes

Then there are feet that are withered by infantile paralysis, and feet that are actually deformed by arthritis, and feet that get blue because the circulation isn't right, and feet that swell because the heart or kidneys aren't behaving as they should. And any one of these troubles, to say nothing of dozens of others, can be very serious indeed, though in each case medicine and surgery have gone a long way toward bringing the damaged feet back to normal. But there is still no doubt that most of the my-feet-hurt-me complexes in the world come from the wrong kind of walking and the wrong kind of shoes, mostly feminine.



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Strictly Ding-Dong

Continued from page 10

"Oh," Angela said weakly. It didn't sound very impressive, so she tried it again, this time in a higher register. "Oh!"

She seated herself primly behind the desk while Ding-Dong settled on the divan and contemplated the ceiling. There were twenty minutes of loud silence. Angela began to feel nervous.

"Would you like to look around the studio, Mr. Williams?"

"Not now," said her employer. "I hadda give last night and I'm not all unwound yet." He glanced at her a moment. "I wish you'd call me Ding-Dong," he said. "Only people who want things call me Mr. Williams."

Angela smiled at that. She was still smiling as Mr. Williams, Mammoth's latest genius, dropped off to sleep.

MARTY FELTON overtook them just as they were leaving the lot at noon. Angela had volunteered to take Ding-Dong into town to find some clothes to replace those he had lost.

"You can't run off now," Marty cried. "We're giving a press luncheon for you, Mr. Williams! Even Mr. Steinberg will be there!"

Ding-Dong glanced at Angela. "I guess I'd better."

"Of course!" she said. "We can go into Hollywood after lunch." She started away then and Ding-Dong hurried after her.

"Wait a minute," he said. "You gotta eat with me. You promised."

She hesitated and Marty grabbed her arm. "Come on," he said. "We can't keep them waiting any longer."

The Green Room was packed with reporters, columnists and fan writers. Ding-Dong shook hands with everybody, and everyone said this was certainly a pleasure and Ding-Dong looked both suspicious and frightened at that. Mr. Steinberg came in then, accompanied by four supervisors, one of whom wasn't his son-in-law. Marty hurried up to him with the guest of honor.

"This is Ding-Dong Williams, Mr. Steinberg," he said. "You know, the one who's doing the swing finale for Goodby Love."

"At his money I should forget!" Mr. Steinberg said bitterly. He stared at Ding-Dong through thick lenses. "Why Ding-Dong?" he asked. "Is it you took it for the stage?"

"No," said the wind man, "it's because I can't help myself. When I send, I chant."

"Chant?" Mr. Steinberg asked cautiously.

"Sure. When I'm hot and I'm sending, I just kinda take off and keep saying, 'ding-dong, ding-dong!' "

Mr. Steinberg stared at him for a full moment and then sank weakly into his chair at the head of the table. Ding-Dong and Angela were on his right.

When the meal ended, Marty Felton got up and announced that Mr. Ding-Dong Williams had kindly consented to answer any questions on the current trends in swing time. If anyone had any questions—?

Everyone had questions, it seemed. What made a hot man hot? Why was swing and what of it? Were swing men born that way or did something happen to them after they grew up?

Ding-Dong, terror etched in his big eyes, rose miserably to his feet.

"You can't explain swing," he mumbled. "You gotta be gut-bucket at heart to understand it. I've always been a gate, and gates swing wide. If you're a sender you get to rug-cutting when you're grooving a wax, what with the suitcase man being hot on the skin, and because you're not a paper man, you gotta lick it high and wild to be happy. Swingaroos are born with a lotta jive and they just hafta play go-instruments, not icky or straight ones, and a union card riding a go-toy gets that old Dixieland fever and he's stomping it out before he knows it. The cats get to crying then, and when they twitch, you know you've got 'em. That's swing."

He sat down amidst a stunned silence.

"You hear him?" Mr. Steinberg hissed. "Not even English can he speak!"

ANGELA soon discovered that time had no meaning to a hot man. Ding-Dong would wander into the studio at noon, play a few wild waxes and then take her to lunch. His afternoons were spent in wide-eyed visits to the Western sets on the back lot. He was particularly impressed with Mr. Steve Moore, Mammoth's Romeo on horseback. Once or twice Ding-Dong was even seen sidling up to Star Dust, Mr. Moore's famous pinto, and giving him a couple of quick pats.

Steve Moore came into the office one morning and complained bitterly to Angela. "Make him stop following me around!" he said desperately. "How can an actor have any dignity when a little guy carrying a clarinet keeps tagging after him?"

"Don't be so sure he's tagging after you," Angela said tartly. "I happen to know he's quite taken with your horse."

Just the same, when Ding-Dong put in his appearance she delicately broached the subject of his going around the lot with his clarinet under his arm. It might make people think he was a little odd, she said.

Ding-Dong shook his head. He said soberly that he just couldn't be taking any chances. Once some jitterbugs had grabbed his beloved licorice stick and practically dismembered it before he could get it back. There had been quite a riot.

Angela stared at him. "You mean your fans take it so seriously?"

"They're not fans," he said slowly, "not really. They're just swing-simple. Like me."

"Oh," said Angela, suddenly visualizing Ding-Dong surrounded by hundreds of male and female ding-dongs. It was vaguely distressing.

NOT once did he exhibit any interest in Goodby Love. Angela tried to wheedle him into visiting the set.

Ding-Dong refused to be wheedled. "I don't wanta see it," he said stubbornly. "Then it wouldn't be any fun going to the picture. Let's go to the beach instead."

So, for the tenth time in three weeks, they went to the beach.

They were lying in the sand at Santa Monica. Angela's blondness fitted snugly into her shiny black trunks and halter.

"You're cute," Ding-Dong said suddenly. "Do you know something?" he asked. "I'd like to kiss you."

Angela colored and wondered hurriedly what you said to a man who *told* you he wanted to kiss you. But before she could make up her mind, Ding-Dong had put his arms around her and kissed her gently.

After a moment she pulled away. Ding-Dong carefully lowered himself in the sand and once again began counting the breakers as they came in.

The next morning Mr. Steinberg in person, and accompanied by only one

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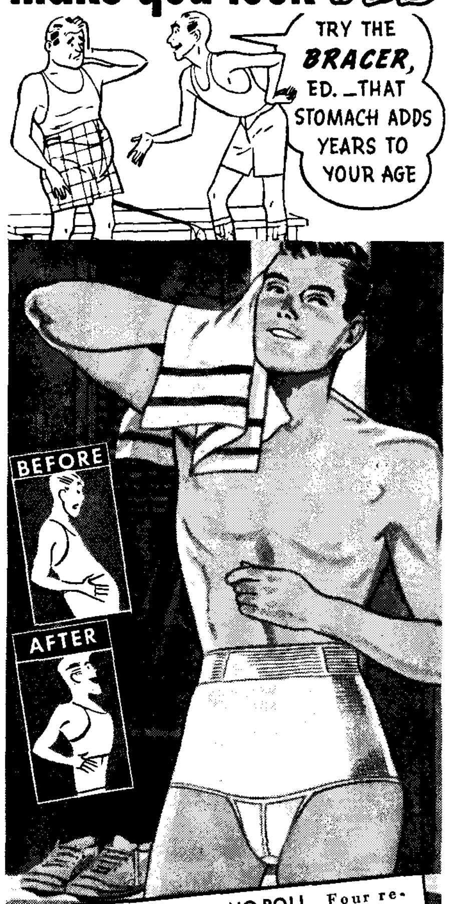
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son-in-law, the supervisor of Goodby Love, came striding into their office. Angela glanced nervously at her employer, who seemed completely oblivious to their presence in the office. Ding-Dong was lying on the divan, moodily studying the reed on his clarinet.

"It's getting frayed," he told Angela. "It was a good reed, too. It loved to ride."

Angela coughed slightly. "Mr. Steinberg's here."

"I know it," said Ding-Dong, glancing at him for the first time. "It's not polite to come in without knocking."

"You can't talk to Mr. Steinberg like that!" shrilled the supervisor. "I won't stand for it!"

"Shut up," said Mr. Steinberg. "Musicians ain't supposed to be bright."

"That's right," said Ding-Dong. "You hafta have a soul to be a musician, not brains."

Mr. Steinberg beamed at him. "Fine!" he said. "I like a man who ain't afraid to speak right up and admit he's wrong." He glanced around the office. "Where's your arrangement? We have to have it today. Our musical director wants to make up the orchestrations."

"Arrangement?" Ding-Dong said hoarsely, showing faint signs of awakening from a trance. "You want an arrangement from *me?*"

"Why not?" Mr. Steinberg asked. "It's in your contract."

Ding-Dong gave out with a low moan and came slowly to his feet. There was *a dazed expression in his eyes.* "Nobody told me I had to do an arrangement!" he cried wildly. "I'm no arranger. I can't even read music!"

"If you can't read it, how do you write it?" the supervisor demanded.

"That's just it," said Ding-Dong. "Because I can't read music, I can't write it, either."

Mr. Steinberg collapsed on the divan. "You can't write music!" he wailed. "Why does this have to happen to Ancil Steinberg?"

Angela felt a faint coming on. She groped her way to the water cooler as Mr. Steinberg turned his Judas look upon her. After all she had told him—She wished desperately that the floor would just open up and swallow her.

"So!" Mr. Steinberg said heavily, "you bribe your secretary to lie, huh? You take money under false pretenses, huh? You—"

"You shut up!" said Ding-Dong. "You can't talk that way about Angela. It's not her fault I didn't read my contract. I never do!"

The supervisor was tugging desperately at his father-in-law's coat. "But what are we going to do?" he bleated. "The chorus is on salary, we also got a line of sixty girls under contract and sixty-two musicians are waiting even while they get paid this minute!"

There were a few minutes of heavy silence. Even Ding-Dong joined in, his brow wrinkled with unaccustomed thought.

"Listen," he said slowly. They all looked at him. "What if I did some ride work and you waxed it? Then you could have the dot men work out your orchestrations from that!"

Mr. Steinberg's startled glance met his son-in-law's. "It gives!" said the producer. He jumped to the telephone. "Get me the music department!" he howled.

In two minutes the Messrs. Zang and Ketridge, orchestrations by the job lot, had appeared and been sworn to eternal secrecy. Mr. Steinberg was almost in tears as he dramatically recited the need for great speed. When he had finished the two arrangers glanced at each other.

"Can do," said Mr. Zang, an anemic-looking youth.

"Sure," said the florid Mr. Ketridge. "Why not?"

"Fine!" said Mr. Steinberg. He turned to Ding-Dong. "Remember, it's got to be no less than terrific! This production *finale costs us one hundred and ninety*-three thousand dollars, our own money, so no cheap music, understand?"

"Sure," said Ding-Dong, "but you don't need to worry. None of my family's ever been corny."

"It gives then!" said Mr. Steinberg. "Now you go right over to the sound department and get hot!"

Ding-Dong stared at him. "What do you think I am?" he asked indignantly. "A phonograph needle? I gotta feel it first. I gotta feel ding-dongish before I can record!"

Mr. Steinberg's face took on a greenish hue. "So?" *he said weakly.* "And how long does it take you to work yourself up?"

"That depends," said Ding-Dong. "I gotta be moaning low before that gate begins to swing."

Mr. Steinberg stared at him, almost afraid to ask the fatal question. Then: "And how are you feeling now?" he asked anxiously.

Ding-Dong shook his head. "I never felt better in my life," he said unhappily.

As MR. STEINBERG so truthfully admitted, he went completely crazy in the week that followed. Ding-Dong showed no signs of ever giving out again. Try as he might, he just couldn't recapture that old feeling.

The arrangers, the Messrs. Zang and Ketridge, complained bitterly to the front office at the end of the week. Day and night they had followed Ding-Dong, ready to rush him to the recording stage at his first signs of breaking out in a rash. So what happened? They spent their days watching Mr. Steve Moore painfully emoting aboard his horse and their nights were occupied in accompanying Angela and Ding-Dong to theaters and drive-in stands.

"I'm tired of riding in rumble seats," *Mr. Zang said plaintively.* "It gives me the sniffles."

"Yeah," said Mr. Ketridge, "I don't like it, neither. Watching a beautiful girl waste herself on a dope!"

"I know, boys," Mr. Steinberg said sadly. "The whole setup smells. All over town there is whispers 'What's wrong with Mammoth?' and 'What's holding up Goodby Love?' Just because we gotta wait for a guy to get hot!"

"What do we do now?" Mr. Zang asked forlornly.

"You stay with him!" said Mr. Steinberg. "Make him unhappy till he's gotta give. Tell him sad stories! Tell him I'm up here going crazy and it's all his fault!"

Mr. Ketridge sighed. "We've already given him the gloomy business," he said *morbidly, "and all it does is upset us."*

At that very moment Miss Angela Jones was feeling pretty upset herself. She was in the midst of disillusioning a nice boy who went around disguised as a clarinet.

"I can't go out with you tonight, Ding-Dong," she said, trying to make her voice sort of disdainful. "I—I've a very important date."

Ding-Dong scuffed his toe along the carpet. "That's all right," he said slowly. "Maybe I'll just go over and watch Steve Moore work instead."

Angela tried to laugh just like Constance Bennett. "How funny!" *she exclaimed.* "It's Steve I've a date with tonight!"

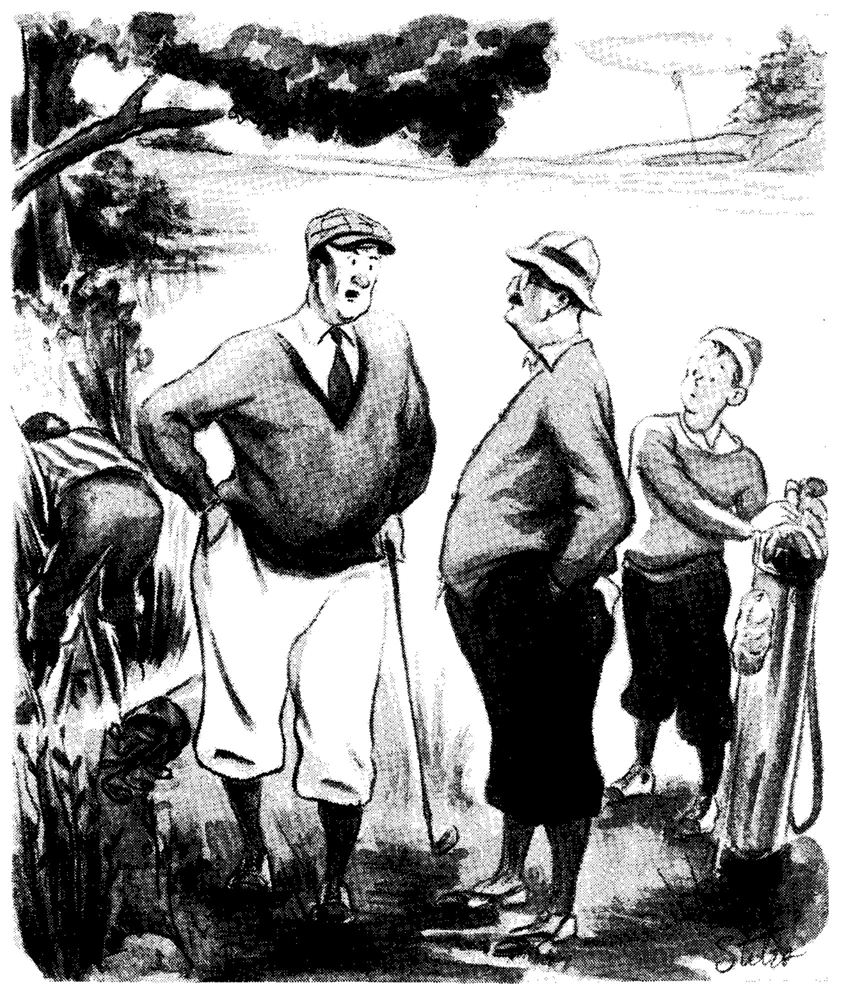
Ding-Dong's eyes widened abruptly. "You've gotta date with Steve Moore?"

"I have."

"I don't believe it," he said doggedly. "Cowboys don't go out with girls."

"You don't think so?" Angela asked haughtily. "Well, if you should happen to drive past my place tonight you'd find out otherwise!"

There was a full moon that night and Ding-Dong, sitting alone in the seat of the big roadster, felt sort of funny when



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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

he thought of Angela sharing that moon with a famous cowboy. His woodwind was carefully placed beside him in the seat that was usually reserved for her. He drove to the beach and back without a word to the Messrs. Zang and Ketridge, shivering in the rumble seat.

It was almost midnight when Ding-Dong found himself driving up Franklin Avenue in the direction of Angela's pink stucco cottage, one of fourteen similar ones in the La Castillo Gardens. It wouldn't hurt to take a quick peek, he thought moodily.

The car slowed at the entrance to the Gardens and Ding-Dong stole a hasty glance at the first cottage on the street side. Sure enough, there were lights. Of course, that didn't prove Steve Moore was with her; not for sure, anyway. Just the same, Ding-Dong decided to drive on. The car was edging away from the curb when he heard a faint but familiar neigh coming from Angela's patio.

He jerked on the brakes and, clarinet in hand, hurried over to the little wall that separated the patio from the street. In a moment he was inside, gazing at a painted pinto securely tethered to a palm tree. Ding-Dong sighed heavily as he recognized Star Dust, left there alone in the moonlight while his master courted Angela.

Ding-Dong patted him sadly. "I guess that makes two of us," he said forlornly. "Nobody cares about us, do they?"

Star Dust gazed at him, a bit of palm leaf dangling from his mouth. After a moment he nuzzled Ding-Dong gently and discovered the clarinet under his arm. His soft blue eyes looked inquiringly at Ding-Dong.

"It's a clarinet," said Ding-Dong. "You wanta hear a few licks? Maybe it would do us both good."

He started in a low register with I Ain't Got Nobody and Star Dust gave a soft, appreciative whinny. Ding-Dong was feeling the reed by then and he began to riff it out a little. The volume swelled ever so slightly and Angela's window flew open. For a moment she stared at him. Then:

"Go away!" she said. "Go away!"

THAT was the crowning blow to an already broken man. Ding-Dong's licorice stick gave a loud wail that woke up the Messrs. Zang and Ketridge and brought them on the double quick. Angela disappeared from the window.

"Gosh," said Mr Ketridge, "he's really taking off!" as Ding-Dong hit a wild, weird pitch that had not been equaled since the night his uncle died in Harrisburg. For a moment his fingers flew over Clarinet Marmalade, improvising here, inserting new figures there. Then, thoroughly warmed up, he was gone. He became strictly the ad lib. man, the one and only Ding-Dong Williams. He didn't play a number that he had ever heard before. It was a one-man jam session: a jam session without books.

"Would you listen?" Mr. Zang whispered reverently. "Whatta tone!"

Angela again appeared in the window. "The neighbors are complaining!" she shrieked. "Now will you go away?"

The reed man's dazed gaze clung to her.

"Ding-dong!" he said suddenly, "Ding-dong!"

"Hold your hat!" cried Mr. Ketridge. "He's away!"

The moonlit patio was suddenly deluged in a staccato serenade that would have made Bix Beiderbecke reach for his trumpet again. Ding-Dong had never given like that before. But, then, he had never been in love before. He hadn't known how awful it could make you feel.

His soul went into the wailing reed; came out in rounded, muted notes that whispered of kisses in the dark; then higher ones of rage and jealousy and, finally, a dirgelike crescendo that could mean only unrequited love.

It was swing, great swing, and the hot-test man of his time knew it and was still unhappy.

"Ding-dong, ding-dong," Mr. Williams chanted. For one moment his hand was slapping his thigh in ecstatic rhythm. "Ding-dong, ding-dong!"

"Listen to him count it off!" wailed Mr. Zang. "We gotta get him right over to the recording stage."

"Let's go!" said Mr. Ketridge. "You grab him from in front while I sneak up behind!"

The wail of an approaching siren halted the would-be kidnapers in their tracks. They stared wildly at one another and, even as they did, the police burst into the patio.

"Grab him!" shouted one officer.

Ding-Dong was suddenly seized by four strong, blue-serged arms. He gave an outraged cry and the music ceased abruptly. It was then that the policeman made his mistake. He tried to confiscate Mr. Williams' clarinet.

DING-DONG gave one shrill scream and threw all his one hundred and thirty pounds at the policeman's throat. The battle was still raging when all the participants reached the Hollywood station. The battered arrangers were shoved aside by the police as the officers tried desperately to separate Ding-Dong from the clarinet-snatcher. Finally they succeeded. Limp and bleeding, Mr. Williams was bundled off to a cell.

In another moment the arrangers appeared in the adjoining one. Mr. Ketridge was still breathing hard. "It's all right, Ding-Dong," he panted, "I made 'em call up the Old Man. We'll be out of here before you can say Cecil B. de Mille."

Mr. Steinberg arrived within ten minutes. He came hurrying down the corridor to their cells. "I hear he gave!" he cried joyously. "I hear he gave big!"

The Messrs. Zang and Ketridge exchanged dubious glances. "Yeah," Mr. Ketridge said slowly, "he gave but it didn't do any good. We couldn't get him to the studio."

"What?" screamed Mr. Steinberg. "You didn't write it down, even?"

"Write it down!" said Mr. Zang. "The way he plays? And, anyhow, there ain't that kind of notes. There can't be!"

Only Angela's prompt arrival prevented Mr. Steinberg's completely giving way to hysterics. She appeared, staggering under the weight of a portable recording machine. Ding-Dong stared at her, then peered down the corridor. Neither Mr. Moore nor his horse was in sight.

"Here you are," said Angela, thrusting the recording machine at Mr. Steinberg. "You've got it all on wax. And, mister, it's swing!"

Mr. Steinberg threw his arms around her. "For this I love you like a daughter," he cried. "But what gives?"

Angela was anxious to be alone with Ding-Dong. "Nothing much," she said impatiently. "I just had to help him get in the mood. It was a matter of dressing the stage. Once he started to play, I just turned on the machine."

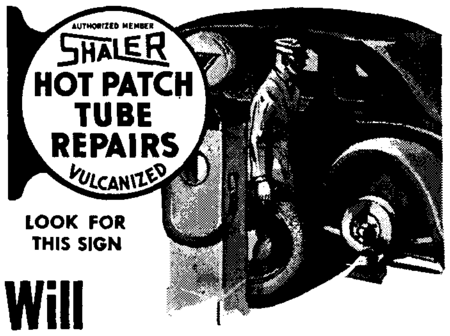
Ding-Dong stared at her. "Then you didn't really have a date?"

She kissed him through the bars. "Of course not! Why should I want to date Lionel Manymuscles? I'd rather have you!" She turned to Mr. Steinberg then. "You'd better have the transportation pick up a horse I borrowed. I had to use him for a prop."

"Gosh," said Ding-Dong, "you think of everything!"

"I sure do," she said, "and when you get out of here I want to know what you're going to do about it."

"I know already," said Ding-Dong. "In some ways I'm real bright."



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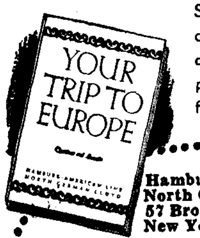

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Hell and High Timber

Continued from page 13

sparks, and men were sniped by the lightning playing around them in the charged air. Rod points in all the lookout towers glowed, balls of bluish fire ran down the drains, the North Baldy lookout house was scored by a direct hit. Reported Ranger H. A. Peterson tersely:

"Everyone says it looked and felt like fire and brimstone. Lookout man was sick at stomach for several days due to smell. . . . Orwig Hump, lookout man, took hold of his alidade to sight on fire, and had the hide burned from fingers. At Indian Mountain, lookout man was knocked down while turning alidade. . . . The woodbox on Gleason Mountain was touching ground wire and a crease was burned across it one-fourth inch deep. Since there was no direct hit, we figure it was caused by heat of draining electricity. . . . Direct hit on large rocks near Gleason. Lookout there said the rock glowed for several minutes. . . . Hot stuff. . . ."

A Solid Sheet of Flame

How fast can a fire travel? We put the question directly to R. H. Rutledge, widely respected regional forester of the Intermountain District in the Rockies. He hesitated for a long moment, packing tobacco into his pipe with a broad thumb. Your old-time smoke eater does not like to talk about fire. He has seen things he would rather forget, and a restless far-off look will come into his eyes and his voice will drop a little lower. "Kind of hard to estimate, exactly," Mr. Rutledge said reluctantly, considering his pipe. "Depends on whether it's a ground fire, for instance, or a crown fire running through the treetops with the wind. Take, for instance, when a forest's already filled with smoke and unburned gases, formed by the smoldering materials, and all at once the whole thing blows up. . . ."

He put the pipe in his mouth, and took out a wooden sulphur match.

"I remember once watching a fire from the rim of a canyon a full mile away. There was a sudden gust of wind, and the next thing I knew the air around me was one solid sheet of flame. How fast did it travel?" Abruptly he rasped his thumbnail across the head of the match, and the blue tip exploded into fire. "How fast was that?"

There is always a little lull before an oncoming fire, they say, a hollow silence that you can sense. Gradually you begin to feel the heat in short pulsing waves, though the fire may be still three or four miles away, and for the first time you can hear the wind that is with and behind the fire. The sound grows louder, a strange hissing roar—they all speak of that curious hiss, a sort of resigned sigh as though all the forest knows what is coming—and then, out of the distance, pours a solid white cloud that is black underneath, and beneath the black is the orange-red glow of the flames. Now the roar is like a thousand freight trains crossing steel trestles. The fire envelops a whole mountain at once, leaps a canyon to the next mountain, crosses a stream—one moment there is a trout brook trickling through the forest, the next moment a red tongue has lapped it clean and left the stream-bed as dry as dust. A hastily abandoned truck stands in a clearing a hundred feet from any trees. The metal writhes as the fire passes, the windshield is fused into a lump of glass the size of your fist.

"I tied my horse in a safe place and was running toward the men on the fire line," a ranger told us in Montana, "when the wind shifted. When I got back four days later, all I could find was the iron bit. . . ."

You cannot conceive of the heat of a fire. They told us of a dozen cattle grazing in a coulee; later, when the fire had rolled by, they picked up a bell, and three hooves. . . . A plane ranger reports being rocked and bounced out of control by the heat of a fire when he was eighty-five hundred feet in the air. . . . Two fire fighters left their truck on a hairpin turn and started to run panic-stricken uphill. They had clambered halfway up the dirt bank when a blast of furnace heat struck them. They faltered, shriveled like bacon, fell forward on their faces and slid back side by side into the road, charred to cinders although no flame had touched them.

Fire does curious things. There was the blaze in Idaho that burned into a mine shaft for a hundred and fifty feet, ate the timbers, twisted into alphabet soup the steel rods holding the ore-crushing stamps, warped the door off the iron safe, but never so much as scorched the papers inside. . . . Flames roared across a squatter's camp site, leveled the cabin, reduced the outbuildings to ashes, left untouched a half cord of wood piled in the yard. . . .

Wild animals in a fire lose all other fear in their common fear of the red enemy. Ernie Poole, former superintendent of rangers in Ontario, had taken refuge with his Airedale dog behind a pile of green logs. "I could hear the animals running past me in the smoke," he said, "and I saw the dog turn his head once and look sharp. A big snowshoe rabbit bounded out of the smoke and landed beside us. He and the dog sat side by side, taking no notice of each other, until the smoke lifted and mister rabbit hopped away. The dog never gave him a glance as he left. . . ." On a hummock of dry land in a swamp, during a bad fire in Alabama, seven men, three deer, a fox and several snakes lived for two days. "We didn't have anything to eat," one of the survivors told later, "but we'd've starved before we killed any of them critters. We'd've felt like cannibals."

A Fatal Mutiny

And there is not much you can do. You are in for a bad time of it if you are caught directly in the path of a roaring fire. You cannot always outrun it; a fire can travel faster than a man. If you are trapped, get to an open space if you can. Get your face close to the ground, the old-timers advise, and lie still. If you are near water, soak a blanket and place it over your head; it will filter some of the smoke and heat from the air. Two men in a canoe in Quebec last year, trapped by fire, leaped out and lay on their backs in the stream, breathing through their coats. They survived, though their canoe was burned clean to the water line. Above all else, the old-timers warn you, do not get down in a deep hole or well if it is very far below ground level. Fire sucks the oxygen out of the air, and in a confined space you are apt to suffocate. Many victims of forest fires are never touched by the actual flames.

In Ontario, during the famous First Porcupine disaster, the railroad sent in a special train to rescue a group of settlers whose camp lay in the probable path of the fire, and move them up the line to safety. The village priest, not realizing the peril, assured them that the town would never be touched, and persuaded them to stay. He was right;

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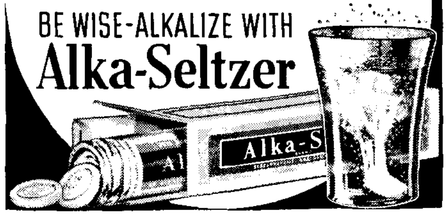

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the town was not burned. But as the fire threatened them, he led his parishioners into the railway cut, a narrow embankment with steep clay sides that formed a natural pocket from which the heat drew all the oxygen. They found them later, thirteen bodies lying beside the body of the priest on a mound of dry grass that was not even scorched.

It is hard to stay calm, to think clearly in the face of the primitive panic that a fire engenders; but here, if ever, levelheadedness and quick judgment and stubborn courage are at a premium. They told us over and over, in the West, of the quick action of Ranger E. C. Pulaski, nationally known hero of the 1910 Coeur d'Alene disaster in northern Idaho. On August twentieth, a terrific hurricane broke over the mountains, picking up several spot fires and carrying them for miles. The wind was so strong that it almost lifted men from their saddles, the canyons acted as chimneys, the smoke and heat became so intense that it was difficult to breathe. Fifty men in Pulaski's crew mutinied, ran down the St. Joe Big Creek; all fifty were killed. The remaining men became so panic-stricken that Pulaski could scarcely make them comprehend his orders. "The whole world seemed to us men back in the mountains to be aflame," Pulaski wrote later. "Many thought it was really the end of the world. Under such conditions it would have been worse than foolhardy to have fought the fire. It was a case of saving our lives."

Fire Fighting Isn't Romantic

He finally collected forty-five men. His voice was almost gone by this time from shouting above the roar of wind and flames, but he made them understand that if they seized blankets from the camp stock and did as he told them there was a chance of pulling through. Had it not been for Pulaski's familiarity with the mountain trails, they would never have made it. "My one hope was to reach an old mine tunnel that I knew to be not far from us. We raced for it. Trees were falling all about us, and it was almost impossible to see through the darkness, although it was but little after midday. One man was killed on the way by a falling tree. I often wonder what happened to the bear that came down that fiery trail with us, and insisted on getting in our way. The horse I was riding I gave to an old man who could not keep up with us in the race. We reached the mine just in time, for we were hardly in when fire wiped out the trail.

"I ordered the men to lie face down upon the ground of the tunnel and not dare sit up unless they wanted to suffocate, for the tunnel was filling with fire gas and smoke. One man tried to make a rush outside that would have meant certain death. I drew my revolver and said:

" 'The first man who leaves this tunnel I will shoot.'

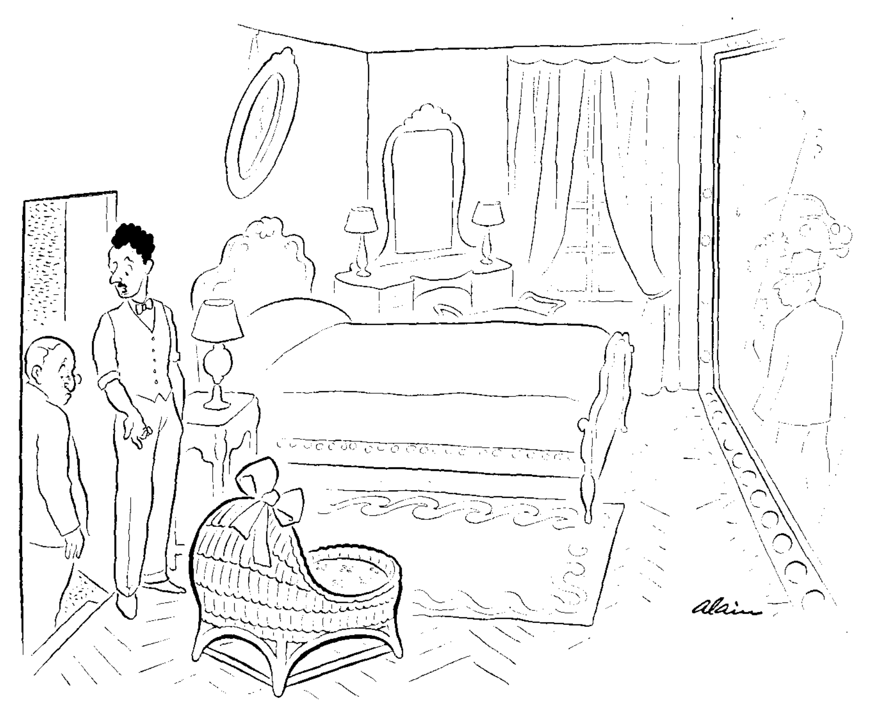
"I did not have to use my gun."

Outside the tunnel, the canyon was a solid furnace. The mine timbers caught fire, so Pulaski hung wet blankets over the opening, scooping up some seepage water in his hat and throwing it on them from time to time. Even the drenched blankets caught fire at last, and he replaced them with others soaked in water. There were two horses in the tunnel with the men; the heat was so intense that the tail of one horse was burned off.

"The men were in a panic of fear, some crying, some praying. Many soon became unconscious from the terrific smoke and heat and fire gas. Gradually I, too, sank down unconscious. I do not know how long I was in this condition, but I remember hearing a man saying, 'Come outside, boys, the boss is dead.' I replied, 'Like hell he is.' I raised myself and felt fresh air circulating through the mine. The other men were becoming conscious. It was five o'clock in the morning. . . ."

Five men were dead; the rest tried to stand up, but their legs refused to hold them. "We dragged ourselves outside to the creek to ease our parched throats and lips. Our disappointment was terrible when we found the stream filled with ashes and the water too hot to drink. We started toward Wallace . . . making our way over burning logs and through smoking debris. When walking failed us, we crawled on hands and knees. How we got down the mountain I hardly know. Our shoes were burned off our feet, our clothing was in parched rags, our hands were blistered raw, we were covered with mud and ashes. . . . As we dragged our way down through Placer Creek, we were met by some women from Wallace. They had hot coffee and whisky, and although we appreciated their kindness we could take nothing but cold water. . . . I had to get a man to lead me, for the world was black to my eyes."

No wonder Pulaski was blinded. They



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" 'Mary, that can never happen to *you*.'

"I asked what he meant, and he showed me some advertisements of women who were hunting situations. They were tragic, for they were mostly widows with small children.

" 'You seem so sure, Jack,' I said. 'After all, couldn't it happen to me too?'

"Then he explained that no matter what happened, little Mary and I will always have a home and enough money for living expenses. Our income will be certain because a New England Mutual insurance policy guarantees to pay us the same amount of money every month. It's the really *safe* way, Jack said, to take care of the future.

"So whenever I hear of a mother looking for work to support her children, I'm reminded of Jack's thoughtfulness. Being left with a child to raise, and no home or money, must be a dreadful predicament. . . . Thanks to Jack's foresight, *it can never happen to me.*"

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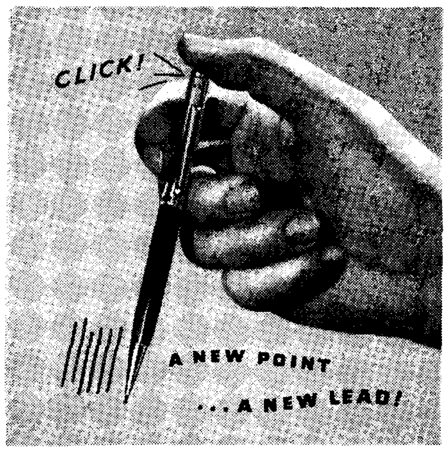

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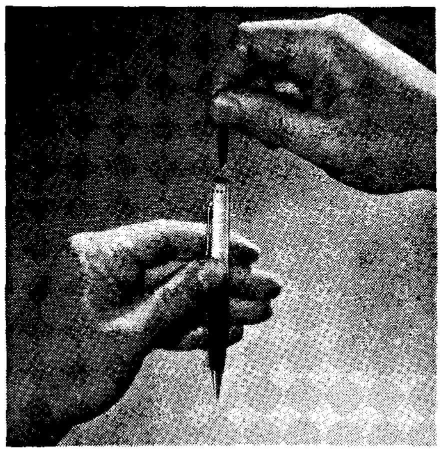

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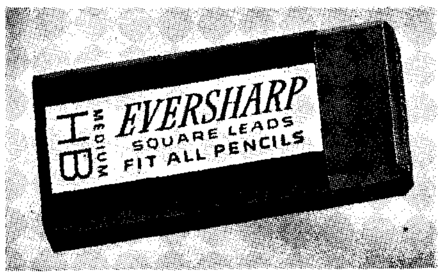

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THE NEW
WAHL-EVERSHARP
REPEATING PENCIL

Made by the makers of the famous Wahl-Eversharp Pen —the only pen with the "Self-Fitting" Point

recovered later the revolver that he had been holding in his hand while he guarded the doorway of the mine. The wooden grips were burned from the handle.

Fire fighting isn't romantic. It is hard, suffocating, dangerous labor with shovels, axes, mules and tractors, amid smoke and cinders and mud and heat; it is a job for trained and strong and courageous men. The men in the United States Forest Service are men like that, men like Pulaski. We talked with rangers in Idaho and Montana and Wyoming, in the East and South and Far West, even in Alaska. Tall lean-waisted angular men, as a rule, with wide shoulders and well-calloused hands and grave faces—faces sometimes pulled to one side by the taut scar of an old burn, for fire leaves its mark, like war—and quick, shrewd, searching eyes. We watched them move silently along the forest trails, with nostrils distended as though they were scenting for possible smoke in the wind, with ears always cocked for a familiar dreaded sound. They had one thing in common, all these old smoke eaters we talked with. They hated fire.

"Pray for Rain"

Our national forest area covers well over two hundred million acres, which means there is only one of these rangers for every forty-nine square miles; yet the total fire loss in all this vast territory last year was only 105,155 acres. Compare this with the annual loss of forty million acres in our unprotected timberlands, outside the control of the Forest Service, and the record speaks eloquently for the efficiency of the service's fire-control system. Under the capable leadership of Chief Forester F. A. Silcox, the losses in our national forest lands are steadily decreasing, and more and more the determined guardianship of the Forest Service is insuring the preservation of our forest resources for other generations.

What is this Forest Service fire-control system? Chief Silcox explained it to us briefly. In the first place, there are three distinct types of forest fire: surface, ground and crown. Commonest of all, the surface fire consumes leaves, twigs, underbrush and slash—surface litter—and sometimes the layer of partially decomposed material under the litter called duff. It may burn up the side of a tree a short ways, or eat a cavity into the base of the trunk. If a fire can be located while it is still a simple surface fire, a squad of men with water packs, grub hoes and shovels can clear a fire line, remove the litter and brush and snags, clean it down to noninflammable mineral soil, and usually surround it in time.

The ground fire is a tougher proposition. Below the duff, it seems, is a layer of almost completely decayed organic matter, varying greatly in depth, and all-too-readily combustible when sufficiently dry. This material burns slowly but persistently, and you can never be quite sure when the fire's dead. Sometimes it may smolder for days or even weeks before it is spotted, and meantime the forest is filling with dangerous fire gases that a sudden wind may fan into abrupt conflagration. Trenching—cutting a strip wagon-road width two or three miles ahead—may halt the creeping progress of a ground fire; but it is queasy work. "Worse'n laying mines in the Channel," a lookout man told us.

When it "blows up"—when a sudden gust of wind causes the ground or surface fire to leap aloft into the tops of trees—it is known as a crown fire, most dreaded and dangerous of all. A fire that has crowned can travel with incredible speed, like an airplane getting "on the step" and taking off into the air. Speed, therefore, is the keynote in fighting a crown fire; whole rows of trees must be cut down along the fire line, backfiring is used to widen the strip, and after that . . . Mr. Silcox shrugged. "Pray for rain."

Detection, communication, transportation . . . this is the program of the Forest Service in fighting all three kinds of fire. During the whole year, rangers are constantly correcting their forest maps, removing fire hazards, building roads, putting equipment in shape, locating supply depots, studying weather reports, closing certain areas to tourists at times of extreme hazard, organizing for quick action in an emergency. Lookout towers and cabins, dotting all districts of the 157 national forests in forty states, spot the "smokes," determine by instruments and charts the location of the blaze, phone word to the central dispatcher's office. In the inaccessible back country, the Forest Service has built emergency landing fields where planes can set down with men and supplies; and experiments are now being made to determine the feasibility of dropping water, frothy chemical mixtures, and even bombs to retard the progress of these remote fires until the ground crews can catch up. Last and most important, the establishment of about 500 CCC camps in our national forests has supplied the service with an ever-available and mobile corps of men to throw into the fight at a moment's notice.

Upon one thing we found every Forest Service man and ranger and warden in complete agreement: the CCC, properly guided, can be an unparalleled national blessing. For example, Chief Forester Silcox attributed without hesitation much of the recent outstanding reduction in national forest fire losses to the Civilian Conservation Corps; A. B. Cammerer, director of national parks, added that the CCC was responsible for a thirty-seven per cent reduction of forest fires in our park lands. Out in Utah, Regional Forester Rutledge pointed out that the CCC has practically eliminated the temporarily hired fire fighters in the West, and has created instead a far superior ally in case of trouble. "The CCC boy is more enthusiastic, easier to handle, and he has no other interest in a fire than to put it out." Down in Carolina, a warden admitted with a grin that the CCC had almost demoralized his warden force—"People down this way count on the boys so much that nowadays, in case of trouble, they phone the camp even before they let us know."

A One-Man Fire Department

"And they've got what it takes," a regional inspector in Wyoming said to us, jerking his thumb toward a line of half-naked youngsters in blue denim dungarees swamping a road through the woods for quick travel in case of fire emergency. "Look at 'em swing those grub hoes. Look at the muscles they've built up already since they've been here. Some of those kids were right from the city sidewalks and they never saw a plot of grass before without a 'Keep Off' sign, but right now I'd rather have a bunch of them under me than a lot of old-timers I know.

"Last summer, while we were busy fighting a mean blaze just north of here, a lookout reported another wisp of smoke on the horizon. Lost fire. We picked one of these CCC kids—he was from Chicago—and sent him up there in a truck with two days' rations to try and locate it. After we got our own blaze under control, we checked around and found he hadn't reported back yet. That was four full days. We sent a warden and some men up there to investigate. They found the truck, and they found his footprints heading into the woods. That afternoon they found the kid. His shirt was torn clean off, his eyebrows

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3

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21	$ .77	30	$ .97	39	$1.29	48	$1.87
22	.79	31	1.00	40	1.35	49	1.95
23	.81	32	1.03	41	1.39	50	2.04
24	.83	33	1.06	42	1.45	51	2.15
25	.85	34	1.09	43	1.51	52	2.27
26	.87	35	1.13	44	1.57	53	2.39
27	.90	36	1.16	45	1.64	54	2.53
28	.92	37	1.21	46	1.70	55	2.66
29	.95	38	1.25	47	1.79		

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were scorched, he was black as a nigger, he was half-starved, and out on his feet, but he had a grin that wouldn't come off. Out in front him was the fire, covering two acres, but under control. He told the warden he couldn't leave it because the wind kept blowing sparks and setting new fires. So he stayed with it. He figured it was the thing to do. . . ."

When all the hue and cry of current controversy has died, the Civilian Conservation Corps—freed of politics and of occasional misdirection of effort—may very well take its place in history as the most important achievement of any recent administration. In addition to its value as a relief measure, in addition to its moral and physical contribution to the boys themselves, it has already saved countless millions in fire fighting alone. If it were ever possible to estimate the actual dollars-and-cents value of the timber the CCC has saved, the government would be figuring right now how to double the number of enrollees rather than how to cut the number down.

Today's and Tomorrow's Loss

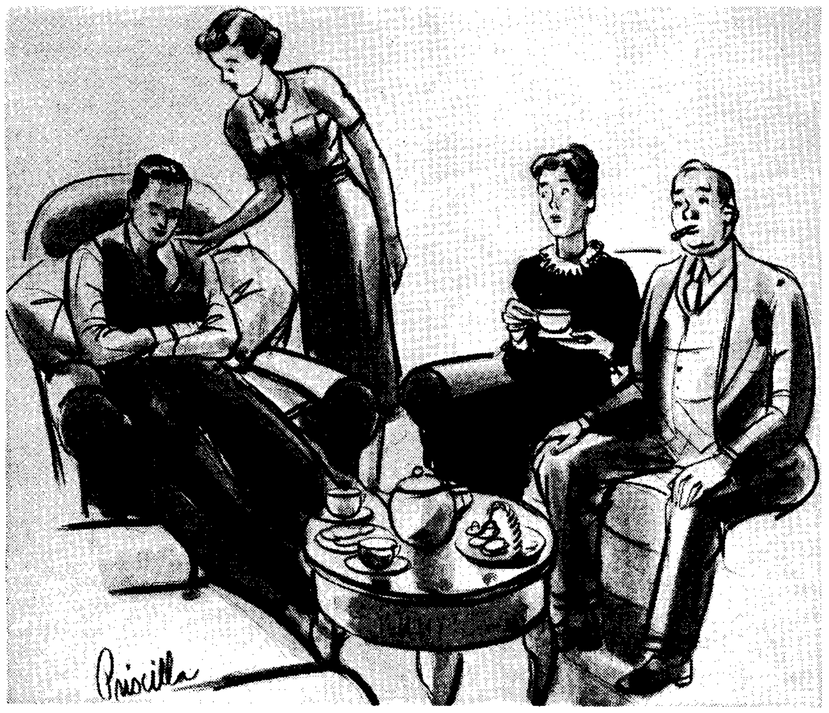
The forests belong to you. If they are destroyed, the chances are nine out of ten that it will be your fault. So, if you are going to travel in the woods this summer, here are things to think of:

1. Watch your cigarettes, your cigar, your pipe. Be sure that the stubs or ashes are dead before you throw them away. Kill them in a stream, or on a rock, or grind them under the toe of your boot on a spot that you are sure cannot burn. Smoke while stopping in a safe place, not while traveling. Don't toss stubs—even dead ones—out of your car.
2. Be sure your match is out. Break it in two before you throw it away. Better yet, put it back in the box.
3. Before building a campfire, scrape away all inflammable material from a spot at least five feet in diameter. Dig a hole in the center, and build your fire in it. Never build it against trees or logs, or near brush. Keep it small. Take a lesson from the Indian cooking over a fire no bigger than a hat. "White man make heap big fire—stand way off. Indian make little fire—sit down side him."
4. Never break camp until your fire is out—dead out. Stir the coals while soaking them with water. Turn small sticks and drench both sides. Wet the ground around the fire. Be sure the last spark is dead.
5. Carry in your car a shovel, an ax and a bucket. If you see a small fire, put it out. If you can't do it alone, get help.
6. Report all fires to the nearest fire warden or ranger. Get on the nearest telephone line. (Some day, it is hoped, the maps of all our state and national forests will carry clearly marked designations showing tourists the nearest available telephone for use in an emergency.) Remember that the time to stop a fire is before it gets started.

Remember, too, that the fire you may set—through carelessness or negligence—can affect the economics of a whole generation. The loss goes far beyond the destruction of today's timber crop. The loss will be felt in tomorrow's altered climate, in tomorrow's waning agriculture, in tomorrow's lack of available power. The loss will reveal itself over and over, in a thousand unsuspected ways. Ten years ago, for example, the first coyote in history was reported in central Alaska. The appearance of this coyote was traced directly to a forest fire that had laid waste a wide swath from British Columbia clear up into the Tanana basin. In the wake of the fire sprang up small willows and grasses; rabbits multiplied in the new lush forage, and coyotes worked their way north from Canada, following their natural prey. Today millions of these predators are in Alaska, an ever-increasing menace to the vast fur industry on which the territory depends.

Walk out into one of these freshly burned areas. Spend an hour forcing your way across the wasteland of drab gray ashes and smoldering snags and the stark upright trunks, like row on row of gravestones marking a battlefield. Your feet stir up clouds of strangling dust, your eyes and throat and lungs are filled with the sickening sweet smell. Mile after mile the charred trees are piled like jackstraws. Rocks and ledges stand out starkly, bare of leaves and moss, the topsoil gone. At the bottom of a gully winds a sluggish brown stream, the water poisoned with lye washed from the acres of ashes, a few fish floating belly up. A bloated carcass of a moose lies against the bank, crawling with bluebottles, its legs burned off to the hocks. A lone hawk wheels against the sky for a moment, the only sign of life. It veers, and glides away. . . .

Throw that cigarette anywhere you want. It doesn't matter where you flip it now. There isn't anything left out here to burn. There won't be for another hundred years. . . .



"Wake up, dear, the Cromwells are going" LOUIS PRISCILLA

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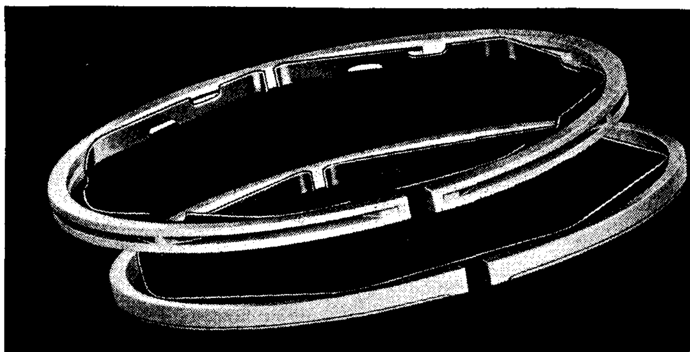
● You don't need to trade in your car just because faulty and worn piston rings are *robbing you of motor power and motoring pleasure.* For these new rings that are coated with a tin-base bearing alloy prove that you can get a lot of performance and economical mileage out of the car you are now driving.

"WHAT A DIFFERENCE! I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I HADN'T DRIVEN HER MYSELF!"
"AND THE WAY SHE RUNS ISN'T ALL! YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT I SAVE ON OIL WITH THESE ALTINIZED PISTON RINGS!"

● These new rings with the exclusive finish give exclusive performance by stopping oil waste . . . increasing oil and gas mileage . . . maintaining compression . . . lessening blow-by, motor fumes and noises. And they wear better and last longer and are mighty kind to pistons and cylinder walls because of the *exclusive Altinized Finish.*



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● Insist on Altinized Super-X Piston Rings. You pay no premium—yet you get performance unduplicated by any other spring expander rings. Sold and installed by *good* dealers and repair shops.

Super-X PISTON RINGS

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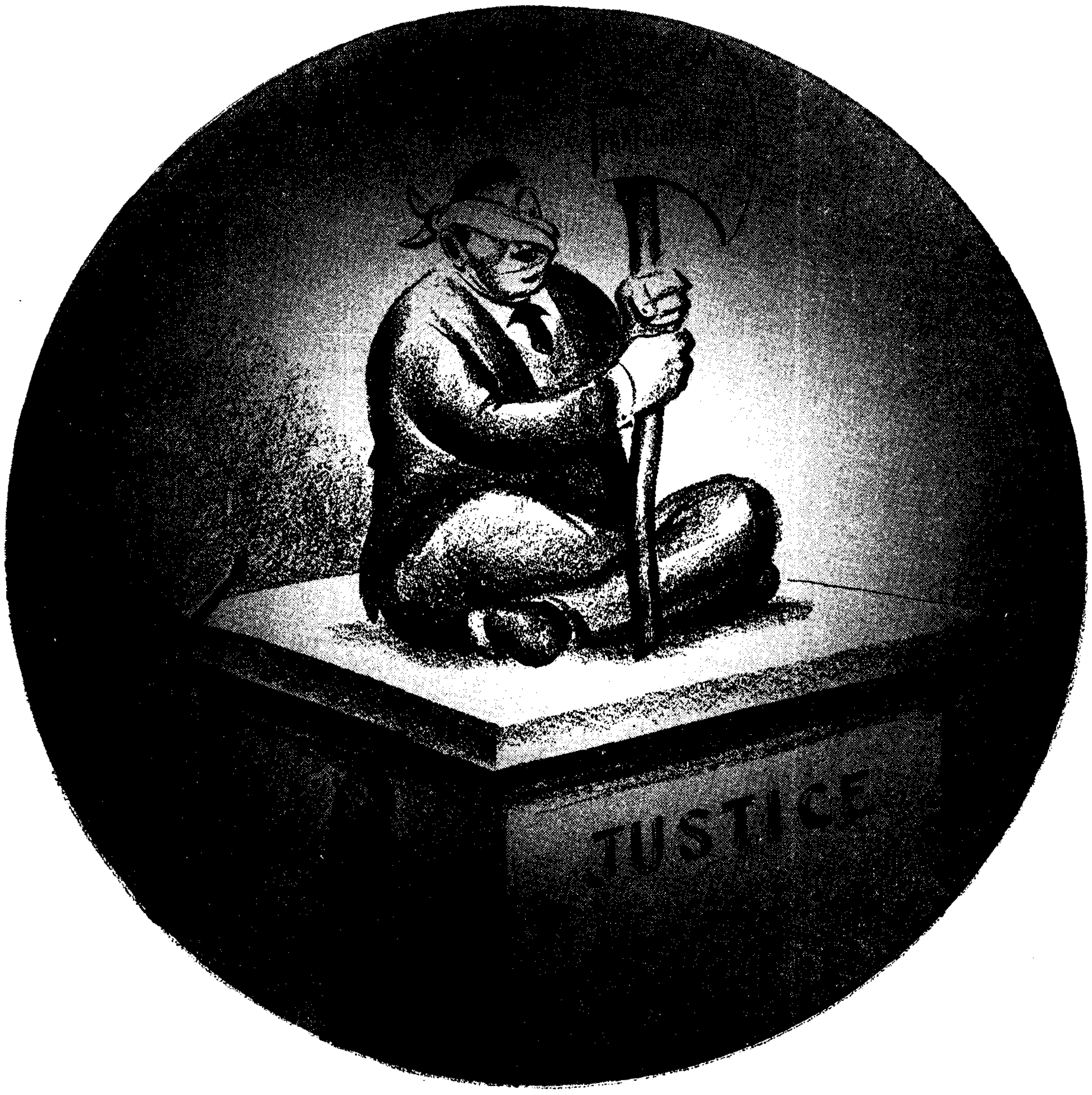
Fair Play



IN OUR country there is no substitute for justice. Dictator-ruled countries can scorn justice. Dictators rely upon armed force to maintain their power. In democracies public opinion rules. Public opinion seeks justice.

The widespread belief that some of our governmental agencies incline to partisanship, rather than to justice, is an essential weakness. Overwhelming majorities tempt those in office to disregard the rights of minorities. Majorities, however, are not permanent in democracies. The pendulum of opinion swings widely. Unless government can assure fair dealing to the politically weak as well as to the dominant majority, future trouble is unavoidable.

Of the rank partisanship of some of our federal boards there can be little question. The National Labor Relations Board is perhaps the most glaring example, but it is not unique.

The very procedure adopted by some of the boards and commissions that exercise judicial as well as administrative functions is frankly one-sided.

Not all of the responsibility for prejudice can be honestly attributed to the men who rule these boards and commissions. Some of the laws that created the new agencies are obviously partisan.

The Wagner Labor Act is one-sided. It gives rights to employees that it denies to employers. The Wagner Act was designed to compel employers to recognize labor unions and to bargain collectively with their workers. It was adopted in prejudice and in anger.

The board created to administer the law had, of necessity, a difficult task. The very words of the law were an invitation to partisanship. The members of the board, and especially the employees of the board, yielded to the temptation to be one-sided in their rulings.

Few approve governmental behavior of this sort. Employers, even those who willingly recognize unions and deal collectively with their employees, resent treatment they consider unjust. The American Federation of Labor has protested against what it termed the labor board's prejudice in favor of the C. I. O. The C. I. O., on its part, although with much less vehemence, asserted that the labor board had unduly favored its conservative rival.

If the labor board is to serve the American people effectually, it will revise its procedure swiftly so that those who come before it do not go away angered by a feeling of injustice. Even a prejudiced law can be administered wisely.

Ambassador Kennedy's administration of the SEC was a great success because Mr. Kennedy sought to deal fairly and reasonably with citizens whose affairs were considered by the Securities Exchange Commission. The statutes that Mr. Kennedy had to administer had been enacted in passion. Prejudice was written into the laws. Chairman Kennedy's desire to deal justly conciliated public opinion. The present chairman, William O. Douglas, tends to pursue similar policies.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has built up a reputation for fair dealing. The ICC is the oldest of the governmental commissions entrusted with judicial authority. It has borne heavy burdens and suffered with the railroads. The general feeling, however, is that the ICC has been as fair as possible.

On the other hand, the very methods of work adopted by the Federal Trade Commission and other agencies, including some of those in the Department of Agriculture, are partisan. Apparently some of the newer boards and commissions have been so eager to avoid the technicalities of the law that they have ignored the essentials of justice.

This is retrogression to the Middle Ages and certainly not twentieth-century progress. In some of the agencies the same officials act as accusers, prosecutors and judges. In effect, the accused is considered guilty until he proves his innocence.

The procedure is a denial of the ideas of justice built up by free peoples during the last six hundred years. Judges have not been perfect but the free peoples have made determined and continuous efforts to improve their systems of justice. Every accused person is entitled, under our basic laws, to an unhampered opportunity to summon witnesses in his defense, to answer his accusers and to expect a verdict from an unprejudiced jury or from a judge who is not personally interested in the outcome of the case.

Administrative agencies in the future will unquestionably be much more careful to observe the primary rules of fair treatment in exercising their judicial functions. The admonition of the Supreme Court has already proved to be a useful stimulant in this direction.

The governmental bodies will be guilty of great folly if they content themselves merely with amending their technical rules. Justice goes deeper than rules of procedure.

What is happening in this country is a redistribution of political and economic power. Such a change inevitably involves passionate controversy. Shifts of power are important, but more important still is the preservation of the right of the individual man and woman to just treatment in all relationships with the government. Justice is the bedrock of free institutions and must be preserved at all costs.

OLLIER
OMAS H. BECK, Editorial D
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, E
ES COLEBAUGH, Ma

"YOUR CAR IS REALLY THREE CARS IN ONE"

...say service managers the country over

IF ANYONE KNOWS HIS CARS, it is the car dealer's service manager. So we have talked with scores of service managers all over the country. What they say boils down to this simple fact: *Every car has three different grades of performance.* Here's why:

The farther you advance the spark of a modern car, up to the point of maximum efficiency, the more power you get from gasoline.

But the modern motor "knocks" or "pings" when the spark is set farther ahead than the "anti-knock" quality of the gasoline used permits.

Judged by anti-knock quality, there are *three* grades of gasoline: "low grade," "regular" and gasoline containing "Ethyl."

That is why your car has a device—variously called "distributor adjuster," "Octane Selector," etc. — for setting the spark for each of these three grades of gasoline.

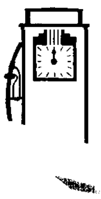
And the performance of your car depends upon the grade of gas and spark setting, as shown below.

GUS RUSHNECK, service manager, B. F. Curry, Inc., Chevrolet dealer, New York City, says: "When the public understands that there are three grades of performance built into every car, we service men will lead happier lives. Sure, the cars will run on any gas...but a Chevrolet has so much more on the ball when you can tune it up for real top-grade performance. That means gasoline 'with Ethyl.'"

O. E. MOORE, shop foreman for W. B. Deyo Co., Ford dealer in Detroit, Mich., says: "Those of us engaged daily in tuning cars *know* that the grade of fuel used goes a long way in making our work stand out. We never fail to recommend gasoline 'with Ethyl' to a customer who expects the tops in performance. Then we know we can go all the way with the spark advance and still avoid 'ping.'"

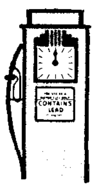
WILLIAM E. KENNEDY, service manager for Triangle Motor Sales, Inc., Chrysler and Plymouth distributors, Lima, O., says: "We give both our new and used car customers the best performance and the most economical run for their money by tuning up their cars for gasoline 'with Ethyl,'" "Our call-back, no-charge labor costs have been reduced over 50% because now our cars are tuned up for Ethyl."

YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES



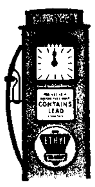
Poor performance
with "low grade" gasoline

There is no anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) in "low grade" gasoline. Power is lost because the spark must be retarded to prevent "knock" or "ping."



Good performance
with "regular" gasoline

Most regular gasoline has in it anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead). The spark can be considerably advanced for more power without "knock" or "ping."



Best performance
with gasoline containing "ETHYL"

Gasoline "with ETHYL" is highest in all-round quality. It has *enough* anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) so that the spark can be *fully* advanced for maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

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